MORE FAMOUS CANADIAN STORIES

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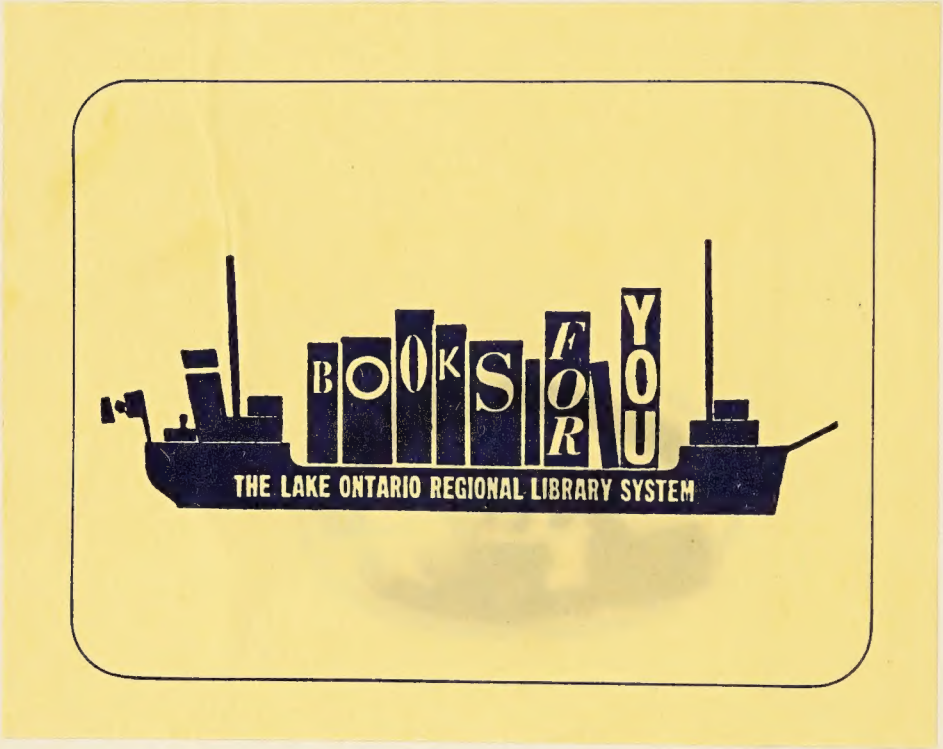
Retold for Boys and Girls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David Thompson in the Rockies

More Famous Canadian Stories

Retold for Boys and Girls

Edited by DONALD G. FRENCH

with numerous Drawings *by* STANLEY TURNER

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More Famous Canadian Stories

Retold for Boys and Girls

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More Famous Canadian Stories

CHAPTER I

THE INDIANS OF CANADA

When the white men first began to take possession of North America, they found the country inhabited by three great races of Indians—the Algonquins, the Hurons, and the Iroquois. The Algonquins were more numerous and more widely scattered than any of the other races. In Canada they inhabited Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec—that is, the regions now known by these names. Some were also found on the shores of the Upper Lakes and in the bleak regions of the far North, driven there by their bitter foes, the Iroquois. Many lived in New England and other Southern districts.

The Algonquins were, and are, divided into many tribes, bands and clans. It would be a difficult matter to name and locate all the Indian tribes, for their numbers extend into the thousands, and their wanderings have been many. Of some there are now no living representatives. A few of the most distinctive and better known tribes, however, might be noted. Among the Algonquin race are the Blackfoot confederacy, composed of three tribes, the Siksika, or Blackfoot, Kainah, or Blood,

and Piegan; Chippewa (known also in different localities as Ojibwa, or Mississauga); Cree; Algonkin; Montagnais; Abenaki; Micmac, and Malecite.

The Micmacs are an important Algonquin tribe. It is believed that these were the Indians first met by Europeans, and that the three natives taken by Cabot to England were of this tribe. They occupied most of the Maritime provinces and a part of Newfoundland, and they still live on reserves in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. There are also Malecites in New Brunswick. From an early date they have been friendly with the French, but for very many years were antagonistic to the English.

The Chippewas, though occupying an extensive region, have never been very much concerned in historic events, for at the time of the colonial wars they were situated too far from the frontier. They still call themselves the Ojibwas. In physical appearance they are equal to the best of the North West Indians, and are characterized by bravery and determination. They are found in Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario. In 1912 there were about 21,000 in Canada.

The Crees, like the Chippewas, are naturally a forest people. At one time they lived chiefly in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, having been attracted to the plains by buffalo, for they were a wandering

tribe, roaming over vast regions in search of food. They are closely related to the Chippewas, but have long been at bitter enmity with the Blackfeet and Sioux. From the first they have been friendly with the French and English. In 1911 there were about 18,000 Crees in Canada, living in Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Interior of an Indian Hut.

The name of the Blackfoot, or Siksika tribe, is commonly believed to have originated from the discoloring of their moccasins by the ashes of prairie fires as they wandered over the plains; but it may have been owing to the black painted moccasins worn by some of them. They were roving buffalo hunters in the days when these animals were plenti-

ful, especially on the southern plains, and were constantly at war with all their neighbors. They were not definitely antagonistic toward the Americans or the Hudson Bay traders of Canada, but their friendship was of a somewhat doubtful nature. They live now on three reserves in Alberta and one in Montana.

The more settled of the Algonquin tribes practised agriculture to a considerable extent, except the Blackfeet of the plains, and those tribes of the far north, who lived mainly by hunting and fishing. Maize, or corn, was the staple Indian food, and those living around the Great Lakes used wild rice. They also grew large quantities of beans, pumpkins and tobacco. It was from the Algonquins that the white people first learned to make such dishes as succotash, hominy, samp, maple sugar, johnnycake, etc. With succotash, that is, a stew of green corn and beans, they mixed all kinds of meat, fish, several sorts of roots, nuts, acorns, squash, etc.

The Algonquins, though probably as strong, brave and intelligent as the Iroquois, lacked the organized power of the latter, and were too easily disheartened by defeat. Hence they fell a prey to a foe inferior to them in numbers. Many individual Algonquins rank high in character and ability. The famous Tecumseh was an Algonquin, as also was

Pontiac. These tried in vain to unite the tribes against their common enemy. At the last census there were about 50,000 Algonquins in Canada. The largest tribes are the Chippewa and the Cree.

Of all the Indian races, the Iroquois were the most fierce and warlike, the most dreaded by the early pioneers. And yet this race was far superior to the others, and their history is the most interesting. We have learned how the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca tribes were united to form the Iroquois League or Confederacy of Five Nations, afterwards strengthened by the addition of a sixth, the Tuscarora tribe; and in this union lay the secret of their superior strength and success.

From the Dutch who came and settled on the Hudson River the Iroquois in exchange for furs obtained the possession of firearms, which greatly increased their power. For three-quarters of a century, from 1625 to 1700, they were engaged in almost constant warfare. By this time they had pretty well subdued all other Indian nations in both the United States and the greater part of Upper Canada, and there were not many to dispute their power. Everywhere they were regarded with fear and awe, and it is dreadful to think of all the bloodshed and horrible torture for which they were responsible. An end came at last to this reign of

terror, but not until many eventful years had passed.

The French in Canada brought upon themselves the hatred and enmity of this fierce tribe, by fighting against them on the side of the Hurons and Algonquins. The English, on the other hand, by taking a friendly attitude toward them, secured the Iroquois as allies. These facts had a great deal to do with the final conquest of Canada and the supremacy of the English. By their enemies, the French, the Iroquois were after many fierce contests finally subdued, and after the American Revolution the Indians made little resistance against either French or English. They were for the most part kindly treated by their conquerors, and on their own reservations proceeded to live their lives in their own way. Iroquois are now found in Alberta, Ontario and Quebec. They number something over 10,000.

The Hurons and Iroquois were closely related, but as we have seen, they became bitter enemies. The Hurons were a confederation of four tribes, known as the Bear people, Cord people, Rock people, and White-eared or Deer people. They lived in the district south of Georgian Bay, called Huronia.

Not much game was found in this country. The Hurons lived chiefly on corn, which they grew in large quantities. Land was never bought or

sold among the Indians, but each family had the right to cultivate as much as might be required. Land was cleared by burning down the trees. The men hacked off the branches, piled them together around the foot of the tree and set fire to them. Then among the blackened stumps the squaws,

Making Birch Bark Canoes.

with hoes of wood and bone, planted corn, beans, pumpkins, squash, sunflowers, tobacco and hemp.

Many of the Hurons were converted to Christianity, and the missionaries hoped through their influence to reach the other fiercer tribes. But alas! before this happy result could be accom-

plished, only a few scattered remnants of the tribe were left to tell the tale of their former activities. They had been all but wiped out of existence by the Iroquois. The last of the race now live at Lorette, a mission not far distant from Quebec city.

In addition to these three great races there are several other families, found chiefly in the West and in the United States. These other races are principally: Athapascan, inhabiting a large part of British Columbia, Yukon, North West Territories, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba; the Tsimshian, Tlingit, Kwakiutl-Nootka, Haida, Salish, and Kutenai, in British Columbia, Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands; also the Siouan, in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

The Athapascans are numerous and very widely distributed. They comprise several tribes, the chief of which in Canada are the Yellowknives, Dogribs, Hares, Slaves, Chippewyan, Beavers, Sarsi, and Sekani.

The Haida, Tlingit, and Tsimshian peoples have similar physical and social characteristics. These three adapt themselves most readily to civilization and respond to Christian teaching more than many other tribes, and are regarded as a superior class. The Haida, inhabiting Queen Charlotte Islands, are the best carvers, painters and canoe and house builders of all the tribes on the west coast.

The Salish, Kutenai and Kwakiutl-Nootka tribes are those first met by the early discoverers—Juan de Fuca, Vancouver, Thompson, and others.

Many volumes have been written about the Indians of North America. These native races have certainly provided countless unique and highly picturesque chapters to the early history of Canada.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE ESKIMO LIVE

In the far north of Canada on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and on the islands there which are covered with ice most of the year, live a strange race of people, the Eskimo. You might wonder how they could live where scarcely anything grows except perhaps moss, and in some parts a little farther south, berries of different kinds and some herbs.

But they get most of their food from the sea. Their name, Eskimo, we are told, comes from an Indian word meaning "eaters of raw meat" and it is quite true that they often eat raw pieces of blubber, that is the fat of the seals which they catch, and they drink the oil taken from these animals. Whale and fish are used as food and the caribou is hunted for its meat winter and summer.

Because they get most of their food from the sea, they never live very far from the seashore and they like to stay where there is some open water. If the sea were completely covered over with ice there would be no place for the seals to come up and the Eskimo would often go short of his dinner.

They often hunt the seal with a harpoon, which is a sort of spear fastened to a line. At one end of

the line is a bladder. When the harpoon strikes the seal, the point comes away from the handle of the spear and the Eskimo drops the bladder overboard. This floats in the water and helps to mark the place where the seal is and it also hinders him in his swimming so that the Eskimo has a chance to get up to him and kill him with a sharp lance.

"The Eskimo uses a skin boat called a Kayak."

To reach the seals on the water, the Eskimo uses a skin boat called a kayak. This is about eighteen feet long and two feet wide and is pointed at each end and completely covered over with skin except for an opening where the man's legs and body go in. He wears a water-proof jacket which fits down

over this opening so that although he may turn a complete somersault in the kayak, no water gets into it and he is in no danger. He generally uses a two-bladed paddle.

For moving their tents or household goods they use a different kind of boat called an umiak. This also is made of skin but it is wide and flat-bottomed and is often rowed by the Eskimo women. These boats are made from twenty-five to thirty-seven feet long, five feet broad and about two and a half deep and will carry about one and a half to three tons.

The Eskimo do not have their homes always in the same place but move about to find good hunting or fishing grounds. Their houses are built to suit the season or the nature of the region in which they are living. In the far north, in extreme cold weather they build snow huts (igloos). These are round, dome-shaped buildings made of great blocks of frozen snow, with a hole left in the top and a long tunnel leading to the entrance. They heat these houses with stone lamps which have moss wicks and burn the oil of the seal. When the weather gets warmer, these snow houses begin to leak and the Eskimo then has to set up his tent of caribou skin, or, in some cases move into another igloo made of plants, turf, moss, stones, or whatever he can get and built partly underground with a tunnel entrance.

In the pictures you see of Eskimo, they may look to you to be rather small, but this is partly due to the way they dress. Travellers tell us that they average five feet eight to five feet ten inches in height and sometimes are six feet. They have broad oval faces with fat cheeks and very often flat noses. Their eyes are small, black and bright. They are good natured looking and ready to grin for the slightest reason. Their heads are large and covered with coarse black hair which the women keep in braids or fix up into a top-knot while the men clip theirs in front and allow it to fly loose behind. The men have slight moustaches and very little whisker. Their skin is slightly brown and if their faces are clean, the red will show in their cheeks.

Their clothes are made of skins of seal, caribou, bear, dog, fox—chiefly the first two. Men and women dress almost alike. The jacket of the men has a hood for drawing over the head. The trousers are usually fastened into the tops of boots. These boots are made from seal skin carefully prepared—some say that it has to be chewed many times by the women to make it ready for boot-making. The women's trousers are nearly always ornamented with eider ducks' necks or an embroidery of beads. In winter they wear two suits of fur—one with the fur outside, and, for underwear, one with the fur inside. Sometimes they make

shirts of bird skins and stockings of dog or fine reindeer skin. In places where they see very much of white people they have begun to imitate the white man's style of dress as well as his way of building houses, but it is doubtful if this is really an improvement. The Eskimo way of dressing and living suits that cold climate much better than our way.

An Eskimo usually has a lot of dogs. These sleep outside the tent or hut in summer and in winter either in the tunnel or the hut itself. In travelling over the ice and snow these dogs are hitched to a long, narrow sled with two runners of bone or wood. Four to eight dogs make a team.

In the Arctic Ocean to the east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River you may find on a map, Victoria Island. Here, just a few years ago, it was discovered by a traveller named Stefansson who has spent many years among the Eskimo that there was a tribe of these people quite different in appearance from the ordinary Eskimo—they are taller, more like our own race, have brown hair and beards and some have blue eyes. These have been called the Blonde (fair or white) Eskimo. Whether or not they are the descendants of the Norsemen who long years ago disappeared from Greenland no one knows, but it is quite possible that they are.

The Eskimo have many strange beliefs. Here is one about the polar bear: The bear wants very

much to have a knife for his own use. So when the Eskimo kills a polar bear he hangs a knife up above the skin of the bear. The bear's soul follows the skin to the hunter's house and after three or four days the soul of the bear goes away, taking with it —not the knife, but the soul of the knife. There are certain customs that the polar bear dislikes so the family of the Eskimo are very careful during these three or four days not to do anything to displease the soul of the bear. So the bear's soul goes back to the home of the polar bears and tells what a fine knife he got and how well he was treated and all the other bears are anxious to be killed by this same hunter.

The Eskimo religion consists chiefly of taboos —that is, things he must not do. Here are some taboos about eating of mountain sheep: A young girl may eat certain ribs; when she is a few years older, she may eat certain other ribs; not until she is the mother of five children may she eat all the ribs, and then not the membrane or thin skin inside of them. If her child is sick, a woman must eat certain ribs; if she has two children sick, she may eat certain ribs; if her brother's child is sick, she may eat certain ribs, and so on.

When an accident or death occurs, instantly the question is asked, "What taboo has been broken?" If you went to an Eskimo party, you would

find that the dinner would begin by everybody telling of all the taboos they knew.

All Eskimos have their familiar spirits but the shaman, like the medicine-man of the Indians, is the only one that can command these spirits at all times and charm away sickness, or find something that has been lost, or change the direction of the wind. Often the shaman will have a gathering of the people and make a spirit flight to the moon. He does this always at night. Seated in the midst of the audience, and bound by thongs, the shaman starts up a chant. The people have to keep their eyes closed or they will be struck instantly dead. The shaman keeps up the chant, "I am getting lighter. I am getting lighter. I am flying over the house." Then all is silence for half an hour or so and they hear, "I am coming nearer. I am entering the house," and they are allowed to open their eyes and there is the shaman back from the moon. He tells about the great caribou hunt he had along with the man in the moon, and the feast and the good time he had—for you see, half an hour on the earth is a much longer time on the moon.

It is said that they never punish their children because of another of their strange beliefs about souls. They think that when a child is born the soul of some person who has died enters into it and

advises it and guides it until it grows up, and even afterwards is a sort of companion to its own soul until the child dies. Then the first soul goes out of existence. Of course in believing this they think that a child always knows what is the right thing to do.

CHAPTER III

THE STORY OF HIAWATHA

The story of Hiawatha, as told by Longfellow in his beautiful poem, is familiar to readers all over the North American continent. In it are preserved the fragrance, the beauty and the freshness of primitive life in the great forests; softly musical Indian names and many quaint legends, which might otherwise have passed with the fading history of this once mighty, but now tamed and conquered race.

There is so much of the supernatural woven in this story that many might suppose the whole thing to be a fiction, and Hiawatha himself a myth. But he was a real historic character, the greatest of all Indian heroes; and even many of the legends have a germ of truth, for the Indian language is highly figurative. They could express abstract truths only by means of illustrations from nature.

Hiawatha was a member of the Mohawk tribe of Iroquois, or Five Nations. The Indians have no written histories, and we have no certain knowledge of them before the white men came, but this, briefly, is the story of the origin of the Five Nations:

Long ago the Iroquois, with the Hurons, their

kinsmen, lived on the north-eastern shore of the St. Lawrence River. They were in subjection to the Algonquins, or Adirondacks, but being naturally warlike they at length planned to win their independence.

A handsome young Huron brave fell in love with an Iroquois girl, but on asking the consent of the proud chief, her father, he was insulted. They quarrelled, and the Iroquois chief was slain. This brought on a war. The Hurons, obtaining the aid of the powerful Adirondacks, defeated the Iroquois and drove them from the country. The Iroquois then moved south-westward, crossed the Niagara River, and at length settled chiefly in what is now the State of New York.

At first they lived together peacefully, but soon began to quarrel among themselves. This resulted in their breaking up into bands and spreading out into new territory. These bands became the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca Nations. Their frequent quarrels weakened their condition and made them an easy prey to the neighboring foreign tribes.

At last, in about the year 1190, a wise and kind old Mohawk sachem, or chief, pondered long over the unhappy condition of his people. He saw that the trouble lay in their disagreements; if they were to work together in peace and harmony they would

be strong enough to resist all foreign foes. Gradually Da-kon-ah-we-da, alone in the forest solitudes, worked out his plan, and recorded its details in a great wampum belt.

Here in his woodland retreat the handsome and noble young Mohawk hunter, Hiawatha, found him. At Hiawatha's earnest request the old sachem interpreted the wampum and explained his great scheme. Recognizing the courage and nobility of the young hunter, Da-kon-ah-we-da, who could only lisp imperfectly on account of an impediment in his speech, came to the conclusion that the Great Spirit had sent Hiawatha to be his mouth-piece. Accordingly he instructed Hiawatha to gather the tribes together to a great council fire, and there explain to them the plan of union.

This was done. Hiawatha had some difficulty in winning over the cruel and despotic ruler of the Onondaga tribe, Ah-do-dah-gonh by name. But while he spoke, the young man very gently combed with his deft fingers the tangled, snake-like locks of the ungainly sachem. It was this Onondaga chief who gave the hero his name, Ayont-watha, or Hiawatha, meaning, "he who combs."

The first great council fire was lit by Ah-do-da-gonh, on the northern shore on Onondaga Lake. Hiawatha, supported by the originator of the great plan, spoke so eloquently, and his animated

face glowed so in the firelight, that the listeners thought him something more than human, a messenger from the Great Spirit. They therefore agreed to unite according to the plan so ably outlined, and thus the great Iroquois League or Confederacy was formed.

The League was to be governed by fifty sachems, a certain number from each nation, whose titles should be hereditary and descend through the female line, and who should have equal rights in the Council of Nations. The women were given the power of electing lesser chiefs. Each nation retained its own individuality, having its own council, but all united at the great council fire to discuss matters of common interest. There were to be no more wars among themselves, but brotherhood and peace were to prevail. The great scheme comprised many details regarding the conduct of individual and national affairs. In time the five nations were increased to six by the addition of the Tuscarora tribe. This union greatly increased the power and influence of the Iroquois, and in time they were able to take a long-cherished and terrible revenge on their ancient enemies, the Hurons and Algonquins.

Hiawatha became the great leader of the Confederacy. His superior powers were devoted continually to the betterment of his people and the strengthening of their national position. Much of

what was really accomplished is told symbolically in Longfellow's poem, and the story of Hiawatha is also treated in *The Master of Life,* by a Canadian writer, W. D. Lighthall.

Longfellow gives the legend telling how Gitche Manito, the Master of Life, descended to the Red Pipestone Quarry, broke off a fragment and made from it a calumet, or peace-pipe, and called together the scattered tribes. When they had assembled he told them he was weary of their quarrels:

> All your strength is in your union,
> All your danger is in discord;
> Therefore be at peace henceforward,
> And as brothers live together.
> I will send a Prophet to you,
> A Deliverer of the nations,
> Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
> Who shall toil and suffer with you.
> If you listen to his counsels,
> You will multiply and prosper;
> If his warnings pass unheeded,
> You will fade away and perish.

And so Hiawatha came. He was a son of the West-Wind and of the beautiful Wenonah, daughter of the heaven-born Nokomis—so the story runs.

At the close of a childhood more than ordinarily steeped in Nature-lore, he passed through the usual week of fasting by which superior youths were initiated into the fuller responsibilities and

privileges of manhood. Then, with the aid of his two good friends, he set to work to fulfil his high destiny. These two friends were,

> Chiabos, the musician,
> And the very strong man, Kwasind,

signifying the union in Hiawatha's nature of strength with gentleness and harmony. Kwasind helped him to clear the river of all obstructions, and

> Made its passage safe and certain.

Then Hiawatha went on an expedition westward and slew the great magician, Pearl-Feather, who was responsible for fever and pestilence.

He had met and fallen in love with Minnehaha, the beautiful daughter of the old Arrow-maker in the land of the Dacotahs. So now he went on a long journey into this land and won her for his bride, thus uniting the two tribes which for a long time had been at enmity with each other.

Under the leadership of Hiawatha the arts of peace, especially that of agriculture, received a new impetus. Corn, or maize, was the principal dependence of the people.

> All around the happy village
> Stood the maize-fields, green and shining.

Hiawatha instructed Minnehaha how she might

bless the fields, and ensure them against blight and insect pests:

> In the night when all is silence,
>
> . . . . .
>
> Walk around the fields you planted,
> Round the borders of the corn-fields,
> Covered by your tresses only,
> Robed with darkness as a garment.

This was done, and the corn-fields prospered.

In many ways did Hiawatha endear himself to

"Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset."

his people. Toward the close of his career, he received news of the coming of the white men. This seemed to the simple village people too marvellous a

tale to be true, but Hiawatha believed it, and bade his people welcome them.

> Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
> The Great Spirit, the Creator,
> Sends them hither on his errand.

At last, in his magic birch canoe,

> Westward, westward Hiawatha
> Sailed into the fiery sunset,
>
> . . . .
>
> To the islands of the Blessed,
> To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
> To the Land of the Hereafter.

But his influence still lives, and in Canada to-day, as well as in Hiawatha's country to the South, many of the principles of the great Confederacy are practised as of old.

CHAPTER IV

CHIEF PEGUIS, THE SETTLER'S FRIEND

Much as the Indians have been feared and dreaded by Canadian pioneers, there were numberless occasions when they proved themselves true and trusty friends to the white people. Such was the case in the Red River Settlement. The three principal tribes inhabiting the country at that time were the Saulteaux, the Crees, and the Assiniboines. The Saulteaux are a branch of the Chippewa tribe who settled for a time around Sault Ste. Marie and then moved west to Manitoba. They were particularly kind to the colonists, giving them shelter, protection and food when they were almost destitute.

When trouble arose between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor'-Westers, the latter, who were determined by fair means or foul to drive away the settlers, tried to stir up the Saulteaux to fight against the Selkirk colonists, but in vain. When the settlers were at last driven away, the friendly Indians helped to pilot them to safer localities.

Many of the fugitives were soon brought back, and for a time, after the arrival of the new governor, Robert Semple, with many more colonists, things

looked more hopeful. But the strife between the two companies grew in bitterness, and the friendly Indians warned the settlers of their danger. "Beware! Look out for yourselves," they repeated. "The Nor'-Westers are arming the Bois Brulés!" These Bois Brulés, or Burnt Wood Runners, were half-breeds.

Old Chief Peguis gave special warning and offers of protection to Madame Marie Lajimoniere, who was living alone with her children in a little sod-thatched hut across the river. Her husband, Ba'tiste Lajimoniere, had been sent by Colin Robertson, Selkirk's agent, with important letters to Lord Selkirk in Montreal. It was a long and dangerous journey, and he did not return for two years, having been captured by the Nor'-Westers.

Peguis came many times to offer the colonists the help of his tribe if they would make war with their enemies. But Robertson refused this offered aid, as he did not think it would be necessary to fight. To Madame Lajimoniere Peguis said, "Beware, white woman, beware! If the Bois Brulés fight, come you and your children to my tepee."

Governor Semple also refused to heed the Indians' warnings and could not be made to realize the real danger to the colony. On the 18th of June, just at sunset, Peguis came again and knocked at the gates of the fort.

"Governor of the gardeners and land workers, listen to me—listen to me, white man!" he pleaded; "Let me bring my warriors to protect you! The Bois Brulés will be here to-morrow night. Have your colonists sleep inside the fort."

Impatiently Semple answered, "Chief, mark my words! There is not going to be any fighting."

Peguis then went to Marie Lajimoniere. "White woman, come you across the river to my tepee," he urged insistently; "Blood is to be shed."

Marie did not hesitate this time. With every confidence in her Indian friend she gathered her children together and followed him to the river bank. She was frightened and nervous, however, for she had already come through many perils and hardships. Just as they were setting out she fainted and fell, upsetting the boat. Peguis quickly rescued the little brood from the water and they soon reached his tent. There they remained safely during the terrible days that followed, when Governor Semple and a score of men besides lost their lives at Seven Oaks. After it was all over the faithful chief helped Angus Matheson to bury some of the dead in a dry ravine near by. Not an Indian had taken part in the dreadful massacre.

Some time later, in a hut where Marie Lajimoniere lived safely under the protection of Peguis, her husband found her. Both were amazed and over-

joyed, for each had for two years fully believed the other to be dead.

When Lord Selkirk at last arrived in the settlement, bringing assistance and relief to his unhappy colonists, he recognized the faithfulness of the Indians. He made a treaty with them, by which they gave up all claim to the lands on the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and in return each tribe was promised 100 pounds of "good merchantable tobacco" every year. They were quite willing to sign this agreement. Lord Selkirk met the chiefs and warriors of the three tribes, Cree, Assiniboine and Saulteaux, in a grand council, and they smoked the pipe of peace together.

The chiefs who signed the treaty were: Le Sonent, Robe Noire, Peguis, L'Homme Noir, and Grandes Oreilles. These are their names in French; they are shorter than the Indian forms. Of course there were speeches by Lord Selkirk and all the chiefs. Here,in part, is the speech of Peguis:

> When the English settlers first came here we received them with joy. It was not our fault if even the stumps of the brushwood were too rough for their feet; but misfortunes have since overtaken them. Evil-disposed men came here, calling themselves great chiefs, sent from our Great Father across the big lake, but we believe they were only traders, pretending to be great chiefs on purpose to deceive us. They misled the young men who are near us (the Bois Brulés), and employed them to shed the blood of your children and to drive away the settlers from this river. We

do not acknowledge these men as an independent tribe. They have sprung up here and there like mushrooms and we know them not.

At the first arrival of the settlers we were frequently solicited by the North-West Company to frighten them away; but we were pleased to see that our Great Father had sent some of his white children to live among us, and we refused to do or say anything against them. The traders even demanded our calumets, and desired to commit our sentiments to paper, that they might send to our Great Father; but we refused to acknowledge the speeches which they wished to put into our mouths. We are informed that they have told a tale that it was the Indians who drove away and murdered the children of our Great Father, but it is a falsehood.

Selkirk was long and lovingly remembered by these Indian tribes, among whom he was known as the "Silver Chief." On the other hand, the people of Winnipeg, the city which had its beginning in the Selkirk Settlement, have never forgotten what they owe to the good Chief Peguis. In recognition of his faithful friendship they have erected a monument to keep his memory green.

CHAPTER V

FROBISHER'S THREE VOYAGES

Away up in the north of Canada, shutting Hudson Bay and Strait in from the drift of the Arctic current, is a large, irregularly-shaped block of land known as Baffin Island; and in the southeast corner of this island is a deep indentation called Frobisher's Bay. How did this bay get its name? Was it mere chance or fancy? By no means. The story of its christening is among the most interesting tales of adventure connected with the early history of this wide land of ours.

Martin Frobisher, one of the most famous of navigators, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1535. At the age of nineteen he made his first voyage to Guinea, and for the next ten years he went on yearly voyages to northern Africa and other foreign parts.

He had heard and thought much about a Northwest passage to Cathay, or China, which was long supposed to exist somewhere in the northern seas. It was believed that the discovery of this direct route would be of very great benefit, bringing the rich merchandise of the East within easy reach of English and European traders. Frobisher believed

this route to be not only possible but easy, and at last he determined to make the attempt.

But he lacked the means necessary to equip so important an expedition. His private friends offered no practical help, and the rich merchants to whom at various times he applied, hardly listened to him; they required "sure, certain and present gains," and of this there was no prospect. At last he appealed to several worthy and learned men of the English court. These men looked favorably upon the enterprise, and he was specially assisted by the Honorable Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick.

By this means Frobisher was at last enabled to provide himself with three small ships and provisions for a year. Two of these ships, of twenty-five and twenty tons burden respectively, were named *Gabriell* and *Michaell;* the other was a small pinnace of ten tons.

Thus equipped, he set out upon the voyage on the 15th of June, 1576. On the first of July he came to a high and rugged land which he thought to be "Freeselande," but he dare not approach it because of the great quantities of ice that lay along the coast, and also the mists that hung about. So he sailed on.

Not far from this place he lost his small pinnace in a storm. There were only four men on board this vessel. Then the crew of the *Michaell,* losing

courage and faith in the enterprise, secretly returned to England with the false report that Frobisher was cast away at sea.

The worthy captain had now only the *Gabriell* on which to depend. This ship was in a sorry plight, the top mast having been blown overboard and another mast sprung in the severe storms they had encountered. Still the captain and his brave crew continued their course undaunted.

On the 20th of July they sighted a high, rocky coast, which Frobisher named Queen Elizabeth's Foreland. This afterwards turned out to be an island near the southeastern peninsula of Baffin Island. Sailing in a more northerly direction along the coast he descried another headland, with a great bay or passage which seemed to divide two mainlands asunder. In this bay was much ice, which, with contrary winds, prevented him from proceeding northwards as he desired. In a few days, however, the ice somehow disappeared. He then determined to sail along this passage, thinking it might bring him to some open sea beyond. Having proceeded for about fifty leagues, he gave his own name to the inlet, calling it Frobisher's Strait. The land to the south he thought to be America, and that on the north, Asia. We know now, however, that what he took for two continents were only parts of the same island.

After another ten leagues he landed on the north shore. There he found signs of a fire having been made. During these investigations he was chased by some big bears and narrowly escaped with his life. Here also he encountered some of the natives, which from the description given we know to have been Eskimo. While on the top of a hill he saw floating far off in the sea what he at first supposed to be a shoal of porpoises or some kind of strange fish, but on coming nearer he discovered them to be men in small boats made of leather. Before he could descend from the hill some of these people, coming stealthily from behind the rocks, almost cut him off from his boat.

Afterwards he met them on friendly terms; they came aboard his ship, bringing him some fish and meat, and he and his crew were very greatly shocked to see these strange men eat raw meat. They also performed various feats to show their strength and agility. In exchange for various trinkets, such as bells and looking glasses, they gave the mariners coats of seal and bearskin.

After several such meetings, five of the sailors, disregarding the captain's caution, trusted the natives too far; they went ashore, were intercepted with their boat, and, whatever may have been their fate, were never seen or heard of again. The loss of men and boat were a serious handicap to Fro-

bisher. He had now no means of going ashore, and could make no attempt to rescue his men; besides, he had scarcely a sufficient number left to man the ship.

Frobisher wished to take one of these strange men back to England with him as a proof of his having been on these unknown shores, but they were now too wary and would not come within reach. However, he accomplished his purpose by means of an artful trick. Knowing how the bells delighted them, he rang a pretty little bell, making signs that he would give it to anyone who would come and fetch it. But they would not come. He threw the bell toward them, but purposely made it fall short of their reach into the sea. He then rang a louder bell. At last one of them came near the ship's side to take it, but when he reached for the bell the captain seized him and drew him, boat and all, into the ship. This was hardly fair, but we can only give the facts as they were reported by a member of the expedition. The poor captive was so enraged that he bit his tongue in two.

Frobisher was, nevertheless, proud of having secured such a witness of his travels into unknown lands as was afforded by "this strange Infidel, whose like was never seen, read nor heard of before, and whose language was never known nor understood of any."

Still he wished some further tokens to take home. He told his men if by any possible means they could get ashore to bring him anything they could find, living or dead, no matter what. A number of them did manage to get ashore. Some brought flowers, some green grass, and one brought a piece of black stone. This was considered of no value, but the captain accepted it among the rest.

Frobisher, with his one ship and depleted company, now returned to England, arriving without further mishap in August of the same year. In England he was heartily welcomed and highly honored for his discoveries; but the poor captive soon died of a cold which he had caught on the voyage.

Frobisher's friends were all anxious for some small trophy of his adventure. He gave away everything he had brought home, until there was nothing left but that black stone, and a piece of this was given to one of the adventurer's wives. By accident she threw it into the fire. It burned for some time, and then was taken out and quenched with a little vinegar that stood near. And lo! the despised black stone "glistered with a bright Marquesset of gold." It was consequently assayed, or tested, by a mineralogist of London, and found to be a piece of ore very rich in gold.

This was a most fortunate find, for it was the

means of enabling Frobisher the more easily to procure assistance for his second voyage. Many men hesitate to make any sacrifice for the sake of knowledge, but the hope of gain, the glitter of gold, appeals to them as nothing else will; and it was naturally thought that where this piece of rich gold ore had been so easily picked up there must be plenty more. The gold was indeed of greater interest now than the search for the Northwest passage.

Frobisher was given the commission to conduct a second voyage the following year. This expedition consisted also of three vessels—the *Gabriell,* the *Michaell,* and the *Ayde,* the latter a larger ship of 200 tons. This voyage, in spite of many adventures and perils, was successful. They sailed to the same region, which Queen Elizabeth named *Meta Incognita,* and brought back 200 tons of gold ore.

The third voyage, undertaken the next year, was on a larger scale, fifteen ships composing the expeditionary fleet. They met with innumerable adventures and perils, from storms, mists, vast quantities of ice, ocean currents, and the enmity of the natives. They sailed for many leagues along what is now known as Hudson Strait, at first mistaking it for the passage formerly explored. Yet once more they found large quantities of gold ore, and also discovered black lead, silver, iron, steel, and "pretty stones," especially blue sapphires. They survived

the countless dangers, with the exception of the loss of one ship and about forty men.

The narrator, Captain George Best, says: "If God in these fortunes, as a merciful guide (beyond the expectations of man), had not carried us through, we had surely more than ten thousand times perished amidst these dangers."

Martin Frobisher was associated in many other exploits with the equally famous navigators, Drake and Hawkins, and was knighted, but he did not again return to the land which many years afterwards became a part of the Dominion of Canada.

CHAPTER VI

JOHN DAVIS IN THE NORTH SEAS

Long ago in the days of Queen Elizabeth there lived as near neighbors, in Devonshire, a very interesting group of boys—John, Humphrey, and Adrian Gilbert; Carew and Walter Raleigh, half-brothers of the Gilberts; and John and Edward Davis. Three at least of these boys you have heard about, for they grew up to be famous men—Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, and John Davis.

John Davis was born about 1550. His father was a yeoman, the owner of a small freehold in Sandridge, on the Dart River. The steep, wooded slopes of Sandridge, where honeysuckles, dog-roses, and other wild flowers grew in profusion, were very lovely, and the river, widening almost into a lake before it reached the sea, was always an attraction. To the south, crowning a beautiful wooded hill, was Greenway Court, the home of the Gilberts. Not far away, too, lived Sir John Fulford, with his wife, Lady Dorothy, and six children. The boys often used to visit there. John Davis and Faith Fulford became very fond of each other, and were married when they grew up.

Adrian Gilbert and John Davis were nearly the same age, and were always close friends. These boys must often have made boat excursions down the river to Dartmouth, which was a great resort of sailors, and where they could listen by the hour to exciting tales of adventure on the sea and in foreign lands. How their eager young hearts thrilled with longing to sail out beyond the harbour and seek adventure for themselves, we can easily imagine. It is pleasant to know that the most daring of them realized their dreams.

John Davis received a good school education, but went to sea early in life. After having been twenty years at sea, winning reputation as one of the most able sailors of his time, he returned to spend a few years at his beloved home in Sandridge, and in London. During this time he made the acquaintance of a famous philosopher, Dr. Dee of Mortlake. Dr. Dee was greatly interested in exploration, and they discussed the possibility of finding a North West Passage to China.

One day in January, 1584, John Davis and Adrian Gilbert were very earnestly discussing this subject with Dr. Dee when Sir Francis Walsingham, the Secretary of State, called in on his way to Greenwich. He, too, became deeply interested in the project, and a meeting was arranged to be held the very next day at the home of Mr. Beale, an uncle

of Henry Hudson. At this meeting the three friends told the great statesman all they knew about the Arctic regions. The existing knowledge, however, was very meagre.

Before the meeting broke up the Secretary's favor and support had been secured. Shortly after this John Davis and Adrian Gilbert succeeded in interesting several merchants and other wealthy men of London, Exeter and Dartmouth, so that they contributed liberally toward the expense of the venture. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was rapidly becoming wealthy, was now in high favor at the Queen's court, and he persuaded the Queen to grant in the names of himself, Adrian Gilbert and John Davis, a charter "for the search and discoverie of the North West Passage to China." Only John Davis, however, was actually to take part in this adventure. Sir Walter Releigh had an enterprise of his own in view, and he sailed that same year on his famous expedition to Virginia.

The expedition of John Davis consisted of two small vessels, the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine*. Davis was in command of the *Sunshine,* with William Eston, Richard Pope, Henry Davy, William Crosse, and J. Janes, filling minor positions. The crew consisted of a carpenter, eleven seamen, four musicians and one boy, Kit Gurney.

In both character and seamanship Davis was

considered to be the very best man to lead such an enterprise—"a God-fearing man, gentle and courteous, considerate and thoughtful of the welfare of his crew, and beloved by his men—a very perfect specimen of an English sailor of the days of the great Queen."

They set sail on the 7th of June, 1585. Contrary winds delayed them for five days at Falmouth Harbour and at the Scilly Islands. Here Davis seized the opportunity to make a complete survey of the islands.

Out in the wide Atlantic they ran into a shoal of porpoises, which caused a good deal of interest and excitement. The men succeeded in harpooning one, which added a pleasant variety to their bill of fare; the flesh was said to be like mutton. They also saw an extraordinary number of whales.

On the 19th of July, a very misty day, they heard a great roaring noise like waves breaking on a shore, but when soundings were taken, bottom was not reached at 300 fathoms. Davis, with Eston and Janes, then set out in a boat to investigate. They soon discovered a great stream of pack-ice, and found that the noise was caused by the ice blocks grinding together. When they returned they took a boat load of ice to replenish their fresh water supply.

Next day the fog rose, and they saw the rugged,

snow-covered mountains on the east coast of Greenland. On account of the ice they were unable to land. Davis named the bleak, unfriendly shore the "Land of Desolation," and took his course to the south. As they rounded the southern point and steered to the north-west it grew much colder, and to encourage the men Davis increased their food allowance. For four days they did not come in sight of land, and Davis, who knew he was in the channel between Greenland and Labrador, hoped to find the North West Passage. But on July 27th he sighted land on the west coast of Greenland and put in to shore at what is now the Danish settlement of Godthaab. He named the fiord Gilbert Sound, after his friends at Greenway.

It was a lovely scene, the deep blue sea scattered with masses of gleaming ice and small granite islands, and the mainland indented with deep fiords, clothed with grass, moss and wild flowers. Here the explorers first met the Eskimo, who were the only inhabitants of the land.

Captain Davis with Eston and Janes landed on a little island. They saw a number of the natives not far away, shouting and making signs. Captain Bruton, and Mr. Ellis, of the *Moonshine,* heard the shouting, and taking the four musicians, at once hurried to the assistance of their chief. It was for this very purpose that the musicians had

been included in the expedition, and as soon as they arrived they began to play, while Davis and the other men danced to the music. By this and other means the natives were assured of the friendship of the strangers. They were peaceable and gave little trouble, although at one time they caused quite a disturbance by stealing an anchor and other things.

On the first of August Davis sailed westward and anchored on the opposite side of the channel. He called the place Totnes Road, after a locality near his Sandridge home, and he also named Mount Raleigh, Exeter Sound, Cape Dyer and Cape Walsingham. In about a week they left this place and made an examination of Cumberland Gulf—also named by Davis after an adventurous young Earl —though strong adverse winds drove them back before they reached the end of it. Davis thought this might be the passage they were in search of, but it was too late now for further exploration. On the 26th they started homeward, and arrived at Dartmouth in the end of September.

Davis was not at all disheartened by his failure to find the Passage, for a good deal had been learned, and he knew that several attempts might have to be made before the search would end in success. His good friends stood by him loyally and helped him to make two more expeditions, in 1586 and

1587. These were quite as interesting as the first, or even more so, and much valuable information was obtained. The Greenland and Labrador coasts were more thoroughly explored and surveyed, and the wide channel which lies between them came to be known as Davis Strait.

Davis had many more adventures on other seas. He had his full share of sorrow and disappointment as well as of success, but he never once lost hope or courage. On December 27, 1605, he was suddenly assaulted and slain by Japanese pirates in the Strait of Malacca.

John Davis never found the North West Passage, but the knowledge he obtained pointed out the way to other explorers. This is what Sir Clements R. Markham, who told his story, says about him:

> He lighted Hudson into his Strait. He lighted Baffin into his Bay. He lighted Hans Egede to the scene of his Greenland labors. But he did more. His true-hearted devotion to the cause of Arctic discovery, his patient scientific research, his loyalty to his employers, his dauntless gallantry and enthusiasm, form an example which will be a beacon-light to maritime explorers for all time to come.

CHAPTER VII

EXPLORATIONS OF JOLIET AND MARQUETTE

One bright summer day long ago in old Quebec, a procession of Jesuit priests and choir boys, bearing the cross, the sign of their order, passed singing along the street. It was a sacred festival. In the procession were two very small boys. They wore white surplices, and their heads were crowned with flowers. One of these little boys, only three years old, was named Louis Joliet—a name that was in after years to become highly honored in the annals of Canadian history.

Louis Joliet was a French Canadian, born in Quebec, in 1645. He was educated by the Jesuits, who took a particular interest in the boy because he was a bright scholar and upright and manly in character. He also, by and by, became a good musician, assisting in the musical part of their services. During Joliet's college days, before he became a trader and explorer, the Intendant Talon was present at a public examination in which the young scholar answered particularly well. Talon became interested in him from that time on, and befriended him in all his endeavors.

In Joliet's early youth there were many rumors afloat concerning a mighty river that, somewhere in the uncharted regions of the New World, flowed toward an unknown sea. Reports about this "great water" had come from the Illinois Indians, who called it the "Missipi," but no white man had ever set foot upon its banks. It was hoped that this river would be discovered and the new territory claimed for France. Accordingly Talon gave the commission to Joliet, who was already winning a reputation for undaunted courage and high principles, and whose well-informed, collected brain tempered his ardent love of roving and adventure. This choice of a conductor for the proposed expedition was approved by Frontenac, and it was thought advisable that a Jesuit father should accompany him.

The Jesuit priest chosen for this office was Jacques Marquette, a native of Laon, in France. He had joined the Jesuit order when he was seventeen, and had come to Canada at the age of twenty-eight, remaining in the country until his death nine years later. The first two years of this sojourn on Canadian soil were spent at Three Rivers, where he gave himself to the study of the Indian language in preparation for his work as a missionary. He next went to Sault Ste. Marie, and was soon established at the Western Lake Superior Mission, La Pointe.

Not long after this the Hurons of the Mission, being attacked by the Sioux, fled to Great Manitoulin Island and Michillimackinac. To this point Marquette accompanied the Hurons, and in 1671, on the north side of the strait, he founded the mission of St. Ignace. The French built a chapel and a fort, and the district became an important settlement of French voyageurs and Indian tribes.

On receiving his commission, Joliet at once hastened to Marquette at St. Ignace, arriving there on the 8th of December. Marquette fell in very readily with the proposed adventure. He had little thought of worldly gain or glory, but was inspired with a spirit of religious devotion and self-sacrifice, and he desired with whole-souled earnestness to bring this region of savage communities under the influence of divine love and power.

It was of course impossible at that late date, with the bitter wintry weather just coming on, to make an actual start on the projected trip, and no doubt their eager, adventurous natures at times chafed under the enforced delay; but they employed the long months in obtaining all the information they could and in making every possible preparation. Marquette had already learned a good deal from the Indians, and the first steps of the route were already known, Father Allouez and Dablon having explored some distance up Fox River. They drew up

a map of this district, showing the rivers they must follow. This map was completed by Marquette on his return.

At last the long winter passed. How eagerly the two adventurers watched the returning bloom and beauty of this sweet springtide of promise! On the 15th of May, 1673, they left St. Ignace, accompanied by five trusted Indians, and at length, without difficulty, arrived at the point which had been reached by Dablon and Allouez. The rest of the way lay through undiscovered country. At a little Indian village they obtained guides to assist them in the difficult ascent of the Fox River to its head waters.

They were now on the height of land, or divide, separating the basin of the Great Lakes and the valley of the Mississippi. On the other side of this divide, over which they had to carry their two canoes, a portage of a mile and a half, the southerly flowing streams found their way through forest and prairie to the bosom of the unknown river.

Having crossed this low ridge, the little company launched their canoes on the Wisconsin. Happily and hopefully, for more than a week, they continued their voyage down the stream. At last, on the 17th of June, their hearts swelled with "a great and inexpressible joy" as the canoes shot out into the broad, rapid waters of the great river they knew to be the Mississippi.

It was an hour of triumph. The joy, the thrill of that memorable June-tide hour we still may, in a measure at least, feel in imagination.

The explorers, having launched on the Mississippi, were by no means at the end of their voyage; there was no thought yet of turning back. They pointed their canoes down the great river and for many days went on and on, deeper and deeper into the heart of the undiscovered country.

How beautiful seemed that solitary, virgin country in those sweet summer days! Now in the sunny morning they passed by wide, natural meadows where roamed herds of buffalo, or by marshes luxuriant with wild rice; or overhanging rocks like ruined castles, perhaps ornamented by the hideous designs painted on them by the Indians. Now as the sun sank to the west the gleaming water was shadowed by "lofty, odorous woods," echoing with the rapturous love songs of nesting birds.

For two weeks there was neither sight nor sound of human being, but at last they saw footprints in the mud, and soon espied a pathway up from the western bank. This path Joliet and Marquette determined to follow. They were well aware that by so doing they were taking their lives in their hands, for the trail might lead them to the haunts of fierce and hostile Indians; but they were intensely interested in the humanity of this region, and

judged that their wisest and safest course lay in a fearless and friendly attitude toward whatever might await them.

After a walk of about six miles they came to an Indian village, and immediately began shouting to attract attention. The inhabitants gave them a

"Escorted back to their canoe."

friendly welcome, and Marquette addressed them in the Algonquin speech, telling the Indians of their intentions and requesting information. They did not learn much from the Indians, but after being hospitably entertained they were escorted back to their canoe by six hundred of the tribe, and were

also given a young slave and a calumet, or peace pipe, in case of future trouble.

So the little company went on their way down the river, passing the muddy mouth of the Missouri and the clearer tributary waters of the Ohio. Here they met some Indians armed with guns, and would have had trouble but for the calumet and the satisfactory explanation of the young slave. They passed on as far south as the Arkansas River, and here again the hostility of armed Indians was turned to friendliness. They learned, however, that on account of hostile tribes to the south it was dangerous to go any farther.

After careful consideration the explorers determined to go back. Much had already been gained, and they would not run the grave risk of perishing with the story of their exploits and discoveries unrecorded.

They did not follow exactly the same route home again, but ascended the Illinois River, and from there passed to Lake Michigan, arriving at Green Bay Mission at the end of September. Here they spent the winter.

In the spring of 1674 Joliet returned to Quebec. When descending the Lachine Rapids his canoe was unfortunately upset. Some of his crew were drowned and he narrowly escaped with his own life. He lost all his original notes of the ex-

pedition, but he prepared a satisfactory report and a map of his discoveries, which established the facts of all that had been won. This account was received by Frontenac and sent to Talon in France.

Joliet had concluded that the Mississippi must flow into the Gulf of Mexico, and this conclusion was afterwards established as fact by the famous explorer La Salle, who followed the river to its mouth.

Marquette never realized his noble dream of christianizing the Indians of the newly discovered region. His constitution had been enfeebled by the exposures and hardships of his journeyings, and less than two years later, while bravely attempting to carry on his mission work, he passed away and was buried on the shore of Lake Michigan. His bones were afterwards lovingly removed by some Ottawas to whom he had ministered, and were buried with solemn rites in the little chapel at St. Ignace.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DISCOVERY OF BERING STRAIT

This is a very old story, but for hundreds of years it remained buried and hidden in the archives of Russia, and even now it is not very generally known.

Vitus Bering was a Dane, born at Horsens, in Denmark, in 1681. His parents were cultured Christian people, but were not very well-to-do, and so it was necessary for the boy to earn his living in some way as soon as he grew old enough. This he considered no hardship. He was fond of the sea, and so he chose to become a sailor. Being of an adventurous spirit, trustworthy, courageous, and not at all afraid of work, he developed into an able seaman, and early in life went on several long expeditions.

Now the Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, was anxious to know more about the vast country over which he ruled. He did not know the full extent of Russia, and in fact, there was no one who did. A large part of its northern limit had never been surveyed and mapped out, and vast tracts were still unknown wildernesses.

There was similar uncertainty about the boun-

daries of North America. The western coast had not been charted, or mapped, any farther north than Cape Blanco, which is away down south on the coast of Oregon in the United States. Some people thought that an unbroken coast line connected the two continents on the north, and some believed that they were separated by a strait, but there was nothing actually known about it. Peter the Great was anxious for wider knowledge on these points. He himself had no faith in the existence of a strait, but he wanted to be sure about it, and he wished still more to know how far his own country extended.

He had met Vitus Bering, who was then twenty-two years of age and had already become quite famous on the sea. So he entrusted to Bering the command of the *First Kamchatkan Expedition.*

This great expedition was to start from St. Petersburg (now Petrograd) and travel right across Europe and Asia to the Peninsula of Kamchatka. There, at the farthest north limit of known country they were to build ships and set out to explore the unknown seas. If you look at a map of Europe and Asia—for Russia extends over both continents—you will have a little idea of the length of such a journey.

Peter the Great had no good maps, such as you

have. And what would he not have given for a book like your school Geography! His ideas on the subject seem to have been very hazy, as you may judge from the following written instructions which he gave to Bering:

1. At Kamchatka or somewhere else two decked boats are to be built.

2. With these you are to sail northward along the coast, and as the end of the coast is not known this land is undoubtedly America.

3. For this reason you are to inquire where the American coast begins, and go to some European colony; and when European ships are seen you are to ask what the coast is called, and note it down, make a landing, obtain reliable information, and then, after having charted the coast, return.

It was easy enough for the Czar to sit at home in his luxurious palace and give orders; but seldom in the world's history has a more difficult task been undertaken than that attempted and successfully carried out by Vitus Bering. He set out from St. Petersburg on the fifth of February, 1725, although part of his force under the command of Lieutenant Chirikoff had started ahead on the 24th of January. Bering was captain and chief, and Lieutenant Martin Spangberg second in command. The whole expedition consisted of several hundred men and twice as many horses.

You may wonder why such a large company should be needed. To understand this we must

remember that Kamchatka is several thousand miles distant from St. Petersburg. The way lay through one of the coldest regions of the globe, over mountains and hills, along swift and dangerous rivers, through dense, trackless forests, marshes, swamps, and vast fields of deep snow without the sign of a road. The journey would take, not months, but years. Great quantities of provisions for this journey and for the sea voyage would have to be carried, and much would have to be secured along the way. Extra clothing, too, and food for the horses, must be taken. In addition to all this they had to drag heavy and cumbersome materials and tools for ship building. Timber they would find at or near their destination, but rigging, cables, and anchors they had to take with them all the way. The management of such a company in this great enterprise was no light task.

Not until the fourth of September, 1727, did Bering and his company reach the little fort on the Kamchatka River from which they were to set out on the voyage of exploration. At Fort Kamchatka, which was inhabited by a few Cossacks, they built the staunch ship *Gabriel*. The *Fortuna* had been built at Okotsk.

On the ninth of July, Bering, in command of the *Gabriel*, with a crew of forty-four men, started upon his voyage of discovery along an unknown

coast and on an unknown sea. He took a course along the coast, usually in sight of land on the north and west. They sailed past Cape Thaddeus, where the sea seemed alive with seals, sea-lions, dolphins and spotted whales; past the mouth of Anadyr River, and on into St. Kresta Bay, where two days were spent in search of fresh water. Then the voyage was continued along a high and rocky coast, every bend in the shore line being carefully explored.

In August, many days after they had seen any human beings, they were all excited to see a boat containing eight men rowing toward them. When the boat came near the *Gabriel*, one man jumped into the water, and supported by two inflated seal bladders, swam to the ship. He was a Chukchee Indian, and, through two Koriak interpreters on board, Bering learned that his people lived along the coast and knew the Russians well. The visitor told them they would soon come within sight of an island. He then went back to his boat. If the two Koriaks had understood the language more perfectly they might have obtained some more information of value.

In a short time they sighted an island, which Bering named St. Lawrence because it was St. Lawrence's Day. This was August the 11th. They were now in the strait they had set out to seek, but did not know it till afterward. The weather un-

fortunately remained cloudy for several days, or at the narrowest part of the strait they could have seen the American coast.

They kept on sailing, and passed East Cape. Still they sailed on until Bering felt satisfied from his observations that this was a strait and that the two continents were not connected. Then, on August the 15th, he announced to the crew that as he had now accomplished his task it was his duty according to his orders to return.

They reached the fort on the Kamchatka in safety and wintered there. The next summer Bering started out to find America, but the weather was foggy, and on account of severe storms he was driven back. He reached St. Petersburg on the first of March, 1730.

The expedition had been successful, but Peter the Great was dead, and Bering's account of his discoveries was not entirely credited by the people in authority. It contradicted some wild guesses made by certain people ambitious for easy fame, and they refused to believe themselves in the wrong.

Consequently, and also because the rulers and influential people in Russia were greatly interested in scientific discovery, Bering was afterwards sent out on a second expedition. Large as the first had been, this undertaking was indeed stupendous. So vast a company was sent out, and so much was re-

quired to be done, that ten years were spent in carrying out the great scheme. Even then very much remained for future generations to finish. During his second voyage Bering, in 1741, discovered Alaska, and landing on an island near the coast spent a few days there, and the peninsula of Alaska was claimed by Russia. In 1867 the United States purchased it from Russia, and have held it ever since. The boundary line between Canada and Alaska has been the subject of much dispute, but it was finally settled in 1903.

At the end of this second voyage, Bering died in cold and hunger and wretchedness on the island which bears his name.

CHAPTER IX

THE ADVENTURES OF ALEXANDER HENRY

It would be difficult for any writer of romance, however lively his imagination, to produce a more thrilling tale than the record of the actual adventures of Alexander Henry. Entering on his career as a fur-trader just at the period of the passing of Canada from French to English control, the terrible time of Pontiac's conspiracy, Henry repeatedly came face to face with death at the hands of the treacherous and bloodthirsty Indians. But, as he says himself in his fascinating narrative, his life seemed to be under a charm, and something always averted the fate that at the moment seemed inevitable.

Little is known of Alexander Henry's early life, except that he was born in New Jersey, in 1739, his parents being English people of good reputation. The youth of twenty before setting out on his memorable adventures had received a good education and some training in his chosen pursuit.

In the autumn of 1761, Henry came from Montreal to Fort Michillimackinac, on the north shore of Lake Huron, bringing goods for trade with the Indians. Although the French garrison had left

the fort, no English troops had as yet come to replace them, and the thirty Canadian families living within the palisades, as well as a similar number in the vicinity, were unprotected.

The Indians were hostile to the English, and on

Making a Portage.

the way there Henry was more than once warned of his danger, but he refused to turn back. Shortly after his arrival he had a formal visit from about sixty Chippewa Indians (otherwise called Ojibwas). Most of them were naked from the waist up, and grotesquely ornamented with war paint and

feathers. Each carried a tomahawk and scalping-knife. They were undesirable visitors, to say the least of it.

For a while Henry's situation was a decidedly uncomfortable one, but at the close of a long speech the chief, Minavavana, assured him that since he had come among them unarmed and for purposes of trade only, they would regard him as a brother, and he might sleep tranquilly without fear of them. The pipe of peace was then smoked. Henry distributed among them some small presents, and they departed, leaving their host considerably relieved.

Very soon after this a strong English garrison arrived just in time to ward off a threatened attack from a body of two hundred Ottawas.

The most tragic events, however, happened two years later. Henry was still at Michillimackinac. The garrison consisted of about thirty-five English soldiers under Captain Etherington, the Commandant. The unfriendly feeling of the Indians toward the English had been steadily growing, and Captain Etherington had been warned of danger, but he refused to pay any attention. Henry, too, had received warning, but he proved equally heedless.

About a year before this, Wawatam, an Ojibwa chief, had adopted Henry as his friend and brother, saying that this brotherhood with the

white man had been revealed to him by the Great Spirit. Wawatam, after a year's absence, now returned and, hinting of danger, implored Henry to go with him to Sault Ste. Marie. Henry paid little attention to him, but next day Wawatam returned with his squaw, and together they begged him, even with tears, to go with them to a place of safety. Not perfectly understanding the Algonquin language, and being reckless of danger, Henry remained unmoved, and they departed in great sadness of spirit.

The next day, June 4th, being King George's birthday, was kept as a sort of holiday by the garrison, and the Indians themselves provided entertainment in the form of a grand game of ball between the Ojibwas and the Sacs. The fort was soon practically deserted, and the gates left wide open while the soldiers watched the fascinating game.

Alexander Henry was not among them, as he had stayed in his house to write some letters.

Suddenly he was startled by hearing the Indian war-cry, shrill and menacing, above other noises of confusion. A hurried glance from the window showed him that the play was over, and a life and death struggle was already in progress. Alas! What but death should be the share of those few scattering English people in the midst of that savage horde?

The fact of death itself may have few terrors for a brave soldier or adventurer, but the horror of an Indian slaughter—the sight of reeking knives and dripping scalps, the agonized screams of the tortured—might well make the stoutest heart quail.

Henry seized his gun, expecting that some resistance would be made; but there was no drumbeat to arms, nor the sound of a single shot; and what could one man do against four hundred Indians?

The French-Canadians had not been attacked, and he at once sought shelter in the house of his next-door neighbor, Mr. Langlade. The man himself seemed indifferent, but a Pawnee slave woman who was in the house quietly and secretly showed him up to a garret and locked the door after him.

Here Henry, himself unseen, with horror-stricken eyes watched the dreadful scene outdoors, knowing that he might be on the point of sharing the sufferings he witnessed.

In a short time there was a general cry of "All is finished," and Henry heard some Indians enter the room below him. When they asked if there were any Englishmen in the house, Langlade replied that he did not know, but they could find out for themselves; and as he spoke he led them to the

garret door. Imagine Henry's feelings as he listened to their footsteps on the stair!

A search for the key, which the slave woman had put into her pocket, fortunately caused a little delay, just long enough for Henry to discover and creep into a small opening in a pile of birch bark sap buckets in a dark corner. The gloominess of the dimly-lighted attic aided in the concealment, and even the loud beating of the refugee's throbbing heart did not give him away. One of the party came near enough to touch him, but still he remained undiscovered, and at last the blood-besmeared troop departed.

Exhausted more in mind than in body, Henry threw himself down on a feather mattress that lay on the floor, and soon fell asleep. He was awakened at dusk by the entrance of Mrs. Langlade, who had come to stop a hole in the roof: it was beginning to rain. She was surprised to see the inhabitant of the garret, but told Henry not to be uneasy, and at his request she brought him some water.

After a night of suspense and uneasy slumber Henry awoke to new perils and fears. There were Indian voices in the room below, and by the conversation, which he heard distinctly, Henry learned that the Langlades, for the sake of their own and their children's safety, were about to give him over to the savages.

They came upstairs and entered the room—all intoxicated, naked and terrible in war paint. Henry rose and stood to meet his fate; there was no longer one ray of hope.

A tall Indian, all black except for a white circle around each eye, came up and seized the prisoner's coat collar, holding in the other hand a large knife poised ready to plunge into his heart.

There was a moment of terrible suspense. "No, I won't kill you!" the Indian said at last. He added that the Englishman should be called after his brother, Musinigon, whom he had lost.

Death had once more been averted, but safety was still far off. For some time Henry's life was a continual succession of near shaves and narrow escapes. A few nights later his captivity was somewhat relieved by the companionship of Captain Etherington and a few other prisoners who had been permitted, for the time being, to live.

He was at last rescued by his friend and brother, Wawatam, who came with a present to claim his "relation" from his captors. For more than a year he remained with Wawatam, living as an Indian and sharing his friend's dangers, toils and privations. He was still a prisoner of the tribe, however, and did not obtain his freedom until August of the following year when he accompanied the Ojibwas on an expedition to Niagara, where peace was made between the Indians and the English.

In 1775 Alexander Henry entered the Canadian North West, where he remained for about a year doing valuable work as an explorer and fur-trader, helping to open up the country for settlement. He then went to England and France, and at the French Court he entertained the far-famed Marie Antoinette with his tales of the far West. He returned to Canada, but subsequently made two more trips to England. He died in Montreal at the age of eighty-five.

CHAPTER X

JOHN MEARES AT NOOTKA SOUND

Had it not been for certain exciting events in which John Meares played an important part, our farthest west Province might never have been British territory. For many years the whole west coast of both North and South America was claimed by Spain—all because a certain pope of Rome, the year after Columbus discovered America, had signed an edict, or decree, that it should be so! With magnificent generosity he gave half the world to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!

There came very near being a war between England and Spain before this old decree was set aside, and England's right to make settlements in lands not already occupied was acknowledged. How all this came about, and what John Meares had to do with it, you shall be told.

John Meares was a sailor who for some years had been employed in the Royal Navy of England. Having heard of Captain Cook's discovery of Nootka Sound, on Vancouver Island, and the fortunes to be made from sea otter furs so easily obtained there from the Indians and sold to wealthy people in China, he was fired with ambition to engage in this profitable trade.

In Calcutta, India, which was the most convenient port to sail from, he formed a company and secured two ships, the *Sea Otter* and the *Nootka*. With these ships, manned by hardy sailors, he set out. Unfortunately the *Sea Otter*, under the command of Captain Tipping, was lost at sea and never reached port. Meares himself met with many misfortunes on this voyage. He went first to Alaska, hoping to secure furs from the natives there, but was delayed many weeks by fog and storms among the Aleutian Islands. In September he anchored at Prince William Sound and decided to spend the winter there. A log house was built, but there was little comfort to be had through the long winter when the cold grew intense and the sun almost disappeared. To make matters worse, all but three of the company fell ill with scurvy, and many died.

In the springtime those who were still living took heart again, and the prospect brightened. In May they had a most welcome visit from Captain Dixon and Captain Portlock, two London traders who had wintered at the Sandwich Islands and were now cruising along the coast for furs. Captain Portlock was the leader in this London expedition. He gave Meares some valuable assistance, yet he was anything but generous. Though he had been well paid for everything, he demanded, at the last moment, that Meares should sign a thousand-

pound bond not to engage in the fur trade that season. He had also to promise to sail direct to the Sandwich Islands, and from there to China.

How greedy and grasping some of the early fur-traders were! You would think that along hundreds of miles of unsettled coastline there should be room enough for everybody; but Portlock wanted the whole trade to himself. Meares had no choice but to comply with this unjust demand. He sailed away, and arrived in China the following October.

Many a man would have given up after such a disheartening experience, but not John Meares. He set out again in January, 1788, with two new ships. The *Iphigenia* was in charge of Captain Douglas, and he himself commanded the *Felice*. After a stormy voyage of more than three months he arrived at Nootka.

Here the Indians were very friendly. The return of Comekcla, a Nootka chief whom Meares had taken on a visit to China, afforded some pleasant excitement. Comekcla was decked out in a scarlet coat with brass buttons and a copper breastplate. On his head was a gay cockade, fastened to his hair ever so many handles of copper saucepans, and in his hand a huge iron spit from the ship's kitchen by way of a spear. He landed amid an admiring crowd, and was royally feasted on whale blubber and oil.

Maquinna and Callicum, the two most important chiefs, happened to be absent, but they arrived in a few days. Though dressed all in their best they looked extremely savage on account of the red and black paint, in fantastic designs, on their faces. They were quite friendly, however.

"Comekcla was decked out."

Meares tells us that, "A present consisting of copper, iron and other gratifying articles was made to Maquinna and Callicum, who, on receiving it, took off their sea-otter garments, threw them in the most graceful manner at our feet, and remained in

the unattired garb of nature on the deck." Meares gave each of them a blanket in return for the fur garments, and they rowed back, well satisfied, to the shore.

From these chiefs Meares secured a piece of land on which a house was soon built, and then the crew, aided by fifty Chinese workmen Meares had brought for the purpose, set to work building a ship to be used in the fur trade. This vessel, named the *North West America,* was completed and launched in September, the first ship ever built in this part of the world.

Before the launching of the new ship, Meares had gone off in the *Felice* on a little exploring and trading cruise, and had met with some adventures. Also the *Iphigenia,* which had been coasting and trading northward, had arrived, and an American sloop, the *Washington,* from Boston, had come into port. Captain Gray, the master of this vessel, was very much surprised to find that he was not the first comer. By and by the *Columbia,* another American ship, arrived, and these two wintered at Nootka.

Shortly after the completion of the new vessel, Meares returned with his cargo of furs to China, well content this time with his success and good prospects. He sailed in the *Felice,* but the other ships remained.

Next May the trouble began. Spain had got wind of what was going on along the north-west coast of America, and an expedition under Martinez and Haro, in the *Princessa* and the *San Carlos*, were sent to investigate.

When the *Princessa* arrived at Nootka Sound she found the *Iphigenia* and the *Columbia* at anchor in the harbor. The other ships were out on trading ventures. At first the various captains invited each other to dine, and civility prevailed, but Martinez was only biding his time.

Before long he seized and sent away the *Iphigenia*, then seized the *North West America*, and her cargo, changed the name to *Gertrudis*, and used the vessel for Spanish trade. Later on he also seized two other ships, the *Princess Royal* and the *Argonaut*, which had been sent out to Nootka by a new trading company Meares had formed, called the Associated Merchants of London and India.

Imperfect accounts of these happenings had reached England, but when the crews of the captured vessels returned to China, Meares learned from them the whole truth of the matter. He at once set sail for England with a detailed report.

You may be sure the British Government were very glad to get this information. England determined not to yield a single inch to the claims of Spain to the whole Pacific coast, and she also de-

manded that the vessels and goods seized should be restored and Meares' losses fully repaid.

Spain was very unwilling to give in, and both countries prepared for war; but at last England had her way, and the two countries agreed that their subjects should have equal rights in those parts of the coast still unoccupied. John Meares and his associates received from Spain a sum of money amounting to $210,000 to make up for their losses.

CHAPTER XI

EXPLORING THE FRASER

Among tales of heroic adventure, few are more stirring than that of Simon Fraser's descent of the great river that bears his name.

Fraser was the son of a Scotch army captain. He was born in Vermont, in 1776, but when a small boy was brought by his widowed mother to Three Rivers in Quebec. At sixteen he entered the service of the Northwest Company, and in 1807 he was entrusted with the important and difficult task of tracing the Columbia River to the sea.

The upper waters of the Fraser River (then called the Tacouche Tesse), had been traced for some distance. In the previous year Fraser and John Stuart had explored and named some of its tributary waters, and it was supposed that this was the source of the great Columbia River which emptied into the sea far to the westward. The Columbia had not yet been explored much further than its mouth. During the whole perilous voyage, Fraser supposed himself to be on the Columbia, and not until he had almost reached the sea did he find out his mistake.

Having received his commission, Fraser de-

scended with Stuart to the point where the Nachaco River flows into the Fraser. Here they built a trading post, which they named Fort George, and then prepared for the great venture.

On Saturday, May 28th, the party, consisting of Fraser, Stuart and Quesnel, with nineteen *voyageurs* and two Indian guides, set out in four canoes. Fifteen miles down the river one of the canoes was nearly wrecked in a rapid, but apart from this they had little serious difficulty during the first two days. On the third day they passed the point formerly reached by Mackenzie, where Alexandria now stands.

All the rest of the way was entirely unknown; no white man had ever passed that way before. They never knew from one hour to another what lay ahead of them. There was always the chance of their canoes being drawn into a whirlpool or rapid or being swept over a waterfall. They were indeed faced with the most appalling difficulties and dangers all along the way, but no one ever thought of turning back. The very strong spice of danger, we may well believe, only added to the keen joy of these brave hearts.

They were playing a thrilling part amid scenes of unspeakable grandeur and beauty. Here they seemed to be the centre of a vast amphitheatre, the land sloping up gradually from the river to the dis-

tant forest-clad hills, with still more hills beyond, purple and soft in the distance, and the great blue dome of sky over all. Farther on the view narrowed to sheer rocky cliffs between which the river foamed and rushed with terrible swiftness.

There was always something new to see, and at times they could let their paddles rest while their eyes wandered over the enchanting scene; but for the most part, muscles and wits had to be equally active or they would have paid with their lives for the slightest lack of vigilance.

Only a few incidents of this remarkable expedition can be recorded here.

Shortly after leaving the site of Alexandria they saw Indians on the shore, in evident alarm at the approach of the white men, and posting off on horseback to give warning to the tribe. Fraser thought it best to let them know of his peaceable intentions, so the party landed and waited until in the afternoon some of these Atnah Indians returned with a boy who was able to act as interpreter.

After explanations the Indians were satisfied, and quite friendly. They asked Fraser to show them a gun—a weapon they had heard of but never seen. Fraser showed them the gun and got one of his men to fire at some trees. They were terrified at the report, and fell on their faces. When they afterwards examined the trees and saw the marks of

the bullets, they were much impressed, and took care to assure Fraser that they were good and peaceable and would never annoy the white men.

These Indians advised Fraser to give up his attempt to go down the river, telling him that it was

"They were terrified at the report and fell on their faces."

quite impassable; but no second-hand information would satisfy him, and they went on. When they reached the village, the Great Chief of the Atnahs volunteered to be their guide. Fraser gladly accepted this offer, and they proceeded.

Late that afternoon they found that the

Atnahs' story of dangers ahead had been no fiction. They came to the worst rapid they had yet seen. The cliffs rose sheer from the water's edge, and through a narrow gorge forty or fifty yards in width and two miles long, the deep waters rushed in mad, foaming, roaring waves. For all that, they decided to risk running the rapids. Five men went ahead in a light canoe while the rest waited to see how they got along.

In a few moments the canoe was sent whirling and dashing along in the current, in constant danger of being hurled and splintered on the rocks. The men had all they could do to hold on and keep afloat. After a little of this excitement the canoe was forced against a low projecting rock, to which the men sprang. They managed to hold the canoe until Fraser, with much difficulty, came along the shore to help them.

They dug steps in the steep bank with their daggers, and fastened a line to the canoe. Then, some going ahead with the line and the rest supporting the canoe on their shoulders, they slowly climbed that almost perpendicular precipice. One false step or a slip of hand or foot, and the whole party would have been hurled to a watery grave. They managed, however, to get the canoe to the top of the cliff before dark.

One can hardly read of adventures like this

without a belief in guardian angels. Surely unseen hands must have supported them, allowing them to venture to the very brink of death in order to put their faith and valor to the test, but not allowing them to fall or perish.

Having secured the canoe, they had by no means come to the end of their troubles, for everything had now to be hauled over the face of the steep mountain. All this provided a most interesting "moving picture" for the natives, who could not make out the purpose of such a mad venture. Again Fraser was warned of the impossibility of proceeding on his course, and again he refused to give it up. The Indians very kindly advised him to go overland to another river they knew of, lying to the southeast, by which he might reach the sea.

But Fraser said decidedly, "No. I have been sent to trace this river to the sea, and that is what I mean to do at any cost."

In this determination every man stood nobly by him. So they went on. Four horses were procured to assist in carrying the supplies, but one of these fell over the cliff, with its load, into the river and perished.

On Sunday they reached a rapid which, viewed from the land, looked quite impassable; it was one long succession of whirlpools between huge beetling crags. What should they do? Must they aban-

don the canoes? No, that would never do. So, desperate as the venture was, they decided to risk running the rapids. First they unloaded the canoes so that they might run light, then they took their lives in hand and embarked on the swirling, angry tide. It was a swift, mad race, but fortunately they got through without accident.

A much harder task awaited them now, that of carrying their packs along the face of the precipice, where loose stones and gravel made every step doubly dangerous. While performing this difficult feat one man got himself into a tight fix. He could move neither forward nor back, nor yet unfasten the heavy pack on his back.

Fraser saw his difficulty, and crawled on hands and knees to his assistance. The pack had to be sacrificed, there was nothing else for it, so he cut it loose and let it fall into the river. The man was now able to get himself on to securer footing. After two miles of this perilous progress, bruised, bleeding, and quite tired out, they were glad to rest beside their safely beached canoes.

Again and again as they continued their descent of the river, similar perils and exhausting toils had to be encountered and overcome. Wearing up a pair of moccasins in a day while scrambling over steep cliffs and deep rocky, ravines, they were at last left without protection for their feet. Again they

met with Indians more or less friendly and were warned of perils and difficulties ahead, and still they went doggedly on.

At one point they were compelled to leave the canoes behind, with some provisions for the return journey, and go overland on foot. Having reached smoother waters they were able to procure from some Indians a canoe in which to convey the heaviest packages.

More than once they were threatened by unfriendly Indians, but at one encampment Fraser had to shake hands with a whole admiring tribe of twelve hundred.

It was a great disappointment to Fraser that at the very last tack of the journey, he was compelled to turn back without even a sight of the open sea. The warlike Indians at the outlet were bent on their destruction; their provisions were completely exhausted, and even the more friendly Indians refused them a single ounce of food. To push on under such conditions would be nothing less than suicide.

It was at this point that Fraser found he was far to the north of the point where the 'Columbia emptied into the sea. The realization of his mistake was a keen disappointment, and he did not appreciate the value of his splendid achievement in discovering the great river that was to bear his name and fame to future generations.

CHAPTER XII

DAVID THOMPSON, EXPLORER

David Thompson is said to be one of the greatest geographers in the world. Yet how many Canadians know anything about him? His claim to recognition does not rest on the discovery of the Thompson River, for this river, a tributary of the Fraser, was so named by Simon Fraser in honor of his friend and associate. Thompson's explorations and discoveries, extending over a period of sixty-six years, are too numerous even to mention here; we can only endeavor to catch a few fleeting glimpses of him while engaged in his most important and interesting achievement, the exploration of the Columbia River.

But first of all, we want to know something about the man himself.

David Thompson was born in Westminster, England, on April 30, 1770. For seven years he attended the Grey Coat School, and the sound Christian training received there influenced his whole life. He grew up to be a man of splendid principle and deep, unobtrusive piety. It is said of him that, "There were few white men in the West in those early days who bore so consistently as he did the white flower of a blameless life."

At the age of fourteen he came alone to Canada to be trained in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and he faithfully served their interests in various ways for thirteen years. In July, 1797, he joined the North West Company, who needed a man of Thompson's ability to explore and survey the vast western lands in which their fur-trading was carried on.

For many years, sometimes alone but usually accompanied by Indians and French-Canadian *voyageurs*, while buying up furs from the Indians he pierced into the depths of trackless wildernesses, by unknown lakes and streams. He carried a sextant, telescope and other instruments, and by means of these he made very accurate observations and fixed the latitude and longitude of every important point along his route. He was keenly interested in every aspect of the country, its geological formations, trees, plants, animals, birds, and people; and what is better still, he never failed, even in the midst of the utmost weariness and discomfort, to write down in his numerous journals a careful description of everything he observed.

In later years, after his return to civilization, he was able by means of these notes to write out a complete record of his work and travels. This very valuable record has been carefully preserved, though it is not yet within the reach of the general reader,

and it illuminates in a wonderful manner the pioneer history of our great North West.

The exploration of the Columbia was not a rapid, spectacular dash of a few weeks, but extended over a period of four years, from 1807 to 1811. All this time Thompson's work as fur-trader for the Company was steadily carried on, and a vast area of land besides that in the immediate vicinity of the great river was traversed. It is very difficult to follow him through the intricate and winding mazes threaded by him during these years. Again and again he crossed the Rocky Mountains, by different passes, to and from the Company's various posts on the Saskatchewan and other rivers and lakes. Here and there at some suitable point he stopped to build a fort or trading post, which he usually made his headquarters during the severest winter months.

The Columbia River was discovered in 1792 by Robert Gray, of Boston, who named the river after his own vessel and explored its mouth. Five months later, Lieutenant Broughton, ascended the river for about 100 miles, taking possession of the country for the King of England. It was afterwards reached overland by two Americans, Lewis and Clark, but it was left to Thompson to explore the river throughout its entire course of 1,150 miles.

This great undertaking was begun on May 10, 1807, when Thompson and his little party left Rocky Mountain House, on the Saskatchewan. Thompson rode on horseback, and his assistant, Finan McDonald, brought the provisions in a canoe as far as the river was navigable; they were then packed on the horses.

They reached the summit of the Mountain on June 22nd. A few miles to the south Thompson reached Blaeberry River, a small tributary of the Columbia. Commenting on this river in his notes he writes, "May God in His mercy give me to see where its waters flow into the ocean, and return in safety." This prayer was answered, but not fully until four years later.

The men did a good deal of hunting on the way, not only for the sake of the furs, but in order to supply food. Often they were reduced to very low rations. Their meat, if sometimes scant as to quantity, was certainly varied in character,—not only red deer, antelope, bison and buffalo, but even grizzlies, pumas, wild and tame horses, and dogs, were eaten. They also from time to time obtained fish, berries, and roots.

Near the head waters of the Columbia, during this first year, Thompson tells of his men taking 100 wild mountain goat skins. These animals had long, silky hair a foot long, white tinged with

light yellow at the ends. Some of his partners derided the idea of these skins having any commercial value, but subsequently in the London market they were sold at a guinea a skin.

When the fur traders made fun of these skins, Thompson told them they needn't ask for any more; and he had the independence, when they sent to him for as many goat skins as he could procure, to remind them of his former word, and to stick to it. They never got another.

Thompson had no thought of trying to reach the Pacific this first year, but contented himself with exploring the upper waters of the river. He descended the Blaeberry River to the main stream, being the first white man to stand upon the banks of the upper Columbia. Here he camped for twelve days and built canoes, then went upstream to what is now called Windermere Lake, near which he built a fort. He spent the winter here, trading with the Indians and continuing his observations. In the following April he reached Upper Columbia Lake, the source of the Columbia River.

It would take much too long to tell about the many adventures met with and the useful work accomplished during the long interval of time between this and the final trip to the sea in 1811. Late in December of the previous year he had left his camp on the Athabasca and set out for the Colum-

bia. The cold was intense, food scarce, and the men discouraged; nothing but Thompson's dauntless determination carried them through. On New Year's night, after a long day's march, they camped with nothing but pine boughs covering the snowdrifts to rest upon, and no shelter from the bitter cold—the thermometer was 24° below zero—except a few small trees to windward.

They travelled very slowly and with much difficulty over the mountain pass and started down the other side on the banks of a small stream. The descent was steep, and the snow very deep and soft. On the west side of the mountain they found the climate considerably milder, and here the forest trees grew to an enormous size.

A good part of the winter was spent in camp at the junction of the Canoe and Columbia Rivers. In the spring they went upstream to the head of the river in order to secure three more trusty Indians for greater safety against the menace of unfriendly tribes.

The party then faced toward the sea and kept steadily on until they reached the Pacific on July 15th. The trip was not all made by water. Having gone down the Kootenay River, a tributary of the Columbia, for about 240 miles, they crossed overland to the main stream. They had to cross many "bold brooks" by felling trees across the stream to

make bridges, over which it was difficult to transport horses and supplies; many a big tree was swept away like a straw in the swift currents. On the river they were often in peril from treacherous whirlpools and rapids, or had to carry goods along steep and dangerous portages; they came to many unknown Indian tribes whose friendship was won by gifts and by smoking the pipe of peace. Sometimes these dark-skinned strangers entertained them with singing and dances, and even prayed in simple Indian fashion for their safe return.

At last they came in full sight of the ocean. To Thompson this was a great joy, but his men were disappointed. They had expected an unfamiliar sight, something quite beyond their imagination; but this was so much like the boundless horizons of the Great Lakes to which they were accustomed that it held no charm for them.

Thompson spent the night at the small fur-trading post of Astoria, and next day they went on to Cape Disappointment at the mouth of the Columbia. After a few days spent at Astoria the adventurers turned their faces homeward.

Eight years before the beginning of the Columbia expedition Thompson had married Charlotte Small, a half-breed girl of fourteen. She accompanied him on many of his travels, and they had a large family of boys and girls.

In August, 1912, Thompson finally returned to the East, and the remainder of his life was spent partly at his home in Glengarry County, Ontario, and partly at Longueil, opposite Montreal, where in his eighty-seventh year, after a long and fruitful life, he passed to his reward.

CHAPTER XIII

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER

What dreams and endeavors, what heartache and happiness, are hidden in many of the names upon our maps! Nova Scotia, which means New Scotland, represents the dream of a notable Scotsman of the seventeenth century.

About five miles east of Stirling, in Scotland, at the foot of the Ochil Hills, is the baronial estate of Menstrie, where Sir William Alexander, the sixth Laird or Baron of Menstrie, was born about 1580. While still in his teens the young Laird was chosen to be the travelling companion of the Earl of Argyle on a grand tour of the continent. This was a splendid opportunity for an ambitious youth, and Sir William made the best of it.

As a boy of fourteen he had begun to write poetry, and at twenty-three, when he published *The Tragedy of Darius,* he was an acknowledged poet. As time permitted, during a very busy life, he kept up this practice. His work showed much skill and culture, and was highly valued in those days. He published several books, among them *Aurora,* a series of sonnets "containing the first fancies of the author's youth" on the varying for-

tunes of love, and dedicated to Lady Agnes Douglas, Countess of Argyle; a poem of 672 verses addressed to Prince Henry, and *The Doomsday*, a sacred poem in twelve books. This was considered his great work, and it won him the title of "the Divine poet." In later years, at the request of King James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, he completed a work the King had begun—a version of the Psalms of David in metre. King James had done the first thirty-one, and Sir William finished the rest. In the reign of Charles I. these were revised and inserted in the Scottish Service Book of 1637.

It would be difficult to find much of Sir William Alexander's poetry now-a-days, but here is a sample, from *Julius Caesar*:

Then let us live, since all things change below,
  When raised most high as those who once may fall,
And hold when by disasters brought more low,
  The mind still free, whatever else be thrall;
Those lords of fortune sweeten every state,
Who can command themselves, though not their fate.

You may also find one of his sonnets *To Aurora* in the *Golden Treasury*.

But what had this Scottish poet to do with Nova Scotia? Well, we are coming to that.

Shortly after his return from the European tour, the Earl of Argyle introduced him to King James,

who was much taken with the polished manners, high intellectual culture and gallant, sprightly bearing of this young nobleman. His poetic gifts made a special appeal to the King, who was himself a poet, and Sir William Alexander soon became the King's favorite.

In 1621 he became deeply interested in American colonization. Captain Argall, in 1613, had captured Acadia from the French and taken possession in the name of King James; but except for the few French colonists that still remained, the country was for the most part a wilderness. The King was anxious to settle this country, and sought the advice of his favorite. Sir William in reply suggested that since there was already in America a New England, a New France and a New Spain, why not establish in Acadia a New Scotland?

With this idea the King was heartily in accord, and he immediately granted to Sir William by royal charter, for colonization purposes, a vast territory to be known as New Scotland, including what is now all the Maritime Provinces, the peninsula of Gaspe in Quebec, and all the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence as far as Newfoundland.

Sir William proceeded at once to recruit emigrants, but only a Presbyterian minister, a blacksmith, and a few agricultural laborers were willing to make the venture. The ship, which set sail in

August, 1622, never reached New Scotland, being driven by a great storm to the coast of Newfoundland in September. The little band decided to remain there for the winter, while the ship returned for supplies.

A second ship with additional colonists sailed in March, and arrived at St. John, Newfoundland, on the 5th of June. They found the emigrants of the previous year dispersed, some having hired out with fishermen in order to secure a living; the smith and the minister had died. The new colonists, being few in number, decided not to remain that year; but ten of the principal men went on a tour of exploration along the southern coast of Nova Scotia in order to decide on a suitable place for next year's colony. They had a pleasant voyage, and meanwhile the other colonists returned home in a number of fishing vessels which had come from England.

After this second failure it seemed evident to Sir William Alexander that it would be necessary to awaken a deeper interest in people of means and influence. With this purpose he wrote "An Encouragement to Colonies," which was published in 1624, and to a certain extent it aroused the interest of Scottish gentry, preparing the way for a new and very ambitious scheme. This was the establishment of the order of Baronets of Nova Scotia,

"whereby Scottish landowners and younger sons of the nobility might form a new noble order and also thereby benefit Western colonization." Each of the new Baronies was to be about six miles by four, more or less. The Baronets were to pay Sir William Alexander a sum of money for their land, which was then to be leased to farmers who would cultivate it.

King James granted Sir William a charter for this new scheme, but before it came into effect he died. Under his son and successor, King Charles, however the work progressed. Scottish noblemen were rather slow to take up with the new order, but by 1638 one hundred and thirteen Baronets had been registered.

Now the boundaries between French and English territory in eastern Canada were unsettled, and parts of the country, especially at Port Royal where there was a French settlement, were claimed by both. There was danger, therefore, that the French might settle first in New Scotland and hold their claim.

England and France had recently gone to war, and this offered the English a favorable pretext to oust the French from Acadia altogether. Accordingly Sir David Kirk was sent out with a small force in 1627. He took possession of Port Royal and left a Scotch colony there, with Sir William Alexander, Junior, a son of the Laird, as Governor. He also secured the surrender of Quebec.

But just previous to this, peace had been signed, on April 24, 1629, between England and France, providing that whatever had been taken by either after that date should be restored. As a result, Quebec and Port Royal had to be given up, and on July 10, 1631, King Charles sent orders to Sir William Alexander to demolish the fort that had been erected by his son and to remove all the people and everything belonging to the colony.

These orders were eventually carried out, and the King gave Sir William a draft on the treasury of Scotland for £10,000 to recompense him for his losses. "Thus terminated all actual plantation by Sir William Alexander within the bounds of Nova Scotia."

It must be understood, however, that though the colonies had been removed, Acadia itself still remained British; and with the exception of a large tract sold to Claude La Tour and his son Charles, on condition that the inhabitants of it should continue subjects of the Scottish crown, Sir William Alexander still retained his lands until his death in London in 1840.

In 1633 Sir William Alexander was made Earl of Stirling and Viscount of Canada. He also held several other honorable positions. We know little of his home life, except that he married the daughter and heiress of Sir William Erskine, and they had eight sons and three daughters.

In his "Encouragement to Colonies" Sir William Alexander gives a delightful description of the voyage of exploration along the south of Nova Scotia. He speaks particularly of Port Mouton, Luke's Bay—named after the ship—Port Jolly and Port Negro. He tells of the very pleasant harbours and rivers. "On every side," he says, "they did see very delicate meadows, having roses white and red, growing thereon, with a kind of wild Lilly which had a dainty smell." He also names different kinds of fruits they found growing wild —gooseberries, strawberries, hindberries, raspberries, and "a kind of red wine-berry." They found peas, wheat, barley and rye, also plenty of good fish in the rivers, good trees in the woods, several sorts of wild fowl and many birds they did not know.

"Where was ever Ambition baited with greater hopes than here," he asks, "or where ever had Virtue so large a field to reap the fruits of Glory? . . . But leaving these worldly respects, the greatest encouragement of all for any true Christian is this, that here is a large way for advancing the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to whom churches may be builded in places where his Name was never known; and if the saints of Heaven rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, what exceeding joy it would be to them to see many thousands of savage people (who now live like brute beasts) converted unto God.

This gives us an insight into the real character of the man whose dream lives but in the name of our fair eastern Province, Nova Scotia.

CHAPTER XIV

THE *HOPE* AND THE *HECTOR*

Nova Scotia was destined after all to be settled very largely by Scottish people. This was especially the case in Pictou County, along the north shore. On June 10th, 1765, a small American ship, the *Hope,* arrived at Pictou harbour bringing a little colony of six families. Although these people came from Philadelphia, they were mostly either native Scots or of Scottish descent.

A party from Truro, who had come over to welcome them, had made a fire on the shore, thinking to guide the ship into the harbour; but the crew of the *Hope* took them for savages and at first hesitated to land. They waited until the morning, and then, seeing through a spy glass that the men on the beach were white, they were very much relieved and landed at once.

The little colony had set out in high hopes, having heard a good account of this fertile and beautiful country; but very soon their hearts were filled with dismay. They found themselves at the edge of an unbroken wilderness of great trees that grew right to the waterside. Not a dwelling of any kind was in sight; there wasn't a roof to shelter

them from the open sky and from the gloomy forest where lurked the wild beast and the still more dreaded Indian. There was scarcely room for a tent.

Before that first long day came to an end many felt that they would gladly go back, but in the night the captain of the vessel quietly slipped out of the harbour and left them to their fate. There was nothing for it now but to make the best of it, and this they proceeded at once to do. The young men from Truro helped to build huts. Each man of the little colony was given half an acre of land. One man, Mr. McCabe, soon cleared his by partly cutting away the roots of the big trees and leaving the wind to do the rest. Some potatoes were planted that first spring, but the ground not being properly prepared, there was not much of a crop.

These people, men, women and children, were sturdy and courageous; June-time loveliness abounded everywhere, and when each family was safely housed in a little log cabin, things began to look brighter. They had brought some supplies, and fish and game were plentiful. The next spring the men carried seed potatoes from Truro, a three days' trip, and this time they had a good crop. There were many hardships and difficulties, but these were bravely met, and made them more sturdy and resourceful. In a few years some new settlers were added to their numbers. They had a little store,

kept by Squire Patterson, and a little school, open six days in the week, with a Sunday School as well, taught by James Davidson, of Edinburgh.

Then in 1773 the *Hector* sailed from Greenock, laden with Highlanders—the first emigrant ship from Scotland since the days of Sir William Alexander. John Ross, emigration agent for the Philadelphia Company, had pictured the country to them in glowing colors, promising each settler a free passage, a farm lot, and a year's provisions—though the latter item failed of fulfilment. Many, therefore, gathered together their little all and set out hopefully to seek their fortunes in the far new land.

Three families and five young men embarked at Greenock. They sailed north to Lochbroom, and there the number of passengers was increased to nearly 200. As they were leaving Lochbroom a piper who had not secured his passage went on board, and the captain ordered him back. The other passengers, however, pleaded that he might be allowed to go, and offered to share their food with him in return for his music. So the captain relented, and the musician with his bagpipes went along.

Before ever they reached Pictou these emigrants had a taste of hardship. The vessel was old and unseaworthy, and after this voyage went to sea no more. Buffeted with contrary winds, it was eleven

weeks on the Atlantic. Seasickness and homesickness attacked the poor passengers; their supply of water ran short, and towards the last, being driven from their course off the coast of Newfoundland, they were even threatened with starvation. They might indeed have perished with hunger had it not

"So the piper paid for his passage."

been for the saving sense of Hugh McLeod who had collected in a sack the food thrown away by the other passengers in times of plenty. The time came when they were glad of these dry and mouldy crusts. Then, too, serious illness broke out, and several people, including most of the poor children, died. Several others died soon after they landed.

It was a saddened crew that at last arrived at Pictou harbour on the 15th of September. But the Highlanders had plenty of spirit yet. Before landing they arrayed themselves in their cherished kilts and plaids. The piper piped his loudest, so that the silent, shadowy forests rang with the thrilling strains never heard in that place before. The result was that the Micmac Indians, who had often annoyed the few lonely settlers at Pictou and had threatened to molest the newcomers, hearing the strange, unearthly sounds, and seeing the array of soldiers—as they supposed—in "petticoats," took to the woods in terror, and never again gave any more trouble. So you see, the piper paid for his passage.

The troubles of the poor Highland emigrants were by no means over when they landed at Brown's Point. They were dismayed at sight of the great, gloomy forest, unbroken still except for the few tiny clearings on the shore. Without food or shelter, and unskilled in the use of the axe, they must cut down trees at once and, with the help of the few settlers already there, must build huts to live in.

It was another disappointment to find that all the lots on the waterfront had been taken up, and only the back farms remained. As many of them were fishermen and had depended on the sea for a

living, they refused to take the farms, one, two or three miles inland.

At first the people of the settlement shared their food with the newcomers, but soon the place was swept bare of provisions, and when a new supply came in to the little store, the men in charge refused to give them any. They bore their hunger for a while. Then Donald McDonald and Colin Douglas went to the store and demanded food for their starving families. When the demand was again refused and Dr. Harris tried to lock them in, they took matters into their own strong hands. Dr. Harris and Squire Patterson were seized and bound and their guns hidden. Then McDonald and Douglas helped themselves to what they needed, leaving a list of everything and promising to pay when they were able. Then they got away, and sent Roderick McKay to set the prisoners free. He untied them, told them where their guns were hidden, and made his own escape.

This caused a great deal of excitement. Word was sent to Halifax that the Highlanders were in rebellion, and Captain Thomas Archibald of Truro was ordered to march his company of militia to Pictou.

"I will do no such thing," was his spirited reply. "I know the Highlanders, and if they are fairly treated there will be no trouble with them."

When the Governor at Halifax found out the true state of affairs he gave orders that provisions were to be given to the Highlanders. This was done, and they eventually paid to the last farthing for everything they had taken. So that trouble was averted.

But times continued to be hard, and that winter many of the *Hector* emigrants went to Halifax, Truro, and other towns, where men, women and children hired themselves out in order to get a living. Most of them afterwards returned.

The seventy who remained at Pictou suffered severe hardship. The rude huts they had built at Brown's Point afforded but poor protection from the winds and storms, being made of round logs, roofed with bark, and the crevices chinked and stuffed with moss. Men tramped over an all but impassable trail to Truro to bring on their backs small supplies of flour and potatoes. The three-day trip included two night encampments in the woods.

Alexander Fraser, a boy of sixteen, to avoid leaving his little sister at home to starve, made the trip carrying her on his back, when all the food he had for the whole journey was the tail of an eel. This boy's father once cut down birch trees and boiled the buds for his hungry family.

There are many similar stories of hardship, re-

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sourcefulness, and splendid courage that would not be beaten by the most trying and difficult conditions. In time, however, these evil days passed. Land was cleared and good crops grown. Fish and game, especially the moose, were secured. Before long the men even began to make a profit from the great forest trees that at first had appeared to them to present such a hopeless barrier to success. Staves or shingles were made, also squared timber, and sent to other colonies, where they were exchanged for necessary supplies.

These people wrote enthusiastic letters to their distant friends, with the result that many more emigrants came out from time to time, and Nova Scotia moved steadily forward in the march of prosperity and progress.

CHAPTER XV

THE TALBOT SETTLEMENT

Colonel Thomas Talbot, famous as the founder of the Talbot Settlement, was born at Malahide, in the County of Dublin, Ireland, on the 17th of July, 1771. Descended from a long line of noble ancestry, he was also generously endowed by nature with a quick intelligence, sparkling wit, and pleasing appearance. At the early age of eleven he obtained a commission in the army. At sixteen or seventeen he was an aide-de-camp to a relative of his family, the Marquis of Buckingham, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Associated with him in this connection was Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo.

In 1791 Talbot joined the 24th Regiment as Lieutenant at Quebec, and a year later was attached to the staff of Governor Simcoe. Simcoe had a high regard for the character of the young lieutenant, and a warm friendship existed between them. During this time, becoming much impressed with the beauty and fertility of the country, he applied for 5,000 acres of land for settlement, and partly through the influence of Governor Simcoe he was given a grant on the north shore of Lake Erie. It

was agreed that for every settler he placed on a 50-acre farm he should receive 200 acres himself.

Colonel Talbot accompanied General Simcoe on an exploring expedition to this forest-clad region. Being full of youthful vigor and energy, he made himself generally useful, assisting to pitch the tent, collect wood for fuel, and aid the boatsmen across Long Point. Simcoe suggested that there were men enough without him, but to this Talbot replied, "Yes, but there are none more manly than I am." Simcoe smiled in assent and approval of this remark.

When they afterwards landed at Catfish Creek Colonel Talbot's activity again called forth a mild remonstrance from the Governor.

"Why General," the Colonel replied, "I want to be inured to a bachelor's hall life in the forest."

"Would you not like to nestle on the top of this hill?" asked Simcoe.

"No, sir," replied Talbot, "I am not ready to roost yet."

In the evening they arrived at the site of what was afterwards Port Talbot. On the top of the hill in this beautiful spot Talbot very quickly erected a tent. Then, assuming all the dignity of his proud ancestors, he met the Governor at the door of the tent and graciously invited him to the Castle of Malahide, saying, "Here, General Sim-

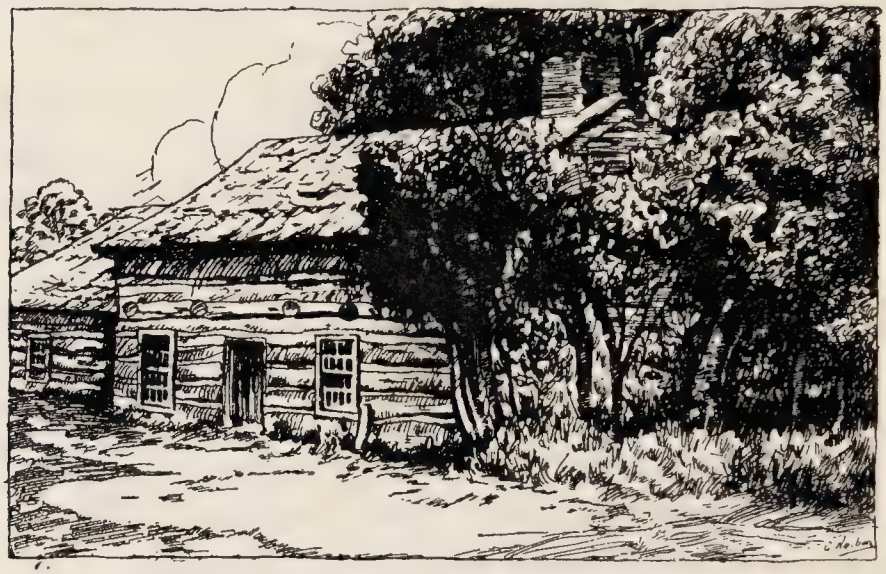
coe, will I roost, and will soon make the forest tremble under the wings of the flock I will invite by my warblings around me."

He was not ready yet to settle down, however. He returned to Europe and remained with his regiment until the peace of Amiens. Then in 1800 he sold his commission and returned to Canada. Active settlement was not begun until 1803.

On the 21st of May, accompanied by several men, he arrived in a boat at Port Talbot. As soon as they had landed, Talbot took his axe and cut down the first tree to mark his taking possession of his woodland estate. The country was still an unbroken forest, inhabited only by wild animals and Indians; but the spot was very beautiful. In front was the wide, gleaming lake; behind, the great forest —a varied landscape of hill and valley, forest and stream, clothed with the flowery verdure of springtime, and vocal with a chorus of bird songs.

Many wondered why Talbot, a Lieutenant-Colonel at the early age of twenty-two, should give up his brilliant prospects to become "an immediate neighbor of raccoons and howling wolves." But he had become disgusted with the vices and immorality of fashionable circles; and the freedom and fresh, sweet life of nature attracted him. Carrying in his heart a dream of usefulness to his fellowmen, and working always toward that end, he found life anything but dull or monotonous.

Some years passed, however, before many settlers came in, and he was left a great deal to the solitude of his own thoughts. Being a man of means, he kept at least one man-servant, though it was often difficult to get and to retain a good one. Often he had to cook his own meals and do chores



A Pioneer Loghouse.

about the house. This was very frequently the case when he had a distinguished guest. At such times his native dignity and ready wit never left him. Leaving his cook's apron in the kitchen he would preside at his rustic board with as much grace and gallantry as if he were lord of an ancient castle.

In a few years the fame of Colonel Talbot's growing settlement spread, and he was kept pretty busy granting lands and placing settlers. He had roads made along the front of the settlement, and it was his rule that each settler must clear a strip 100 feet wide along the road across the front of his lot, and also build a house at least 15 by 20 feet before he could secure his patent. This wise restriction kept out lazy men and also ensured the construction of several hundred miles of roads.

During the first twenty years many hardships were experienced both by the Colonel and his settlers, although we do not hear of actual starvation or acute suffering from exposure such as many other pioneers have endured. Hard work always abounded, but poverty in time gave place to prosperity and increasingly bright prospects.

Colonel Talbot has often been accused of being gruff and ungracious in his manner. There is a certain amount of truth in this, but his harshness was more apparent than real. In his position it was necessary for him to avoid being imposed on, but he, at all times, had the interest and welfare of his people at heart. They soon came to realize this, and always regarded him as a friend and benefactor.

The 21st of May, the anniversary of his arrival at Port Talbot, was for about twenty-five years kept as a day of festivity. The holiday began with

a dinner and speeches. Then followed a ball, attended by hard-working men and women, with rustic dress and simple manners. "Among these the Colonel never failed to appear, to share in the joy

Colonel Talbot.

of the occasion, and invariably led off the first dance, even at the advanced age of three score and ten years."

St. Thomas, where many of these festivities were held, was named after Colonel Talbot. Mr.

Ermatinger, an early resident of St. Thomas, gives us a very graphic description of the event:

> On the 21st day of May, in each year, the backwoodsman abandoned his toil, threw by his axe, and took his partner under his arm to the anniversary. The ample board groaned under such substantial fare as the settlement could afford, and after the cloth was removed, a hundred rustic voices responded to the King's health. "The day and all who honor it," elicited a stentorian shout which made the welkin ring, and the "Honorable Thomas Talbot, the founder of the Talbot settlement," was drowned in bumpers amidst deafening cheers.
>
> When the storm of voices had subsided, the honored guest, Colonel Talbot, rose amidst the rattle of the table, the jingling of bottles and glasses, startled by such vigorous thumps as men daily exercised in wielding the axe only could give, and with manly pride peering through his bright eyes, returned thanks in a neat short speech, always concluding in the most affectionate and emphatic manner, "God bless you all."

Then followed the dance, characterized by equal heartiness and rustic cheer. In time, we are told, during the two years of the rebellion, when the military element was introduced, "the spirit of the anniversary was lost. The peasantry found themselves elbowed out of society by their consumers, and homespun grey and blue stockings had to give place to silks, scarlet and gold, and every variety of fashion." Very soon, then, the keeping of the anniversary was discontinued.

Years passed, and Colonel Talbot, after settling about twenty-eight townships extending from Elgin

County to the Detroit River, and containing probably 150,000 inhabitants, grew to be an old man. Having never married, he wished to leave his large estate to his nephews. On his invitation one of them, Julius Airey, came out for a while; but finding the quiet life too monotonous, he gave up his prospects and returned. Then another brother came with his family and took up his abode in the Colonel's woodland mansion. The old man's simple habits of life were upset by this arrangement, and after a while he went to England; but after a year or two he returned to his beloved settlement in Canada, where he died in 1853.

CHAPTER XVI

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

We have all, no doubt, heard of Sir James Douglas, Earl of Angus, the "Black Douglas" who fought with King Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn. So fierce a foeman was he that English mothers used to quiet their little ones with the lullaby:

> Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye!
> The Black Douglas shall not get ye!

Our Canadian hero was a descendant of this famous Scot; and although I do not believe that children were ever afraid of him, he was also known among his companions as the "Black Douglas." The name suited him well, too; for he was a tall, splendidly built man, commanding in appearance, and very dark.

James Douglas was born at Demerara, British Guiana, on the 15th of August, 1803, but when quite young he was sent to Scotland, where he received his education. He was fond of study, was at all times very conscientious, and in youth he laid the foundations of a character which enabled him in later life to fill a very high position with honor to himself and to his country.

In his seventeenth year he came to Canada to seek

his fortune, alone, in the great western wilderness of the New World. At Fort William he applied for a position with the North-West Company, and John McLoughlin, who was head of the Company, being much pleased with his promising appearance and manner, took him on.

Shortly after this the North-West Company was merged with the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. McLoughlin was given charge of the territory west of the Rocky Mountains, and he took the boy, James Douglas, with him. McLoughlin was himself a notable man, and his friendship and influence were of great value in determining the career of Douglas.

Mr. McLoughlin did not show his friendship by giving his favorite an easy position. To the contrary, he assigned him the most distant and difficult post of New Caledonia, a territory which comprised the whole region between the Rockies and the Coast Range, for he wished Douglas to obtain a perfect first hand knowledge of the whole business.

In this wild, rough region, peopled chiefly by several tribes of Indians, young Douglas obtained many and varied experiences. The country had been opened up some years before by Thompson and Fraser, and there were now several trading posts on the lakes and rivers. William Conolly had lately

been appointed chief factor, and Douglas was under his command for the six years that he remained in New Caledonia.

Soon after his arrival he married Amelia Conolly, the chief factor's half-breed daughter. Not yet sixteen, she was a beautiful girl, shy, sweet and lovable, and "modest as the wood violet." She was a good wife and mother, and they had a happy home life. James Douglas was a man of high religious principles, and in the midst of his very busy life he found time on Sunday evenings to gather his little family around him in their flower-decked porch and read the Bible to them.

In 1830 Douglas was transferred to Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, ninety miles inland from the sea. The command of this very important post he shared with Mr. McLoughlin, the chief factor. He was young to be chosen for such a responsible position, but he had already proved his capability, and Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Company, on a visit to New Caledonia had been favorably impressed.

For nearly twenty-five years Fort Vancouver was the centre of both the inland trade and the traffic by the sea. At first when there was little or no rivalry the Company's prospects here seemed vast indeed, but things did not turn out quite as they had planned, and their hopes were never realized.

It was best for the country's advancement that this should be so. The Company's interests were in the fur-trade, not in agriculture to any great extent, and as the settling up of the country would inevitably drive out the fur bearing animals, it was to their interest that the forest and the wilderness should remain.

For many years Douglas was a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, and there is no question that he was faithful to his trust; but at the same time, his outlook was not a narrow or selfish one. He was the friend of every law-abiding countryman, whether white or Indian, and he had at heart the best welfare of the country. He and Mr. McLoughlin worked together for several years in the extension of the Company's interests.

Several new forts were erected—far to the north, far to the south, east to the Rocky Mountains and west to the Pacific coast and islands. Some of these were kept up with difficulty, and some had to be abandoned or removed. There was a clash with the Russians who owned Alaska and the Sitka Islands; a clash with the Spaniards at San Francisco where the Company established a fort, and a clash with the Mexicans still farther south. Douglas had an important share in all these enterprises, and helped to keep the peace in all quarters.

Fort Vancouver was situated in what is now the

State of Oregon. The United States did not reach so far west at that time, the boundary line between the two countries had not been definitely determined, and for some years there was a more or less hot dispute as to who should own this territory. The 49th parallel was finally agreed upon as the southern boundary. By this decision Canada lost Fort Vancouver and a goodly slice of territory she had looked upon as her own.

Mr. McLoughlin had taken a great interest in the agricultural development and settlement of Oregon. He had established an Agricultural Company, and had encouraged and assisted settlers who had come in large numbers from the United States. He was, therefore, partly blamed for the Company's loss of trade. In consequence he lost his command, and was succeeded by Douglas. When Oregon became United States territory, McLoughlin remained there and was subsequently lost to Canada.

From now on, Douglas, who had risen in 1832 to the rank of chief trader, and to that of chief factor in 1840, was the main director of affairs. Having foreseen what was coming, he had built a fort at Camosun on Vancouver Island, and transferred to this important post, soon to be known as Victoria, the Company's headquarters.

Shortly after this the Company obtained from Great Britain possession of Vancouver Island. In

return for exclusive right of trade they were expected to bring out settlers and to maintain law and order. Richard Blanchard, appointed by the Crown was the first Governor of the new colony; but the Company, who wanted the control of affairs in their own hands, did not make it any too easy for him, and he soon had to resign. The position was then given to Douglas, who filled it satisfactorily. It was said that "A man more competent it would have been impossible to find."

The Company, however, did not encourage settlement, and after some years Great Britain bought back Vancouver Island, paying them, as had previously been agreed, a sum equal to what they had expended. Vancouver Island and British Columbia, as New Caledonia now came to be called, were now Crown colonies, and Douglas was appointed first Governor of both. In order to fill this position faithfully he resigned his office in the Hudson's Bay Company.

Exciting times were now dawning in this far western region, due chiefly to the discovery of gold, and the consequent rush of fortune-hunters. Gold was first found on the Queen Charlotte Islands, and Douglas was made lieutenant-governor of these islands in order to look after the country's interests, but the gold actually mined there did not amount to much. Next the precious metal was found more

abundantly on the Fraser and Thompson Rivers and at Cariboo.

Cariboo is a story by itself. It speeded up the wheels of progress, bringing an influx of settlers; for while many carried their treasure away, many more remained to make their homes in this rich and beautiful country. Douglas had his hands full, looking after the interests of the Crown, the colony and the individual, maintaining law and order under difficult and trying circumstances, opening up many miles of good roads, and keeping harmony between Indians and whites.

Although it is not to be supposed that these vast and varied duties were all accomplished entirely without adverse criticism being at times met with by the Governor, it is true that he performed them with remarkable success, winning for himself lasting honor. When his governorship of Vancouver Island came to an end in 1863 he was knighted by the Queen. The next year he retired from the mainland colony. The two colonies were soon after united, and the new Province became a part of the Dominion of Canada in 1871.

After his retirement from public life Sir James Douglas was able to realize his long-cherished dream of a visit to Europe. His last years were quiet and uneventful, and in 1877 he died suddenly from heart failure.

CHAPTER XVII

JEANNE MANCE

Early in the seventeenth century—in 1606, to be exact—there was born at Nogent-le-Roi, in France, a little girl who was destined to play a heroic part on a far-distant stage of life, the savage-haunted wilderness of Canada. The parents of little Jeanne Mance were refined and gentle, and they were careful to surround her early path with good and pious influences. To these influences she responded to a remarkable degree, for when only seven years old she made a solemn vow never to marry. She believed that by remaining single she could devote herself more whole-heartedly to the service of God.

Perhaps we may smile at the idea of so young a child taking life so seriously, but child saints seem not to have been uncommon in those days. Little Jeanne was in earnest, and when she grew into a beautiful maiden, graceful and cultured, and no doubt was offered love and marriage, she held firmly to her vow.

In those days the Jesuits used to write very full accounts of their work and experiences as missionaries among the Indian tribes of Canada, and these

Relations were printed and freely circulated in France. Many people read them, and they provided absorbing themes for conversation.

Few were more thrilled and fascinated by these records than Jeanne Mance. The great need of Christian workers in Canada was very apparent, and it appealed to all that was high and noble in her character. We can easily believe, too, that the sheer novelty and adventure of such a life influenced her very strongly, though perhaps unconsciously. She was young and courageous, and had voluntarily shut other adventures out of her life; here was one in harmony with her most exalted desires.

Jeanne's heroic spirit was especially fired by the example of Madame de la Peltrie, a rich young French widow who had gone to Canada some years before and was devoting herself and her fortune to the erection and maintenance of a convent at Quebec. Jeanne Mance had no fortune to offer, and at present there seemed no opening in the vast New World for her. But the project filled her thoughts, she wished and prayed continually for an opportunity, and at last, in almost a miraculous way, it came to her.

Opportunities in life often come when we go to meet them, doing the little things that present themselves to us. And so Jeanne, although she saw no opening ahead, did all she could. She con-

sulted a Jesuit priest in Paris about her desires. He assured her that they were heaven-sent, and gave her every encouragement. A Récollet friar also assisted her by influencing some zealous ladies of rank and wealth to give her money to spend in whatever good work she might undertake.

From Paris she went to Rochelle, hoping to secure a passage to Canada, and there in a church she met Daùversiere. We have read in the story of Montreal how Daùversiere, a poor tax collector, and Olier, a young priest, had been divinely led in a great undertaking to establish a hospital and a convent on the then uninhabited Isle of Orleans in the St. Lawrence River. Their plans were nearing completion. A company of forty people, in charge of the noble and valiant leader, Maisonneuve, were to be sent out. Much money had been secured for the work, but they still needed a young woman to take charge of the hospital that was to be built.

Among the strange things in connection with this romantic enterprise is the fact that Jeanne Mance and Daùversiere, who had never met before, seemed at once to know each other. They began immediately to talk of their mutual desires and interests, and it was soon settled that Mademoiselle Mance should sail with the Company to Canada. Never as long as she lived did she forget the ecstasy that thrilled her during this conversation. After long-

cherished desires and many prayers she had found her life work.

Yet when the ship was almost ready to sail, her delicate, sensitive nature shrank from the thought of being the only woman among forty men. This difficulty was happily relieved when two of the men refused to sail without their wives, and they, with another adventurous young woman who escaped from her disapproving friends, went on board.

The company arrived at Quebec in October, 1641, too late to go on to Montreal that season. Montmagny, the Governor of Quebec, strongly disapproved of the project. It did indeed appear to be the utmost folly to build a hospital in the wilderness a hundred and eighty miles away, and the peril from lurking savages was no imaginary or over-drawn picture.

But who that follows an ideal so exalted as that which inspired Maisonneuve and all his valiant company can afford to turn aside so far short of its fulfilment? They did not waver, and next spring early in May they embarked on the last lap of the long voyage. Madame de la Peltrie left her own work behind at Quebec and joined the company of adventurers, much to the satisfaction of her admirer, Jeanne Mance.

Hopes ran high as they wound their way up the wide, beautiful river, and who shall say that

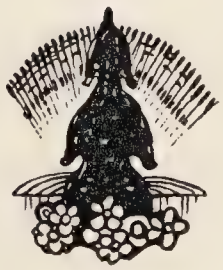
the spice of danger and daring did not add largely to the keen sense of enjoyment felt by all? This was romance, pure and without alloy. This was history in the making, had they but known it.

With hymns of praise and of rejoicing, for as yet no perils had been encountered and the prospect was inexpressibly lovely, they landed, on the 18th of May, at their destination, the site of the present city of Montreal. One of the first acts of Mademoiselle Mance and her friend at this wild outpost was to decorate with spring flowers the little rustic altar that the men soon erected on the shore. As the quiet dusk veiled the landscape, imprisoned fireflies supplied the place of altar candles, and a sweetly solemn service was held in which these faithful souls dedicated themselves anew to the work they had undertaken.

In spite of some opposition, for it still seemed a foolish waste of money and effort, the hospital was built with money furnished by Madame de Bullion, a wealthy widow in France, who would not consent to the money being used in any other way. Its wards stood empty and silent until the Iroquois found out the little settlement. Then there were from time to time some suffering patients, both French and Indians, for the tender ministries of Mademoiselle Mance's devoted hands. In the meantime she and the other ladies found plenty of occu-

pation in making things as homelike as might be for the men, and in teaching as many of the Huron boys and girls as they could gather around them.

Light as the duties of Mademoiselle Mance may have been at first, they grew into grave responsibilities. As nurse and manager of the hospital, and as leader in the religious instruction in the little community, she took up her burdens and carried them with unfailing courage and untiring zeal for more than thirty years. She died in 1673, and her name has ever since held an honored place in the roll of Canadian heroines.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE STORY OF PIERRE LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE

"Who was Iberville, anyway?" some one asked when I spoke of the marvellous endurance and achievements of this Canadian hero.

The question set me thinking, and I asked myself another: Why is it that the name of this great Canadian, whose extraordinary gifts of leadership, courage and enterprise were so whole-heartedly devoted to the advancement of his country, is not better known?

The reason is, I think, that many of his victories were, through no fault of his own, only temporary. Had there been no English Conquest, had Canada continued as a French colony, the territory gained by Iberville would not have been lost, and his name would have ranked high among Canadian heroes. But the fact that France proved unable to hold what he won for her in no way lessens his glory. Happily, the records of his daring exploits have not been lost, and Canadians to-day, whether of French or English descent, may rejoice in this story of true heroism and patriotic devotion.

Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, was the most

famous member of an illustrious family. His father, Charles Le Moyne, came to Canada from France in 1640, and in 1668, in recognition of his active and efficient services in the colony, the King of France granted to him and to his heirs the title of nobility as Sieur de Longueil. All his sons at birth in addition to the family name received a surname—usually the name of a French village—as a mark of distinction. There were fourteen children in the family, eleven of them boys, and all won honor in some way before their death.

From boyhood Iberville, a handsome, blue-eyed lad with fair, curly hair, was noted for his extraordinary energy, hardy spirit, and force of character. In boyish sports and adventures he was always the acknowledged leader, and he never gave up an endeavor he had once taken in hand. He had many admirable qualities of character, and these qualities increased and strengthened as he grew older, until not only his brothers, but his fellow Canadians and Indian helpers were proud to follow him in any enterprise, however difficult and dangerous.

The event which most strongly impressed Iberville's boyish mind was the arrival of the famous Carignan regiment, 600 strong, under the gallant De Tracy. Fascinated by the beating drums and flying colors, and by the richly dressed officers, the boy watched the parade with swelling heart, and

longed to be himself a soldier. Many circumstances helped to increase his inborn ambition and love of adventure. Interesting expeditions by land and water made with his father and brothers, the example of Frontenac's expert management of the Indians, tales of La Salle's travels and explorations—all thrilled and inspired the youth, and it is not surprising that at an early age he set out himself on an adventurous career.

When Iberville was thirteen years of age he and two of his brothers received appointments as midshipmen in the Royal Navy. By this means Iberville thoroughly mastered the science of navigation. Ten years later, after the completion of his course, he returned to Montreal, and accompanying his father on long journeys into the wilderness, he perfected his knowledge of woodcraft and Indian character.

Iberville's first great enterprise was the expedition to Hudson Bay. On the shores of this vast inland sea, one thousand miles long by eight hundred miles wide, the English had five trading posts, and so controlled the valuable fur trade of the surrounding forest-clad country. England and France were at peace, but France wanted this territory for herself, and it was determined to make the attempt to wrest it from the English.

We must remember that the geography of North

America was at this time vastly different from that which the schoolboy of the twentieth century finds so clearly mapped out in his text book. The boundary lines were incomplete, and vast tracts of the interior were wildernesses into which the white man had never pierced. Immense wealth was locked in its forests, mines, and coast and inland waters.

We can easily understand that the possession and control of these rich resources would be the cause of long-continued strife among the different nations who desired them, and such was the case. Strength, endurance, valor and enterprise, could alone decide the winners in repeated contests; and thus, by almost incredible toils and bloodshed, the geography and history of the continent took shape.

De Troyes, an officer of the Carignan regiment, was given command of the expedition to Hudson Bay, and with him, as guides, interpreters and scouts, went three of the Le Moyne boys, St. Helene, Iberville, and Maricourt. Because of their hardihood, experience and ability they soon became leaders rather than followers.

Iberville felt that they must strike secretly and swiftly in order to ensure success; and so, after complete preparations had been made and provisions laid in for several months, the expedition set out from Montreal on March 20, 1686. Their route lay along the Ottawa River. They travelled on

snowshoes, carrying blankets and provisions on their backs or dragging them on toboggans, and sleeping at night in the snow.

Having arrived without mishap at Abittibi River, they remained for a while to build canoes, expecting that the river would soon be free of ice. But from this point their real difficulties began.

"They travelled on snowshoes."

What with swift currents and floating ice cakes, swollen rapids and whirlpools, long, difficult portages over precipitous paths and through icy quagmires and dense forests which seemed to have no end, it was enough to discourage all but such "daredevil bushrangers" as they were.

Hardships like these seemed only to inspire Iberville with keener enthusiasm; his buoyant spirits and good humor never failed, and thus he and his brothers kept up the spirits of the band.

On June 18th, after three months of travel, during which they had covered 600 miles of new and extremely rugged trail, they sighted Hudson Bay—"an immensity of water reflecting the dull tones of a steel-gray sky, and extending infinitely onward to where the water merged with the sky line in the chill misty distance."

The purpose of this adventurous journey had still to be accomplished, and in due time it was carried through with all the dash and daring which from first to last characterized the exploits of Iberville. The first point of attack was Fort Monsipi, or Moose Factory, at the mouth of the Moose River. The attack, carefully planned and executed, was made at night, and was entirely unexpected by the fifteen men who defended the fort. Awakened from their sleep by the war cries of the assailants, they hurried to the defence in their shirts, snatching up any weapons they could find. They soon found that resistance was useless, and the garrison surrendered.

Fort Rupert and Albany were also in turn surprised, and promptly surrendered to the French. In addition to the forts, a number of English trad-

ing ships with valuable cargoes were also captured. In 1689 only Fort Nelson remained unconquered, for the English, failing in an attempt to retake Fort Albany, and losing their ship, the *Hampshire*, with a valuable cargo of furs, which Iberville had secured, they retreated overland to Fort Nelson and burned Fort Severn on the way.

Iberville was now in command of the forts on Hudson Bay, and his adventures had resulted in bringing much wealth and advantage to France and Canada. This was only the beginning of his many daring and victorious enterprises. All his life he had recognized the English as the most dangerous of the rivals of France in the New World; he fought them on every possible occasion, and with such success that the name of Le Moyne became famous from end to end of the continent. Several of his brothers also served their country with remarkable courage and ability, winning no small distinction, but Iberville was always the leader.

Further successful expeditions were made to Hudson Bay. Under his leadership Schenectady was surprised and captured, and the whole of Newfoundland, where the English maintained a number of important fishing stations along the coast, was conquered by the invincible energy and resourcefulness of this dauntless Canadian.

In Iberville's later years he conducted an im-

portant expedition to rediscover the mouth of the Mississippi and establish colonies in this far distant region. In this adventure he was accompanied and assisted by his brave and capable young brother Jean Baptiste de Bienville, who later became Governor and for thirty-five years "the bright particular star of Lousiana." But this fascinating story is too long even to touch upon here.

At Havana, where he had landed to take on supplies for another ambitious enterprise in behalf of France, Iberville fell a victim to yellow fever, and died in July, 1706. Thus ended the career of the hero, who has been termed "the first great Canadian."

CHAPTER XIX

HOW JOHN GYLES WON HIS FREEDOM

On the little New Brunswick River Jemseg, which connects River St. John with Grand Lake, there once stood an old French Fort. During the few years that John Gyles lived there it was not used as a fort, for spring floods had made it unsafe, and the French commander Villebon had moved up the St. John to Nashwaak. A French Seigneur, Louis d'Amours de Chaffour, with his beautiful wife and two children, now made their home in the old fortress. The seigneur himself had been away for some months in France.

With its walks and gardens and far views of river, field and woodland, it was a peaceful and pleasant abode. John Gyles could well appreciate its peacefulness, and yet his young heart was filled continually with an unsatisfied longing, a wild unrest, for this was not his home. John was a mere boy, only seventeen, and yet in his blue English eyes lay a shadow of tragedy and suffering. The thought of it all came surging into his mind that Sunday evening in October as he paced the little court yard listening to the silver tones of the chapel bell calling the family to evensong.

Though apparently free, he was in reality a captive, and had been for many years. He was but a child when the fierce Malecite Indians had raided his home at Pemaquid, killed his father and brothers before his eyes, and taken him away to endure long agonies of torture, and hunger, and loneliness and dread. At last his cruel captors had taken him to this far-away fortress and sold him to his present master, Louis d'Amours, who had bought him, not because he wanted a slave, but in pity for his sufferings. Since then John Gyles had been treated kindly. He had won the trust and confidence of his new master and the beautiful lady, and even the love of her children. Yet the longing for freedom and mother and home was ever present with him.

All this he remembered as he paced to and fro in the golden October sunshine and watched intently a moving speck upon the Jemseg. An hour ago it had been but a speck; now he could distinguish three men in a canoe. They were rowing swiftly toward the old fort. Who could they be, and on what errand bent?

When the service was over the two children ran out to him, caught his hands and chatted to him happily. He led them to the garden, left them there and hurried to the house where Madame d'Amours stood at the door talking to the old Servitor.

"Madame," he said eagerly, "there is a canoe

coming up the river. Would it be word from the Seigneur?"

The lady's face grew grave in a moment. Her husband was not expected for two weeks. These were troublous times, and a visitor might prove anything but welcome. However, she tried to hide her fears and speak with calm hopefulness.

When the canoe drew a little nearer she saw with glad relief that one of the three Indians it contained was a trusted friend, old Franceway. At her bidding, yet with reluctance, for he feared and hated the whole Indian race, Gyles went to speak to him.

Franceway brought startling news—that the English, led by Colonel Church, a grim, merciless conqueror who had already left ruin and desolation in his wake, were on their way to the fort, and that they were taking revenge for French and Indian raids.

The news filled the brave French lady with fears, but to John it brought a trembling hope. The invaders were his countrymen. Why should they not restore him to freedom and home?

Madame d'Amours read this sudden hope in his animated look and tone. She spoke to him quietly. She told the boy that her husband had left herself and the children in his charge in case of danger. He had bidden her trust to Gyles when her own resources failed.

In reply John told her that the Seigneur had bidden him if danger threatened to convey them away to a place of safety he had named. Being so few in number they must not attempt to defend the place.

Madame d'Amours, brave as she was, had been wrought to a high pitch of excitement, and she greeted this announcement with a burst of anger. "Why should I flee like a frightened child?" she demanded. No, she would stand by her fortress and fight for her own.

"The Sieur said I was to see that you were safe away from the place," John returned quietly.

She accused him of deception, of plotting to get himself away safely, and even of desiring to rob the fortress of its stores. But his English eyes looked at her so steadily and he answered with such calm self-possession that in a moment she repented of her unjust suspicion. "I did not mean to be so hard," she apologised, "but it is not easy to believe you could do this thing for us when freedom and home are within your grasp."

There was need of haste. Madame d'Amours packed a few treasures in a box, left hastily written instructions to John where to hide it, and gathered together a few necessities. Then the little party descended to the waiting canoes. Franceway had

left his large canoe for the maids, the old Servitor and the luggage. Madame was to take the children in her own light canoe, and John, when he had made everything safe at the fortress, locked the gate and placed over it a placard she had prepared, was to follow in a little pirogue—if his resolution did not fail him at the last. In this placard Madame had made a demand of Colonel Church to spare their home and possessions because of the kindness the Seigneur had repeatedly shown to the English.

John hurried to perform the various duties entrusted to him, thinking all the while about his chance of freedom and of seeing his mother again. He told himself that he had a perfect right to accept freedom if it were offered him; and yet at the back of his mind was the constant memory of his master's trust in him and of that master's right to faithful service.

Everything had been accomplished, and with a bundle of his little possessions in the pirogue John was ready for departure, when Colonel Church himself suddenly stepped out from a clump of walnut trees. He had come to reconnoitre ready for an attack in the morning.

"Are you in possession of the Sieur d'Amours' domain?" he asked.

In a few minutes, in answer to the Colonel's

questions, the boy had told him all. The freedom he had longed for was offered him in return for his assistance in securing the loot of the fortress. John had been sorely tempted, but now in his hour of trial he stood true to his trust.

Colonel Church read the placard and spared the Seigneur's home, but he went away in apparent anger and in open scorn of the boy who, it seemed, preferred servitude to freedom. "Has your mother no claim on you?" he asked.

"I think she would tell me to stay," he answered with a half sob. "Mothers do not call you from your trust."

John sat upon the bank watching till his countryman's canoe became a speck on the moon-silvered river and passed from sight. Then with a heavy heart he departed to join the company of Madame d'Amours in their hiding-place.

Three days later Gyles, the old Servitor and a scout came back and found everything as they had left it. While they were there the Seigneur himself returned, glad at heart to find all safe and sound.

On the gate behind Madame's placard he found a letter addressed to himself. It was from Colonel Church who said he had been led to spare the fortress chiefly because of the captive youth who had proved himself so loyal and trustworthy. "Send

him under safe escort to me at Portsmouth before another month goes by," the letter concluded. "From there I will see that he is restored to his mother at Pemaquid."

So in due time John Gyles, no longer a captive, went home.

CHAPTER XX

THE *CHESAPEAKE* AND THE *SHANNON*.

The War of 1812 between the United States and Canada was fought mainly on land, and as we all know, victory rested with the Canadian arms. On the water, however, the reverse was for some time true. Britain was too busy fighting Napoleon in Europe to spare any large men-of-war for Canada's assistance, but the Americans quickly put to sea several large ships, well armed and manned. The result was that they won victory after victory, until the honor of Britain, so long considered invincible on the seas, seemed at stake. Something must be done about it, and that soon.

Then it was that the famous battle between the *Shannon,* a British frigate, and the American ship *Chesapeake* turned the tide in favor of the British and won naval honor for Canada.

The *Shannon* was in command of Captain Broke. In March, 1813, accompanied by the *Tenedos,* with Captain Hyde Parker in command, he sailed from Halifax to Boston Harbor to reconnoitre. They were both brave men, anxious for a brush with the enemy, and so they were delighted to find two heavily-armed American ships, the *Presi-*

dent and the *Congress* in the harbor ready for sea. It was determined to challenge these two ships to fight if they should attempt to sail away, so the *Shannon* and the *Tenedos* anchored in a good position off the harbor and kept watch. Before long the *Chesapeake* also put in to port.

But the *President* and the *Congress* were not looking for trouble, and in a thick fog on the first of May they put out to sea.

Captain Broke and Captain Parker were disappointed. There was still the *Chesapeake,* but they did not think it honorable to attack her, two against one. There was, however, another ship, the *Constitution,* undergoing repairs, and Captain Broke discovered that this vessel was expected to be ready to accompany the *Chesapeake* by the 14th of June. He therefore made his plans.

He sent the *Tenedos* away on a little cruise, instructing the captain not to return until the 14th of June. Then, after waiting awhile to see if the *Chesapeake* would offer to fight, he wrote a letter to her Commander, Captain Lawrence, challenging him to come out and meet the *Shannon* in a fair fight on the open sea. The letter, which was in every respect fair and courteous, requested, "Choose your terms but let us meet."

This letter was entrusted to Captain Slocum, a discharged prisoner, who departed with it in a boat.

But it was never received by Captain Lawrence, for evidently a similar idea had already occurred to him, and that very day, the first of June, before Captain Slocum had reached the shore, the *Chesapeake* sailed out into the harbor. Her intent was clear, especially when she fired a gun in defiance.

Both vessels now made for the open sea where they might meet on neutral waters. Several boats, filled with people anxious to see the fight and of course confident that this would be one more American triumph, pushed out from Boston into the harbor.

There were the two gallant frigates gradually drawing nearer to each other. They seemed to be pretty well matched, although the *Chesapeake* was somewhat the heavier and more heavily armed. Captain Lawrence was a brave and skilful commander, but he had not been long with the ship, and there had been no chance for him to train his newly-chosen crew or even to know them well. Many of them needed no training, but others were raw and inexperienced. Captain Broke, on the other hand, had been with the *Shannon* seven years, and his crew were thoroughly trained and dependable. Officers and men had every confidence in each other.

On came the *Chesapeake,* with the wind swelling out her sails, and the Stars and Stripes flying proudly from the masthead. A white flag was also

displayed bearing the inscription, "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade." This was intended to offer an inducement to discontented sailors to desert to the American ships.

On came the *Shannon,* a plain Union Jack at the fore and her "old rusty blue ensign at the mizzen peak."

> As they drifted on their path
> There was silence deep as death,
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time.

They were now about fifty yards apart, and the *Shannon,* bracing herself against the wind, waited for her opponent. Still nearer sailed the *Chesapeake.* A cheer rang out over the waters, answered by a shot from the *Shannon,* and the fight was on.

Fifteen minutes that fight lasted—only fifteen minutes! At the end of that brief, fiery, fateful interval, the Americans had surrendered; Captain Broke, battered, bleeding and faint from wounds in the head and face, was, with many of his crew, aboard the captured *Chesapeake.* The two ships, also much bruised and battered, especially the captured one, had been fastened together, and the Union Jack was floating above the Stars and Stripes on the *Chesapeake.*

The "glorious Shannon's old blue duster" still waved serenely in the smoke-dimmed air. British

supremacy and Canadian confidence were again restored; but for this triumph, two hundred and thirty-one men had paid, or were now paying the price—of the *Chesapeake's* crew 61 killed and 85 wounded; of the *Shannon's* 33 killed and 50 wounded.

Among the mortally wounded were Lieutenant Ludlow of the *Chesapeake* and the brave Captain Lawrence. "Don't give up the ship!" the Captain said as his faithful men carried him from the shot-swept deck. These courageous and inspiring words which he bequeathed to his countrymen have never been forgotten.

The Americans fought desperately, but when the *Chesapeake* became disabled and swung helplessly exposed to the deadly fire of her foe, most of them were seized with sudden panic and thought only of escape. They could do nothing else than "give up the ship."

After the two battered vessels had been repaired, the *Shannon* sailed away with her prize to Halifax. Here Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow were buried with military honors. Captain Broke, in recognition of his valor and distinguished service, was made a baronet, and other brave officers received promotion. After this until the close of the war the British navy were able to hold their own and keep the foe at bay.

For more than a hundred years the two sister nations have been at peace, and as the new century creeps on apace, war between them seems more and more unthinkable. May there never again be battle between a *Chesapeake* and a *Shannon!*

CHAPTER XXI

THE STORY OF THE *NANCY*

In the quiet waters of the Nattawasaga River, many years ago, the gallant little schooner *Nancy*, bravely fighting, burned, and sank to a watery grave. The silt and drift washed down by the river gradually buried the wreck completely, and, as time went on, built around and above it a concealing island, so that, although many people knew the story of the *Nancy's* brave fight, nobody knew just where to locate the remains of the vessel.

Within recent years romantic stories of treasure supposed to have been carried as part of the cargo, as well as interest in it as a historic relic, set many persons to searching for the wreck—digging along the mud banks of the river, diving and exploring the river bed out to the bay. In the summer of 1924 a twenty-four pound round shot was found buried in the mud bank. This gave a clue to the probable location and the following year the ruined hull was uncovered on a small island in the river. From historical records it was known that the schooner had been laden with pork, flour, and other supplies for the British garrison at Michillimackinac. The finding of large quantities of pork bones along with some barrels, still intact, containing flour, proved positively that this was the heroic but ill-fated *Nancy*.

. . . . . .

The year 1814 had found the *Nancy*, a schooner of 100 tons burden, the sole remaining British vessel between Niagara and the St. Mary's River; and manned by a stout crew she proved invaluable as an armed transport. With the Notta-

wasaga Bay as her headquarters she was engaged in carrying supplies to the garrison at Michillimackinac; supplies which had been brought overland through Upper Canada from Quebec City, and York (now Toronto.) It was obvious that her capture by the American fleet would spell disaster to the British activities on the upper lakes.

In August, 1814, the American brig *Niagara,* along with the two schooners *Tigress* and *Scorpion,* sailed towards Nottawasaga in search of the *Nancy.* The three vessels were a part of the American fleet which had earlier in the month sacked and burned St. Mary's, and had tried, but without success, to capture Michillimackinac. It was their plan to capture the *Nancy* and by cutting off Michillimackinac from her base of supplies, to force Commander McDouall to surrender or starve.

On the thirteenth of August, 1814, the three ships of war cast anchor off the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, a goodly distance from shore, as they feared the shoal water close in. Exacting search of the river-mouth showed no sign of the *Nancy;* and the shore line was apparently deserted, except for a few wigwams. This puzzled the American commander, who was positive that he had the right location—so positive that he sent a landing party ashore to prepare camp for his five-hundred-odd men, planning to await the arrival

of the *Nancy,* and to attack her by land and by water.

A rude surprise awaited the advance party. Screened from view from the open bay by a thick grove of trees, the river took a sharp bend and ran for some distance parallel to the shore line before curving back up country again; and in this naturally sheltered haven rode the *Nancy* at anchor. On the opposite bank of the river the scouts saw a clearing in the centre of which stood a hastily-constructed blockhouse. It was garrisoned by thirty British and twenty-three Indians.

There was no camping on shore for the American force that night. The three vessels cautiously took up position in the bay, exactly opposite their foe in the river, and the *Niagara* greeted the dawn with the thunderous roar of a full broadside, which was echoed immediately by the blockhouse on the river bank. To the pitifully small British garrison the attack had not come as a complete surprise.

A blindfold bombardment went on for a time, but the briskness and regularity of the return fire proved that the stockade was suffering slight, if any damage. Soldiers with howitzers went ashore and opened a deadly fire upon the blockhouse only a few hundred yards away. The *Nancy,* too, became an easy target.

Disaster soon befell the stockade. A flaming

shell from one of the howitzers struck the magazine and blew up the fort. Shortly afterwards the *Nancy* burst into flames, burned furiously for a short time, and then sank.

Lieutenant Worsley and his gallant band of defenders, seeing that resistance would now be of no avail, withdrew to the shelter of the forests. They were not pursued by the American force, who were forced to be content with one small batteau from the *Nancy* as their sole prize. The *Niagara* soon sailed away to Detroit, leaving the two small schooners to guard the river mouth against any further reckless British attempt to reach the garrison at Michillimackinac.

Time passed slowly to the crews of the *Scorpion* and *Tigress,* so they sought diversion in acting as pirates and robbing the large and richly laden fur canoes which cruised the north shore of the Georgian Bay. Meantime Lieut. Worsley and his small band made their way on foot and by canoe to Michillimackinac, which was commanded by the intrepid Col. McDouall. The two leaders devised a desperate plan to regain the lost control of the upper lakes.

With a force of some two hundred voyageurs, Indians, and blue-jackets, they set forth in a fleet composed of batteaux and canoes towards the reported location of the two schooners engaged in

the plundering of furs. As luck would have it, the nondescript crew came upon the *Tigress* at night, at a time when she was separated from her sister ship. She was boarded, and, so complete was the surprise attack, she fell an easy prize within a few moments.

The next day when the *Scorpion* sailed up to rejoin the *Tigress,* which still flew the American flag as a decoy, she was taken almost without resistance. Once more, after a gallant and heroic struggle, the British held complete control of the upper lakes; and once more did Michillimackinac, the Gibraltar of the North, fly the British flag. British supremacy remained unchallenged in the upper lake district until the close of the war.

(*The Story of the Nancy and other Eighteen-Twelvers,* by C. H. J. Snider, gives a much fuller account of the career of the *Nancy* as well as many other thrilling adventures on the Great Lakes during the war of 1812.)

CHAPTER XXII

THE STORY OF ABIGAIL BECKER

One wild November night in the year 1854 a blizzard was raging over Lake Erie. Abigail Becker, the wife of a poor trapper on Long Point Island, heard the winds and waves roaring, and they disturbed her rest. She and her children were safely sheltered in the little cottage on the hill, but her husband was away. She was astir very early in the morning. As she went to dip a pail of water from the lake she heard a noise of sails flapping in the wind; and there not far away was a schooner, the *Conductor,* on the rocks.

Quickly she hurried back to the house. "Children," she called, "there is a vessel ashore about a mile up the beach. Go and see if we can help them."

Edward, the eldest boy, although lame and walking with crutches, was so anxious to help that he was the first on the spot opposite the wreck. Mrs. Becker, too, hurried to a point where she could get a good view, and they discovered eight men clinging to the rigging.

"If they cannot get to shore they will all perish," declared Edward.

Eight men to be saved! Mrs. Becker didn't quite know how it was to be done, but she wasn't

the one to waste any time sitting down and shedding idle tears. Leaving the eldest girl, her step-daughter, to look after the younger children at home, she and the two boys did what they could on the beach.

"They discovered eight men clinging to the rigging."

First they gathered up a pile of drift wood, then made a good fire. As the blaze flashed up brightly, three cheers from the sailors were borne to them faintly above the noise of the storm. Mrs. Becker had brought a good large kettle. She heated water, made some tea, and waited, but the sailors made no attempt to cross the raging water. Evidently they hadn't a boat. Mrs. Becker had none either, and

anyway, no row boat could have breasted those wildly tossing billows.

She called loudly to them to try to swim over, but the winds and waters drowned her voice. She beckoned with her hand to them, but still they paid no heed. Morning passed and the hours of the early afternoon crept on.

"This won't do," thought Mrs. Becker. "Something has got to be done."

She waded right into the icy water toward the wreck, calling and beckoning, trying to assure the men that she would help them if they would only trust to her.

Meanwhile the poor half-frozen men looked longingly at the glowing fire on the beach, but still clung helplessly to the wreck. What else could they do? For,

> "It was cold—oh, it was cold!
> The pinching cold was like a vice;
> Spoondrift flew freezing—fold on fold
> It coated them with ice."

How could their benumbed limbs keep them afloat on those heaving, howling waves?

But at last Captain Hackett said, "If we stay here we shall be lost. I will go first. If I get to shore safely the rest of you can follow."

The other sailors tried to persuade him not to attempt anything so rash, but he had made up his mind. He pulled off his coat and shoes and

plunged into the water. It was a desperate struggle. The waves seemed to reach hungrily for their prey, and folding him in their foamy arms they carried him away down the beach.

Then Mrs. Becker, who was very tall and stout and strong, waded far out and caught him by the hand, nor did she let go until she had him safe beside the fire. Quickly she poured him some hot tea, and then hurried back to help the rest.

The mate was the next to come, but the baffled waves redoubled their fury. For some anxious minutes he disappeared, and it seemed that he was lost.

Edward, in spite of his lameness, felt that he must go to his mother's assistance. Poor boy, his frail strength was as nothing in those wild waves, and the result was that Mother Becker had them both on her hands.

> She sought them near, she sought them far,
> Three fathoms down she gripped them tight,
> With both together up the bar
> She staggered into sight.

These two were also cheered with hot tea, but there was no rest yet for Mrs. Becker, for her vigilant eyes had seen another sailor leave the wreck.

> And still the gale went shrieking on
> And still the wrecking fury grew:
> And still the woman, worn and wan,
> Those gates of death went through.

One by one they came to land. Some were rescued more easily than the others, but more than one had to be dragged from the water quite unconscious, and did not revive for some time. At last they were safe beside the fire—all but the poor cook who could not swim. Sorry as they all were, they just had to leave him; nothing could be done to rescue him that night.

Even now after all her exhausting toil Mrs. Becker did not stop to think of herself. She put her big shawl and her shoes on the men, one by one, and took them to the house, where in the large old-fashioned fireplace a splendid fire had been kept up by the girl and her little brothers. The men sat and stood in its welcome glow until their clothes were thoroughly dry. Everything possible for their comfort in this very humble home was done, but the thought of their unhappy comrade shadowed their rejoicing.

Mrs. Becker, much as she must have needed rest after her unusual exertions, could hardly sleep all night thinking of that one lone castaway. Very early in the morning she got up and called the men to see if something could not be done to rescue him, for the wind had gone down and the lake was calmer.

They saw he was still there, for he had lashed himself to the rigging; so they quickly gathered

some boards together and made a raft. With this they were able to reach the wreck and bring back the poor despairing cook. He was still living, but badly frozen. Mrs. Becker put his feet in cold water to draw out the frost before she allowed him near the fire, and in a few weeks he was able to walk again.

Everybody was quite happy now. They

> Shook hands, wept, laughed, were crazy glad,
> Cried: "Never yet on land or sea
> Poor dying, drowning sailors had
> A better friend than she.

When later on in the day eight men came over from the mainland to hear all about it and add their praises to the grateful tributes of the rescued sailors,

> Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,
> She blushed as girls when lovers woo.
> "I have not done a thing," she said,
> "More than I ought to do."

Yet dear Mother Becker was very happy when the Buffalo merchants and sailors gathered for her a sum of money—$550—which enabled her to buy a fifty-acre farm and a more comfortable home on the mainland. And she was proud and pleased to receive from the American Humane Association a handsome gold medal. Still other honors came to her, for by and by she received a letter from Queen Victoria, and also one from Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada, commending her

heroic achievement. Her step-daughter, Mrs. Wheeler, who greatly loved and honored her, tells us that Mrs. Becker was very proud of these.

Captain Dorr, of Buffalo, one of the eight men who came to Long Point the day after the rescue, told the story to Miss Amanda T. Jones, an American writer who had lived for a time at Glen Elgin about nine miles from St. Catharines. As Captain Dorr had hoped, Miss Jones wrote a poem in which she told the story just as it happened; and we are grateful to her for this stirring poem of Canadian heroism.

CHAPTER XXIII

CADIEUX: FIRST CANADIAN POET

Canada has had many poets to sing her beauty and romance, but the earliest one we have any record of was Cadieux, a French-Canadian. He was a wandering interpreter, warrior and hunter, who had married a young Algonquin girl and whose home was a little wigwam near the Ottawa River.

He used to spend his time hunting with the Indians and buying up fur for the traders. One spring he and his Algonquin friends had got their furs all ready to take to Montreal, and were waiting at the Portage of the Seven Chutes, at the foot of Grand Calumet Island in the Ottawa, for other Indian tribes to accompany them on the trip.

All seemed peaceful, there was no fear of danger; but suddenly everyone was filled with alarm. A young Indian who had been wandering about rushed breathlessly into camp shouting, "The Iroquois! The Iroquois!"

It was true. Their fierce enemies, knowing that furs would be brought down the river at this season, were waiting below the falls. What was to be done? The men got together to form some plan by which they might outwit the Iroquois.

The plan they decided on was a desperate one, but it seemed the only way. Two men would go through the woods and try to decoy the Iroquois away from the river. Then at a signal from them the others, who were to be all ready, must attempt to run the dangerous rapids in the canoes. Cadieux, who was the ablest and bravest among them, offered with a young Algonquin warrior to help him, to act as decoy.

There was no use waiting, so they started at once to carry out this plan. Cadieux and the Algonquin, well armed with guns, set out on their daring venture, while the rest of the party got all ready at the top of the rapids and waited. In one of the canoes was the young wife of Cadieux and their little children. With what anxious fears they waited you can imagine.

Before long they heard several shots. That was the signal agreed upon, and immediately they gripped their paddles and sped away through the perilous, swirling waters. "On went the frail birch canoes, amidst the foam and rocks, like flying birds, over the boiling cauldron. It was a race for dear life, the extraordinary and superhuman skill of the Redskins alone, under Providence, saving them from death in a thousand shapes."

"I saw nothing during our passage of the rapids," said Cadieux's wife, "but the tall form of

a lady in white, hovering over the canoes, and showing us the way." They believed this to have been a vision of St. Anne, the patron saint of mariners.

In a very short time the peril was over and they arrived safely at the Lake of Two Mountains. But what of Cadieux and the Indian? They waited for a few days, hoping that these brave men would be able to get away from the Iroquois, take a roundabout way through the woods, and join the rest of the party. This is what they had planned to try.

At last when everything seemed quiet in the woods, a search party was sent out. They searched for several days, but not until the thirteenth day after their flight down the rapids did they find their brave protector. They saw first a little wooden cross at the head of a shallow open grave, and there they found Cadieux where he had laid himself down for his last long sleep. He had drawn some boughs over himself for a covering, and on his breast, beneath his clasped hands, they found his last sad song written on a piece of birch bark. From this song, and from what the Iroquois told them later on, they found out what had happened.

Cadieux and his comrade had placed themselves about an acre apart. They had fired on the Iroquois and given the war whoop, and the enemy, believing that the whole party were there, gave chase. The Algonquin had soon fallen, but Cadieux managed to elude them for three days while

they searched the woods, and then the Iroquois left. Cadieux had nothing but a little wild fruit to eat, and dared not light a fire or call for fear of the Iroquois. He did not know that they had gone quite away.

At last he saw some of his friends, and oh, how glad he felt! But by that time he had grown so weak that he was utterly unable to shout to them or go to them, and they went on without seeing him.

Then he knew that he must die. But his poetic gift, the "sacred fire" of inspiration that had been his delight and had enabled him to write so many pleasant songs for the voyageurs, flamed up before it went out, and he wrote his last song.

This sweet and simple ballad is pleasing, though so sad. In it the dying poet addresses the birds singing around him; their sweet harmonies, he says, make him cling regretfully to life. He tells briefly about his joy on seeing his friends, and his grief at their departure. He sees a wolf and a raven, and speaks to them. He then entrusts to the rossignol, or song sparrow, a tender message of love to his wife and children, and closes with a prayer.

When his saddened friends had buried him properly they went on their way. They carefully kept the birch bark on which the song was written, and the voyageurs set it to a sweet and plaintive melody. The grave of Cadieux may still be seen by the Portage of the Seven Chutes.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN DOG

The story of *The Golden Dog,* (in French, *Le Chien d'Or*), was written many years ago by William Kirby of Niagara and first published in 1877. It gives a good picture of life in French Canada just before its conquest by the British.

The name of the book comes from a tablet which was on the front of a large, plain stone house on Rue (street) Buade, Quebec. The house belonged to Nicholas Jaquin Philibert, a wealthy merchant. On this tablet was the gilded figure of a dog (*The Golden Dog*) lying down, gnawing at the thigh-bone of a man. Above and beneath the figure of the dog, cut deeply into the stone, were these words (the English translation is given):

> I am a dog that gnaws his bone,
> I couch and gnaw it all alone—
> A time will come, which is not yet,
> When I'll bite him by whom I'm bit.

People used to read these words and puzzle over their meaning, but as we follow the story we find that it has something to do with the enmity between Philibert and the Intendant Bigot.

Under the rule of France, the people of Canada

had nothing to say about the government of their country. The king was in a sense the father of the whole nation. He sent out a governor to look after certain affairs of the country, chiefly military matters, an intendant to take care of laws, taxes and the like, and a bishop to look after church affairs.

Now, if these were good men the people need not have minded it so much, but very often these

"I am a dog that gnaws his bone."

officials thought only of how they could make money for themselves and have a good time, and Bigot, the intendant, was perhaps the most selfish in this way of any of the officials that had ever come to New France.

One of the ways of making money in Canada at this time was through the fur trade. Indeed, this was the most important trade of the country and Bigot tried to get all this trade, as well as the trade of the French settlers, into the hands of the Grand

Company of which he was one of the chief shareholders.

Now, he was very angry that the merchant Philibert should take away so much business from him and Philibert knew this quite well but did not seem to care.

The inscription on the tablet of the Golden Dog was really intended for Bigot to see. For, in France, he had made up false stories against Philibert that had caused him great harm and trouble and had led to his banishment from France.

The merchant Philibert had been very successful in New France. Here is a description of the contents of his warehouses: "Bales of furs, which had been brought down in fleets of canoes, from the wild, almost unknown regions of the Northwest—lay piled up to the beams—skins of the smooth beaver, the delicate otter, the black and silver fox, so rich to the eye and silky to the touch that the proudest beauties longed for their possession; sealskins to trim the gowns of portly burgomasters, and ermine to adorn the robes of nobles and kings. The spoils of the wolf, bear, and buffalo, worked to the softness of cloth by the hands of Indian women, were stored for winter wear and to fill the sledges with warmth and comfort when the northwest wind freezes the snow to fine dust and the aurora borealis moves in stately procession like an

army of spearmen across the sky. The harvests of the colonists, the corn, the wool, the flax; the timber, enough to build whole navies, and mighty pines fit to mast the tallest admiral were stored upon the wharves and in the warehouses of the Bourgeois upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, with iron from the royal forges of the Three Rivers and heaps of ginseng from the forests, a product worth its weight in gold and eagerly exchanged by the Chinese for their teas, silks, and Sycee silver."

The Grand Company had an immense magazine (storehouse) and the orders of the Intendant gave it the right to trade in all the goods brought into or sent out of the country. The people hated this place because they said they were always cheated there and they gave it the name of *La Friponne*—the swindle. In spite, however, of all the orders of the Intendant, the merchant Philibert continued to trade at his warehouses and people found that he dealt honestly with them. He was indeed one of the leaders of the best men of the colony (*honnêtes gens*) who opposed the Intendant and were anxious to see the people get their rights.

For some time the French and English had been at war and although treaties had been made, the people of New England and the other States lying south and southwest of Canada saw that they must

fight to a finish with the French for the control of North America.

The war was a good thing for Bigot and his friends. They cared little for their country, although, of course, they did not want it to be taken by the English. They cared more for making money and they even became wealthy by wrongly using money which was sent out from France to help to carry on the war.

In this story, *The Golden Dog,* we get a description of the drinking and gambling carried on at Bigot's castle and we are shown how he used every influence to win over prominent men to the side of the Grand Company. Le Gardeur de Repentingy, who was a very dear friend of young Pierre Philibert was tricked into joining the followers of the Intendant and later on in an encounter with the merchant Philibert, he kills him with his sword. Not knowing at the time who his opponent was he is stricken with remorse when he finds out. He is sent home to France and imprisoned for a long time, but at last set free.

The death of Philibert proved a severe loss to the forces of the *Honnêtes Gens* and Bigot and his followers kept on in their plunder of the colony, using every means to enrich themselves. To the weakening of the colony by their corrupt acts was largely due its easy conquest by the British.

CHAPTER XXV

THE STORY OF EVANGELINE

More than two hundred years ago, in Acadie, now known as Nova Scotia, the little village of Grand Pré nestled in a beautiful valley on the shore of Minas Basin. A happy, peaceful life its people lived. Contented with their homely loves and simple joys, they asked nothing of the world outside their sheltered valley. Here was the home of Evangeline, the sweetest and loveliest girl in all that lovely land, whose story the American poet, Longfellow, told in his well-known poem.

It was a sweet September evening. The harvest was gathered in, the trees were bright with autumn dyes, and the soft haze of Indian Summer was over the land. On the still evening air fell the musical tinkle of bells, as the cows returned from the pasture and the sheep from the seaside meadows to their safe and sheltered fold. Voices of children, whirr of wings, and cooing of pigeons, all mingled in a low murmur of love.

Indoors in the flickering firelight sat Evangeline and her father, he resting and singing snatches of old songs, she spinning flax for the loom, when Basil the blacksmith and his son Gabriel came in.

Now Evangeline, young as she was—only seventeen—had many suitors, but none of them were welcome but Gabriel. The boy and girl had grown up together like brother and sister, and now they loved each other very dearly.

The farmer gave a warm welcome to his old friend Basil, offering him a pipe and a seat by the fireside. But Basil's mind was ill at ease to-night. Four days, he said as he took the favorite chair, the English ships had been at anchor at the mouth of the Gaspereau, their cannon pointed against the village; and to-morrow all the men were bidden to meet in the church and hear a message from King George. What could that message be?

Now you must know that Acadie was a French settlement which, against the wishes of the settlers, had been given over to the British, and when the French and English had been at war the Acadians were accused—whether justly or not does not seem to be very clearly known—of aiding the French at Beau Sejour. Now the people were alarmed at the mysterious visit of English ships in their harbor.

The farmer, however, had no doubt that all would be well. "Fear no evil, my friend," he said to Basil, "and to-night may no shadow of sorrow fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract."

The contract was a written agreement in which the engaged couple stated what each should provide for the new home. After the notary, or lawyer, had come in and arranged this, the lovers sat in a window apart, watching the beautiful moonlit scene outside, and talking in low, soft tones.

Next morning the village was early astir, and everybody kept holiday. By and by, at the sound of the bell, the men thronged to the church, followed by the guard from the ships; the doors were closed, and all became silent.

Imagine the grief that fell upon the hearts of those men when they heard the king's message—that their lands and homes and cattle were to be taken from them and that they themselves were to be exiled to other lands.

Silent surprise gave place to a cry of sorrow and anger, as all at once they made a mad rush for the door. It was locked. Basil spoke up very angrily, but was instantly struck down by a soldier. Into the midst of the tumult stepped Father Felician from the chancel, and with a few gentle, pleading words, brought quiet again. The men sank upon their knees and repeated after him the prayer, "O Father, forgive them!"

Meanwhile the evil tidings had spread throughout the village, and brought sorrow to every heart.

Evangeline waited, sad and lonely, at her father's house until four days had passed. Then all the Acadian women brought their household goods in wagon loads to the seashore; the church doors at last were opened, and the guards came forth, followed by the long imprisoned men, bravely singing a chant as they marched.

The Memorial to Evangeline at Grand Pré

Evangeline waited and watched until she saw Gabriel and her father. Then she went to them and spoke loving words of hope and cheer. As the people were hurried into the ships, wives were separated from their husbands, mothers from their children; and Evangeline in despair saw Ga-

briel and the blacksmith taken on board while she and her father were left ashore. When night fell, the homeless outcasts encamped upon the beach and gathered in sorrowful groups around the fires that had been kindled. Evangeline vainly tried to comfort her father. He sat staring silently at the firelight, and to all her words and caresses answered neither by word nor look.

Suddenly a light rose in the southern sky. The gleam reddened and grew until the people saw that their beloved homes were all in flames. This last cruel act quite broke the heart of the stricken man, and when Evangeline and Father Felician, after watching the hungry flames, turned toward him they saw that he was dead. The poor, lonely girl, in her grief and terror, sank in a faint and did not recover until the day began to dawn. Then the ships sailed out of the harbor, bearing Evangeline alone to an unknown land and leaving her father buried on the shore.

The years that followed were years of many changes, but of ceaseless sorrow, loneliness and unrest. Evangeline never gave up the search for Gabriel, and never ceased to love him. Throughout the length and breadth of the strange land—"from the cold lakes of the north to sultry southern savannas"—she traveled with her guide, the faith-

ful Father Felician. By many a weary, winding way they went, following a rumor, a whisper, the report of some one who had seen Gabriel, or guided merely by the girl's own restless, longing heart. Again and again, they just missed him or even passed close by unseen, for he, too, was seeking for his lost love of Acadie.

At last, grown grey and worn and old, Evangeline ceased her wanderings and, as a Sister of Mercy, settled down to a quiet, useful life in Philadelphia. In this great city a terrible sickness broke out, and she spent her strength in caring for the sufferers. One sweet Sunday morning, filling her hands with flowers, she entered a poor-house where many sick and dying lay. Suddenly among them she saw an old man—Gabriel, her lover of long ago. His eyes met hers, and vainly he tried to whisper her name. Evangeline knelt by his side, laid his head on her bosom, and kissed his dying lips.

All was ended now, the loneliness, the longing and the sorrow. Very soon the bodies of the lovers rested side by side in nameless graves far from their loved Acadie, but their spirits were forever united in the land of light and love.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE WILD POSTMAN

You have heard the story of Evangeline. Now, I am going to tell you of something that happened to a little French boy who lived in the French settlement near the Basin of Minas at the same time.

This boy, who was about twelve years old, was sent by his father, a rich planter, to an Indian camp about a mile from his home to get a potato-basket, such as the Indians made for the farmers. It was a bright September day, and the woods were lovely, so the boy lingered along the path that wound among the trees and when he got to the camp it was quite late in the forenoon.

He was very much surprised to find the Indians greatly excited and hurrying to break up their camp and leave. "The English soldiers are coming," they told him, "they are going to kill all the French people and burn their villages. They will kill us, too, if we stay here."

Afraid to go back home alone, and perhaps thinking that it would be quite an adventure to go away to the forests to the south and hide there with the Indians, the boy was easily persuaded to go along with them. True enough, the next night

they saw from their camp on the mountain-side the fires of burning buildings, and a few days later some of the people who had run away to the woods told them that the houses and barns had been burned and the women and children put on ships and sent far away to some other country.

So the little French boy had to stay with the Indians. They called him a rather funny name,—Jimcharles.

The English did not harm the Indians and Jimcharles used to go quite often to the homes of English settlers and to the fort where there were soldiers. He learned to speak and write English, and as he still remembered his own language, he could speak all three—French, English and Indian. He used to practise shooting along with the soldiers and became the best shot in the country.

As he often went hunting through the woods, he became guide and interpreter to the sportsmen who used to come to that part of the country. By the time he was grown up, Jimcharles was known to all the white people and Indians in the Nova Scotia settlements. But, you see, as he lived mostly with the Indians he was nearly always thought of as a white wild man.

If there was any message to be sent through the woods to some far-off settlement, Jimcharles was the one to take it. If the bears were killing cattle,

Jimcharles would soon have their pelts pinned to the sunny side of a barn to dry. If a child got lost, Jimcharles was the one to find it. If unfriendly Indians were troubling the settlements or his Indian friends, the sight of Jimcharles was enough to scare them away.

By and by the British Government wanted to send mail weekly over the road from Halifax to Pizquid (now called Windsor). The only way to travel the road was on horseback or on foot. There were no white people along the road for the mail-carrier to stop with. Besides there was danger from storms and wild beasts and unfriendly Indians. Who could be got to serve as postman? Why, who but Jimcharles?

So that's why Jimcharles is called "the wild postman." For ten years he travelled this road once a week. Strapped to his back in a great leather-locked knapsack was the mail, and on his shoulder always his loaded gun. Not once in all that time did he fail to deliver his weekly mail, and he never lost a single letter or parcel. Often he carried large sums of money for merchants and traders and always accounted for every penny on call.

And now comes the strangest part of this story. Thirty long years had gone by since that day the soldiers came, when one day an old man, with hair well-streaked in grey, but stout and sturdy, and

dressed like a farmer, took lodgings at the inn in that part of the settlement of Minas, that had been the French Village. "Where did he come from?" "Who was he?" "What was his business?" That was what the settlers wanted to know, for the old man never seemed to have anything to say to anyone. He just spent his time walking about the settlement, and along the shore of the Basin, and over the green meadows.

"Wait," said someone, "till Jimcharles comes with the mail. He will surely be able to tell us who this old man is and where he comes from." But the very day the Postman was to arrive, the old man was missed, and an earthern crock was found to have been dug up in the garden of one of the settlers. Near it was a golden coin. It was plain now what the old man had been after, but who he was or how he knew of the treasure was a mystery.

Three Indian scouts, known to be bad characters, set out along the road to Halifax in search of him and overtook him before night. They soon overcame him, stripped him of his clothing, robbed him of his gold and divided it among them. Then they tied him to a tree and talked over what they should do with him.

At last the largest and most excited of the three savages seized his tomahawk and walked toward the naked traveller. Just then a shot rang out and

the Indian fell dead. There stood Jimcharles reloading his gun. He soon made the Indians give up their weapons, helped the old man to dress and started back with him toward Halifax.

The old man was afraid to tell Jimcharles anything about the gold because he did not know whether he could trust him any more than the Indians if he knew, so they made their way along steadily all night. Jimcharles was afraid the Indians might be joined by some of their friends and follow to revenge the death of their brave.

Towards morning they came to a clearing and Jimcharles made a bed of boughs and guarded the old man while he slept. As he sat there, Jimcharles imagined there was something familiar about the old man's face and then as if in a dream he saw the face of his father as he remembered it in his boyhood. A bird flying above his head startled him and he saw that it was day-break. Had he been really dreaming? It seemed so, for there was only a gray-haired, gaunt-faced old man before him.

They walked on in silence until in sight of the town. Then Jimcharles asked the old man his name. "John White," he answered. They went to the tavern and had breakfast and a drink of rum. Then the old man told his story.

His home had once been in Minas; he had been taken away thirty years before; his French name

was Jean Le Blanc, which was the same as John White.

On hearing that the man's name was Jean Le Blanc, Jimcharles took him into a private room.

"Had you a boy named Charles?" he eagerly asked.

"Yes," answered the man, "but he was lost or killed the day the English soldiers took us prisoners."

"I am that boy," was the reply. "I was lost to you and you to me, but we are both found now—father."

The tears rolled over the weather-beaten face of the father at the joy of finding his son. He soon told him all about the gold. It was his own which he had buried at the time his people had been driven out of Acadia. "If I had only known who you were yesterday," he said, "we could easily have got it back."

Jimcharles made up his mind that the gold should be got back. He went to the governor and gave up his position as mail-carrier. He had never missed a trip, you know, and he wanted his place filled by someone else now so that the mail would still be carried through.

How do you suppose he got the gold back? Well, on thinking it over, and remembering the Indian customs, which he knew so well because he

had lived much among them, he felt sure that the two Indian robbers would be at the burial of the one who had been killed. The chief and the medicine man would be there also. No one would carry weapons to the burial ground. Still even if he got the gold from them there, he would not be safe after he had left the burial ground, so he thought out a plan. The weapon he would use would be rum.

Stowing in his knapsack four bottles of the newest and strongest rum to be had, he set out for the burial ground, thirty-five miles away. He reached it just before sundown—a great hill where the red men of that part of Acadia had for ages been laid away to rest. Sure enough the funeral was in progress. The grave had been dug and they were waiting for the sunset hour. There were the four he had counted on and a great fierce brother of the dead man.

After the grave had been filled in and a mound of stones packed over it, the chief lighted his pipe, smoked a little and passed it to the white man. He smoked it and passed it to the medicine-man. He smoked and passed it to one of the robbers, but the robber would not take it, nor would the two others.

The white man, Jimcharles, now took his turn. Instead of the peace-pipe he passed along a bottle of rum. All drank except the dead man's brother.

The four were soon overcome with the liquor and after a scuffle with the fifth Indian, the white man struck him a stunning blow with his fist, then tied him hand and foot.

He soon managed to get the gold and hurried back to Halifax. He and his father took a boat to Boston and from there they went to Louisiana, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, where his father had been living, and Jimcharles stayed with him there until the old man's death a few years later.

—Adapted from "Stories From the Land of Evangeline" (Grace Dean McLeod).

CHAPTER XXVII

THE STORY OF BEAUTIFUL JOE

A young friend of mine, a fair little girl in blue, once told me that she thought *Beautiful Joe* was "the loveliest book there is." I can see her now, hugging the beloved book to her heart, with an eager light in her dreamy blue eyes. Since that time I have been privileged to number among my friends Miss Marshall Saunders, the author of this popular book. One beautiful summer evening I visited her at her home in Toronto, and during a pleasant conversation, asked her how *Beautiful Joe* came to be written. This is what she told me:

About twenty years ago, when she was quite a young girl, she went from her home in Nova Scotia to visit her brother at Ottawa. Here she met a young girl, the owner of the famous dog, "Beautiful Joe," and a warm friendship sprang up between the two girls. Later, while visiting at her friend's home in Meaford, Ontario, she had an opportunity of closely studying the character of this wonderfully intelligent dog, whose name seemed such a misfit. Afterwards, with the hope of helping boys and girls to be kinder to all living things, she wrote the book, which won a prize of $200. The story is mainly

true. Mr. and Mrs. Morris were the author's own father and mother; Laura was her sister, and the boys and their pets really lived in her own and her friends' homes. Beautiful Joe now rests in a quiet spot in Ontario, and the words upon his tombstone were written by Miss Saunders.

But, to begin at the beginning—Joe's master, Mr. Jenkins, was a very cruel man. He kicked and beat and starved Joe's mother, a kind, gentle dog, until, when Joe was about a year old, she died. When Mr. Jenkins came and found her dead he gave Joe a mean, heartless kick. The dog, who was feeling very lonely and miserable, suddenly turned and bit Mr. Jenkins on the ankle.

Then this cruel, wicked man flew into an angry passion. He seized Joe by the back of the neck, carried him out to the stable, and called to one of his boys to bring a hatchet. Then he held the struggling dog down on a log of wood and—chopped off both his ears and his tail!

Doesn't that make your blood boil? Don't you feel as if you could just *fight* a man who would do a thing like that? Well, you will be glad to know that some one came along just then who felt the same as you do—a kind, strong, noble-spirited young man. A glance of his quick eyes, and a question of the man who hadn't even the grace to be ashamed of himself, showed him in a moment what

had happened. Mr. Harry gave the brutal man just the kind of thrashing he deserved. Then he tenderly wrapped up the poor, hurt dog in Mrs. Jenkins' apron and took it home—or rather, to the home of his uncle, Mr. Morris, where he was visiting at the time.

Joe could not have been brought to a better home. The Morris boys and Miss Laura, a very lovely girl of sixteen, had a great many different kinds of animals for pets, and were kind to every living thing, especially the weak and suffering. They were all as sorry as they could be for poor Joe, and they showed him so by every look and tone and touch. They helped Mr. Harry to bathe and bandage up his wounds, made him a nice cosy bed, and then left him alone to rest and get well.

But when everything was dark and still, Joe felt such terrible burning pains in his head and all through his body that he thought he was going to die. He wished that the pretty girl would come out and stroke him again with her soft, gentle hand. But when nobody came near, Joe crawled out of his cosy bed and lay down under a bush alone to die.

Very likely he would have died if Laura hadn't come out with a lamp to see how he was getting along. "Joe, Joe, Beautiful Joe!" she called.

The boys had given him this new name, partly

in fun, and partly to please their sister. They suggested "Ugly Joe" at first, for you can imagine that with funny white bandages where his ears and tail ought to be, he hadn't much beauty to boast of. They knew Laura wouldn't like that name, though; and besides, it might hurt the dog's feelings, for a dog understands what is said to him better than most people imagine. And so, "Beautiful Joe" was the name he went by for the rest of hs life.

Laura very soon found him, though he did not answer to her call. She took him up in her arms, not thinking a bit about her pretty white dress, and carried him into the house. She warmed a little milk, put some soothing medicine into it to make him sleep, and coaxed him to take it. He soon went to sleep after that, and with kind and constant care his wounds healed up in a short time.

Beautiful Joe soon became quite happy in his new home. He was always a very funny-looking dog, but was so gentle and trustworthy that everybody in the house, and all the pet animals, were very fond of him. He was most devoted to Laura, and would have protected her with his life any day.

One night he did get a chance to save her from a sad fate. Her friend, Bessie Drury, asked Laura to spend the night with her, as her father and mother had been called away suddenly. Laura

went, and Beautiful Joe, who was usually very obedient, insisted on going too. What is more, he also insisted on sleeping in Laura's room, beside her bed. He did not sleep very soundly, and once when he was startled by a slight sound, he went softly down the carpeted stairs to see if everything was all right.

Who do you think he found there? Mr. Jenkins—his very self—in the dining-room, stealing the silver!

Beautiful Joe instantly knew his cruel old master by the smell of him. He was fairly wild to get at him, and set up such a furious howling that he waked up everybody in the house. Bessie's old nurse came down and called a policeman. Beautiful Joe darted out of the open door and followed the man, who had escaped from a window. When Jenkins was climbing over a wall, Beautiful Joe hung on to his leg and went over with him, and would not let go, though the man was trying to kill him.

In a few minutes two policemen came hurrying up and took the wicked Jenkins away, swearing and furious. It was discovered that he had also planned to burn the house down. He was sent to prison for ten years, so you see that Beautiful Joe was revenged for his injuries. Everybody loved the dog more than ever for his faithfulness to Laura.

There is a great deal more about him, and about very many other animals he met at the Morris home and at beautiful Riverdale, Cousin Harry's home. But I have just given you an introduction to Beautiful Joe, and if you wish to learn all about him—why, you'll find his whole history in the book.

CHAPTER XXVIII

STORIES OF CANADIAN AUTHORS

Story-writing began—who knows when? Probably ages ago. We can imagine that when man first learned to talk, he tried to entertain his friends or his family with some sort of stories and when writing was invented he set down stories more or less crudely. But one form of story-telling is comparatively recent in origin. The modern English novel, so the historians of literature tell us, began with Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* in 1740-41. It is rather interesting, therefore, to notice that what has sometimes been called "the first Canadian novel" appeared not very long after. The *History of Emily Montague,* first published in 1769 was written by Mrs. Frances Moore Brooke, wife of the chaplain to the English forces at Quebec. Like Richardson's novel it was chiefly in the form of letters. It is concerned largely with the love story of Emily Montague and Colonel Edward Rivers. Blended with descriptions of scenery, of Indians, of the convents, a picture of early Canada is unfolded. The letters tell about Indian painting, language, probable origin of the Indians, their character, appearance, and customs. There are also accounts of

the life of the people of Quebec and Montreal. One young Englishwoman is amused by the appearance of the men in their winter garb. She writes: "You would have died to see the men; they look like so many bears, in their open carrioles, all wrapped in furs from head to foot; you see nothing of the human form appear but the tip of the nose."

No doubt you have read Goldsmith's *Deserted Village,* and recall the familiar lines:

> Sweet Auburn! Loveliest village of the plain,
> Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain.

It may seem strange, but one of Canada's earliest poets was another Oliver Goldsmith, a great-nephew of the English poet. The second Oliver was born at Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, in 1781. His most noted work was a long poem, *The Rising Village,* published in 1835, which followed closely the model set in his ancestor's *Deserted Village.* Here he tells of the success of a pioneer who had begun by packing his wares as a pedlar from one isolated farmhouse to another, but who ended as the prosperous owner of an old-time "departmental" country store, thus described:

> Around his store, on spacious shelves arrayed,
> Behold his great and various stock in trade.
> Here nails and blankets side by side are seen;
> There horses' collars, and a soup-tureen;

Buttons and tumblers, fishhooks, spoons, and knives;
Shawls for young damsels, flannels for old wives;
Woolcards and stockings, hats for men and boys;
Mill-saws and fenders, silks and children's toys;
All useful things, joined with many more,
Compose the well-assorted country store.

"Sam Slick" is a character whose sayings have been quoted in all English-speaking countries almost as freely as Shakespeare and the Bible. This talkative Yankee pedlar who used his "soft sawder" to sell his clocks to the people of Nova Scotia, and who talked on politics and subjects of all sorts, was the creation of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who was born at Windsor in 1796. The first sketches of *Sam Slick: The Clockmaker* were published in Joseph Howe's newspaper, *The Novascotian* in 1835-36. Issued in book form, they were followed by several other books dealing with the same character and speedily won for their author fame as a humorist—not only in America, but in England and on the continent of Europe. Haliburton was a lawyer by profession, and for a time represented his country in the Provincial Legislature, afterwards becoming a judge, and holding this office for some thirty years. He then removed to London, England, and sat for a time in the British parliament. He was a polished and effective speaker, with a ready turn of wit. In appearance he is described as "slender and graceful,

but robust . . . with large face tanned by exposure, ruddy cheeks, keen blue eyes . . . an English squire—with a difference."

Two sisters of the talented Strickland family, of Reydon Hall, Suffolk, England, who came to Canada with their husbands and settled in the unbroken forest, have given excellent pictures of pioneer times, conditions, and experiences. Mrs. Catharine Parr Trail settled near Rice Lake in 1832, when "there was no road opened, even for the rudest vehicle, on the Douro side of the lakes, and to gain her new home she had to cross the river at Auburn, travel through the newly cut road in the opposite township, and again cross over the Otonabee at the head of the rapids in a birch-bark canoe." She made a very close study of plant, flower, and animal life, learning much from wives of older settlers, from choppers, and from the Indians. She uses this knowledge freely in her story *Canadian Crusoes* in which she writes of three children lost in the woods, who support themselves for more than two years on fish, berries, and other produce of the wilds; who build themselves a hut and clothe themselves in the skins of animals. Her *Studies of Plant Life in Canada* describes many of our wild flowers and plants, their habits and their uses as medicine or as food. In recognition of her work a grant of £100 was made to Mrs. Traill by

the British government, and later the Dominion government, presented her with an island in the Otonabee River. She lived to the ripe old age of ninety-seven, a fresh-faced, active, bright, and lovable old lady.

Mrs. Susanna Moodie, a sister of Mrs. Traill,

Travelling by Canadian Stage Coach.

is best known by her bright, informative, and at times quite humorous account of early life in Ontario, as told in her book *Roughing It in the Bush.* Her husband, Lieutenant J. W. Dunbar Moodie, was a retired officer of the British army and had been given a grant of 400 acres of land in Canada.

Mrs. Moodie writes of the voyage, the arrival of the ship at Grosse Isle, Quebec, and of incidents of the quarantine. She describes many quaint characters of the pioneer settlement and gives accounts of incidents and happenings—burning the fallow, the logging-bee, the charivari, pioneer journeyings through forests and by waterways. She tells, with a good deal of humor, of many annoying experiences that resulted from the borrowing habits of her neighbors—first, and not the least odd was the visit of a neighbor's daughter as the Moodies were unpacking. This maid brought a liquor decanter of which she very kindly offered the loan and persisted in leaving it, although Mrs. Moodie declared she did not wish to use it. The next day the scheming maid returned for the decanter and when it was handed to her she bluntly said: "I guess you won't return it empty; that would be mean, father says. He wants it filled with whiskey."

When the rebellion of 1837 broke out, Lieutenant Moodie was placed in command of a regiment, and his wife and family left for some time alone on the farm. At the close of the rebellion he was made sheriff of one of the districts of the province and Mrs. Moodie sold the farm and chattels and joined her husband in Belleville.

One of the best known Canadian historical novels is *Wacousta,* a story of the siege of Detroit.

Its author, Major John Richardson, was born in 1796 at Fort Erie, but his boyhood days were spent chiefly with his grandmother, Mrs. Erskine at Detroit. She told him many stirring tales of early Indian warfare, among them, the account of Pontiac's attempt to capture Detroit. The Indian trick which was successful at Michillimackinac was tried here. During a truce a game of lacrosse was arranged to take place in a clearing near the fort. The guns of the warriors had been cut short and given to the women who concealed them in their blankets. While the game was going on the ball was, as if by accident, thrown into the fort. Permission was asked to recover it and the Indians dashed forward, secured their weapons and prepared to attack the British garrison. But the commander at Detroit had been warned, and on entering the fort the Indians found the soldiers ready and the artillery trained upon them, so they withdrew, carrying with them the missing ball. Richardson was so much interested that even then he planned to put this story into a book. When he was only fifteen he joined the army as a volunteer and took part in several engagements in the War of 1812. Going to England, he fought in the British Legion in Spain. After spending some years in London and Paris, he returned to Canada. He wrote a number of books, history and fiction, but

his work was not a financial success. In 1848, he removed to New York where he died in 1852.

Scarcely any collection of Canadian verse has been published for many years that does not include Isabel Valancy Crawford's exquisite lyric, beginning:

O Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land!

This song is taken from the longer poem, *Malcolm's Katie,* a pioneer love story, in which may be found many beautiful descriptions of Canadian nature and Canadian seasons. Another long poem, *Old Spookses' Pass,* a sort of legend of Western cowboy life was published in book form in 1884. Altogether Miss Crawford's work ranks among the highest in our native poetry. She was born Christmas Day, 1850, in Dublin, Ireland. In 1858, the family settled at Paisley, Bruce County, Ontario, removing in 1864 to Lakefield and later to Peterboro, where her father continued the practice of his profession as doctor until his death in 1875. Miss Crawford and her mother shortly afterwards removed to Toronto, where Isabella carried on literary work, but died at a comparatively early age, in 1887. In 1905 a collected edition of her poems was published.

When the name of Dr. William Henry Drummond is mentioned it will probably call to mind the oft recited *Wreck of The Julie Plante.* His poetry, however, means much more to Canada, than the picturing of a mingled humorous and pathetic episode. Few, if any, of our writers have done so much to give the English-speaking section of our country an intimate knowledge of its French-speaking citizens. The many little studies of child life such as *Leetle Bateese* show the tender relation that exists between parents and children in French-Canadian homes; incidents in the lives of the older folk are sketched with tenderness and reverence; there are character sketches of the curé, the doctor, and other well-known persons; the canoe, the log-jam, the fishing and hunting scenes are all sung of in this quaint language; there are poems of the love of the natural beauty of scenery, and of the living things of wood and field; there are many humorous hits at little frailties and failings, but always dealt with in a kindly way. William Henry Drummond was born in Ireland in 1854. His parents came to Montreal, Canada, when he was quite young and his father died a few months afterward. For some time he was a telegraph operator in a little village near Montreal, and there came in close contact with the people whose customs and speech he afterwards portrayed in his

poems. Later on he was able to attend high school in Montreal, and to enter McGill University for a medical course. He began practice of his profession in 1884. His first volume of poems was published in 1898—*The Habitant and other French-Canadian poems;* several others followed, and after his death a complete, collected edition was issued. Dr. Drummond became interested in mining in the Cobalt district and died rather suddenly there in April 1907.

William Wilfred Campbell was born at Berlin (Kitchener) in 1861. Part of his boyhood was spent in the vicinity of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay and the early impressions of nature are shown in his first published poems, as:

> Give me the hills and wide water,
> Give me the heights and the sea;
> And take all else, 'tis living
> And heaven enough for me.

And again in this wonderful picture of Lake Huron:

> Miles and miles of crimson glories;
> Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;
> Miles of shoreland red and golden
> Drifting into dream and haze.

These and many other poems help us to appreciate the beauty of nature about us, but Campbell's more powerful work deals with the strug-

gles of the human soul as shown in such dramatic monologues as *Unabsolved,* a picture of the soul-benumbing influence of the great lifeless north and the anguish of the traveller whose cowardice doomed Franklin's party to destruction. He wrote also a number of longer dramatic poems—poetical tragedies—some on legendary historical subjects such as *Mordred, Hildebrand;* others purely imaginative, as *Morning;* while one, *Daulac,* is Canadian in subject, character and setting. He was also author of books of history, biography and travel, and two novels—*Ian of the Orcades,* a romance of Scotland, and *A Beautiful Rebel,* a story of the War of 1812. Educated first for the Anglican ministry, he spent a few years as clergyman, leaving this to enter the Canadian Civil Service, where for some years he was engaged in the Archives department. He died in 1918.

Archibald Lampman is pre-eminently Canada's nature poet. He sings all the moods of the Canadian seasons, all the beauties of our native forests, all the delights of our wide landscapes; in fact, almost every poem he wrote drew its inspiration from his observation of phases of nature or had a nature setting as background. His own theory of poetry is put clearly in *The Poet's Song,* in which he pictures the poet grown listless and silent in the glare

of the city palace "as listless as the hour alone . . . by his broken lute," and to the messenger who bids him come and cheer the King he cries:

> Go show the King this broken lute!
> Even as it is, so am I.
> The tree is perished to its root,
> The fountain dry.

And the monarch called in vain for the poet and his song for that night he was far away in the mountains, and:

> The shepherds in their watches heard,
> Above the torrent's charge and clang,
> The clearing chant of one who sang.

No better word-pictures can be found than the clear, vivid, striking pictures by Lampman in such poems as *The Winter Uplands,* and *Heat.* Nothing could excel his picture of a country road under the scorching July sun in the latter:

> From plains that reel to southward, dim
> The road runs by me, white and bare;
> Up the steep hill it seems to swim
> Beyond, and melt into the glare.

There is never the feeling that he has gone forth to seek a text among the stones and running brooks, but rather that he has sought nature because he loved her and that he reaps from her for

us "a crop of images and curious thoughts." His philosophy of life probably sums itself up in:

There is a beauty at the goal of life,
  A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife
  Till the great human soul complete her span,
Beneath the waves of scorn that lash and burn,
  The currents of blind passion that appall,
To listen and keep watch 'till we discern
  The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;
So to address our spirits to the height,
  And so attune them to the valiant whole
That the great light be clearer for our light,
  And the great soul the stronger for our soul;
To have done this is to have lived, tho' fame
  Remember us with no familiar name.

Archibald Lampman was born at Morpeth, Ontario, In 1861. He was educated at Trinity College and after a short career in the teaching profession, he entered the Civil Service at Ottawa. Never robust in health he died at an early age in 1899. Several small volumes of his poems were published. A complete edition with a memoir by Duncan Campbell Scott was issued in 1900. This was revised and issued in a new edition, *Lyrics of Earth,* 1926.

Pauline Johnson was born on the Indian Reserve, on the Grand River, near Brantford. Her father was G. H. M. Johnson, head chief of the Six Nation Indians, and her mother Emily S. Howells, who was born at Bristol, England.

Pauline's Indian name was Te-ka-hion-wake. Even before she could write she made up jingles about her cats and dogs, and while at school she showed a great fondness for poetry. After her poems began appearing in newspapers and magazines, she began to recite them in public and was

Indian Totem Poles.

so successful at this that she continued for sixteen years giving recitals throughout Canada, the United States, and England. Some of her most popular poems deal with experiences of the Indians, their courage, their wrongs sometimes at the hands of the white man. Others like the famous *Song My*

Paddle Sings tell of delight in nature and the out of doors. When her health gave out, she made her home in Vancouver, and there collected a number of legends told to her by Chief Joe Capilano. These were afterwards published as *Legends of* Vancouver. She died in Vancouver in March 1913, and was buried in the beautiful Stanley Park, where her grave is guarded by lofty trees.

Gilbert Parker was born at Camden East, Ontario, near Napanee, in 1862. In 1886 the condition of his health demanded a milder climate and he sought this in Australia. A few years later he removed to London, England. It is said that shortly after his arrival there he brought to Archibald Forbes, then a noted war correspondent, a collection of stories. Forbes' comment was: "You have the best collection of titles I ever saw." Parker took his manuscripts home and promptly burned them. A day or so afterwards while passing a shop filled with armor and other curios, he noticed the leather coat and fur cap of a trapper. He went at once to his room and began to write *The Patrol of the Cypress Hills,* the first story in the series of western tales called *Pierre and His People.* These were a splendid success and were rapidly followed by other stories and novels. Among the most noted is his *Seats of the Mighty,* a historical novel of Quebec at the time of the British Conquest.

The Battle of the Strong is a story of the Channel Islands. *When Valmond Came to Pontiac* is a delightful romance of a little out-of-the-way village in Quebec to which comes a supposed descendant of Napoleon and a mimic revolution is staged as a result. His list of books is too long to give here, but, *The Right of Way, The Judgment House* and *The Weavers,* are among his best. In 1902 he was created a Knight by King Edward. His English country home is a stone cottage in Sussex over six hundred years old which once belonged to John of Gaunt.

"Ralph Connor" began writing stories when he was serving as a missionary among the people of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. His earliest books, *Black Rock,* and *The Sky Pilot,* tell of the rough life of the early west and of his missionary experiences. These books were written largely to interest the people of other parts of Canada in the needs of the mission fields and to induce them to give money to send missionaries to these out of the way places. Since then he has produced a number of novels dealing with Western life; also some combining the life of the East and the West, while others are entirely eastern in setting. Perhaps the most popular of his books are *The Man from Glengarry* and *Glengarry School Days.* These deal with the life of the author's boy-

hood; the former is concerned largely with the lumbering industry and the latter with rural school life. There are stories of the Northwest Mounted Police, as *Corporal Cameron* and *The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail;* stories of the Great War and its aftermath, as *The Major, To Him That Hath. Treading the Winepress.* Throughout all these novels there runs the idea that what is needed to uplift humanity is a practical Christianity—a missionary spirit that aims at reaching the soul by looking after the welfare of the body, and that makes man better morally and spiritually by educating him up to an appreciation of nobler things. "Ralph Connor," whose real name is Reverend Charles W. Gordon, was born in Glengarry County, Ontario, in 1860. He was educated at the University of Toronto and at Knox College, and did missionary work in Manitoba and Alberta. During the Great War he was active in recruiting work and as chaplain overseas. He is now pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg.

Duncan Campbell Scott has frequently been called "the most artistic writer Canada has produced." He was born at Ottawa in 1862. His father was a Methodist minister. He was educated at Stanstead College, Quebec. Entering the Department of Indian Affairs in 1879 he became in 1913 the official head of that department—Deputy

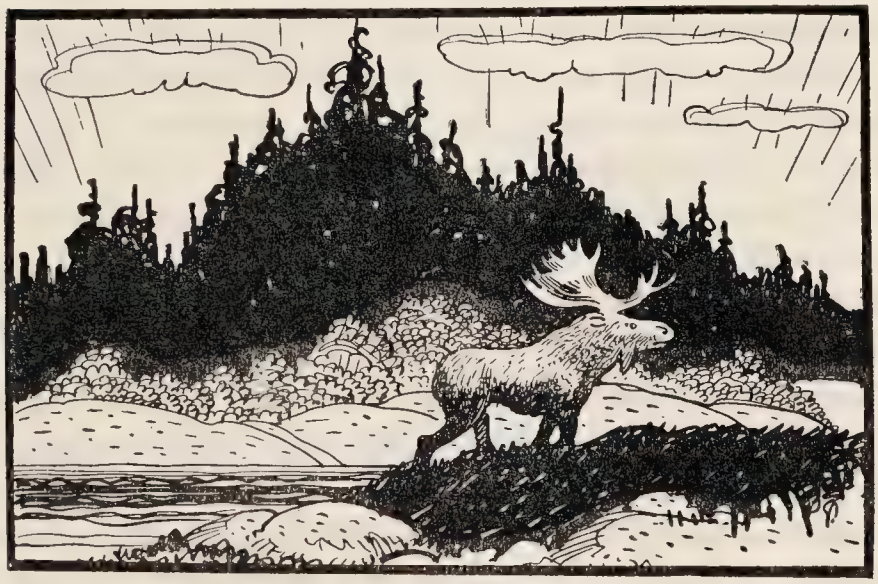
Superintendent-General. We are told that he did not write a line of poetry until he was twenty-five. His first volume, *The Magic House,* was published in 1893. Other small volumes followed at intervals, a collection comprising almost all his published work being issued as, *The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott,* in 1926. His poems are varied in theme, and full of human interest, but what we get in his poetry that no other Canadian poet gives so well is an interpretation of Indian life and thought as it appears to an alien race. As a short story writer he is still the perfect craftsman. *In the Village of Viger* is a collection of studies of the life of a little French-Canadian village; *The Witching of Elspie,* a series of tragic tales of the outposts of the Hudsons Bay Company.

Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N.B., in 1861. His mother, Sophia Bliss, was an elder sister of the mother of Charles G. D. Roberts. Carman graduated from the University of New Brunswick and took postgraduate work at the University of Edinburgh and later at Harvard University. For a number of years he occupied editorial positions on various New York magazines, but gave this up for an independent literary career. *Low Tide on Grand Pré,* his first volume of verse, was published in 1893. Many other small volumes were issued at intervals; also several books

of essays, as *The Kinship of Nature, The Poetry of Life.* Two collections of quite recent issue—*Later Poems* and *Ballads and Lyrics* include the best material from nearly all these smaller volumes. *Far Horizons* (1925) consists chiefly of newer poems, many of which deal with Canadian cities, rivers, and places. Within recent years Bliss Carman has become widely known throughout the Dominion, not only by his writings, but by his lectures and public readings.

Charles G. D. Roberts, either as a poet or as a writer of imaginative prose, has always been a literary nature artist. His earlier poetry, although based on classic themes, had a background of Canadian lanscape done in rich color. Later he wrote a series of impressionistic sketches of Canadian landscape in sonnet form—*Songs of the Common Day*—some of these are entitled: *The Furrow, The Sower, Frogs, The Pea-Fields, Burnt Lands, The Flight of the Geese.* In his poetry he has essayed every theme from classic epic to soothing lullaby. But when he chose the short nature story as his mode of expression he struck his natural vein. His animal stories have scarcely been equalled by any other writer in any language. Among these are *The House on the Water,* sketching the life of the beaver; *The Haunters of the Silences, The Red Fox, Earth's Enigmas, Animal Stories, More Ani-*

mal Stories. Then there are books like *The Backwoodsman, Hoof and Claw,* in which human characters take part as well as creatures of the wild and which show considerable quiet humor. Roberts was born near Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1860, taught in the grammar schools of the Prov-



"Kindred of the Wild."

ince, then became Professor of English at King's College, Windsor, N.S. In 1896 he went to New York City and entered upon a literary career. From there he removed to London, England, where he lived for some years. During the Great War he took part as a member of the Legion of Frontiers-

men. He returned to Canada and has been engaged in giving public lectures on literary subjects.

Ernest Thompson Seton is a great lover of animals. From his boyhood he has studied them closely. He has sketched them as an artist and as a naturalist and when he began to write about them he felt that there could be found in them most of the good qualities of character that are found in man, and that by getting man's sympathy toward animals, he could do something to stop the thoughtless killing of so many harmless wild creatures. So he tells the life stories of many animals in his books—*Wild Animals I Have Known, The Biography of a Grizzly, Lives of the Hunted.* In *Two Little Savages* he gives the adventures of two boys who lived in the woods as Indians and in this way learned much about Indian life and all kinds of knowledge of the woods. His books are full of information as well as being interesting as stories, and they have many illustrations drawn by himself. Ernest Thompson Seton was born in England, and came to Toronto when five years of age. He was educated at Jarvis Collegiate Institute, studied art in London and Paris. He was for some years naturalist to the Manitoba Government. His home is at Cos Cob, Connecticut, where he has many animal pets.

Jean Blewett is, more than any Canadian

writer, the poet of the home—she sings in her poems of home-life, its joys and its sorrows, its creeds and its philosophies, its loves and its passions, its pathos and its humor—in fact, all phases of Canadian home life are described by her in simple, home-like language. As an interpreter of child-nature Mrs. Blewett is particularly strong. In *Jack* she describes the sorrow of a boy for the death of his playmate:

I get so lonesome, it's so still,
  An' him sleepin' out on that hill;
For nothin' seems just worth the while
  A-doin' up in the old style,
'Cause everything we used to do
  Seemed always just to need us two—

. . . . .

There ain't no fun, there ain't no stir,
  His mother—well, 'tis hard on her,
But she can knit, and sew and such—
  Oh, she can't miss him half so much!

Quite a number of her poems like: *The Day Neil Rode to the Mill, Her First Sleigh Ride, Elspath's Daughter-in-Law,* are really short stories in verse, in a delightfully humorous vein. Mrs. Jean McKishnie Blewett was born at Scotland, Ontario, and educated at St. Thomas Collegiate Institute. For many years she has resided in Toronto, and has been a contributor of verses, short stories, and articles to the press of Canada and the United States. Her poems have been published in

the volumes: *Out of the Depths, Heart Songs, The Corn Flower, Jean Blewett's Poems.*

Miss Marshall Saunders, who has won a high reputation as a writer of stories of domestic animals and pets was born at Milton, Nova Scotia. The family afterwards removed to Halifax, and her father, who was a Baptist minister, supervised her education. She attended a private school and then spent a year at school in Scotland and another at Orleans, France. Dr. Rand, then a professor in the University of Toronto, when asked to suggest a career for her said: "Why does not Marshall write stories?" The first fruit of that suggestion was a story of a burglary. This brought a cheque of forty dollars from a New York magazine, but the next manuscripts were not so successful. After a few years of occasional story-writing, travel, and newspaper correspondence, Miss Saunders found her field as a writer, as the result of a competition held by the American Humane Education Society in which a prize of $200 was offered for the best story about animals. *Beautiful Joe,* which won the prize, was the autobiography of a dog, into which Miss Saunders wove many experiences of her own life. This wonderful dog story is as popular to-day as when it was written in 1892, and has been translated into a great many foreign languages. Miss Saunders who now lives in Toronto

has a great many birds and other pets. Other books she has written are *Golden Dicky,* the story of a canary and his friends, *Bonnie Prince Fetlar,* the story of a Shetland pony, and *Jimmy Goldcoast,* the story of a monkey.

A young bank clerk in the Yukon district wrote verses to pass the time and read them to please his friends. Then he sent a collection of them to a Toronto publishing house stating frankly that "he didn't think the stuff amounted to much" but that he was willing to pay for printing a small edition. The book was published—*The Songs of a Sourdough*—and in a year or two the name of Robert W. Service was known almost everywhere that English is read or spoken. His poems had the swinging rhythm of Kipling, they were vivid and forceful; they might at times be overly forceful if not vulgar, yet they described the North country and its people in a way that nobody had done before. Several further volumes were published but Service's best work was his first. He was born in Lancashire, England, in 1874, and came to Canada at the age of twenty and made his way from city to city to the Pacific Coast. Then he wandered up and down the coast from Victoria to the city of Mexico, finally becoming a bank clerk in Victoria and later being transferred to the Yukon district. When his poetry proved success-

ful he turned his attention to novel writing and has produced several books of the "thriller" type. Removing some years ago to Paris, he married a French girl, and was living there when the Great War broke out. He entered the Red Cross service and drove an ambulance on the West Front during the whole of the war, one result of his experiences in a literary way being a volume, *The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.*

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall was born in London, England, in 1883. When she was seven years of age the family removed to Toronto. Her poems began to attract attention in the local press when she was but seventeen years of age and from that time she continued to produce for the leading periodicals of Canada, the United States, and England, poems and short stories. Her first volume of poems, *A Drift of Pinions,* was published in London, England, in 1913. Later volumes were *The Lamp of Poor Souls, The Wood Carver's Wife,* and *Little Songs.* A collection of her short stories was issued entitled *Angel's Shoes.* Besides this she has written two novels—*The Bridge,* a story of a Canadian engineer, and *Little Hearts,* a romance of England in the time of the Jacobites. All her work is marked by a fine artistic sense of the melody and beauty of words and a wonderful creative imagination. During the Great War she did service on the

farm in England. Coming back to Canada, she made her home in Vancouver, where she died after a brief illness in 1922.

L. M. Montgomery, the author of *Anne of Green Gables* and the other "Anne" books which followed it, was born at Clifton, Prince Edward Island and brought up by her maternal grandparents in the seashore farming settlement of Cavendish, the "Avonlea" of her stories. The creation of the now famous Anne was in a sense an accident. The author's previous work had been mostly verse and short stories for magazines. Upon being asked for a short serial story for a Sunday School weekly, she cast about for an idea. Looking through her note book she found a suggestive theme in the entry: "Elderly couple apply to orphan asylum for a boy; a girl is sent to them." The writing of the serial was started but "Anne" soon grew beyond the limitations of a few short chapters for a serial. From this incident the author evolved "Anne of Green Gables" which has since delighted thousands of readers. She says of the book: "It is really a mistake to say I created Anne; like Topsy she 'growed' of her own accord, and I simply seemed to watch her and describe her growth." However, this may be, L. M. Montgomery's many readers have followed with enjoyment the career of Anne and later of her daughter

Rilla, as recounted in this series of books. Although still known as L. M. Montgomery to her readers, the author has for some years presided over a Presbyterian manse in Ontario for she is the wife of Reverend Ewan McDonald. In more recent books she has created an interesting new child character Emily and tells the story of her youth.

Throughout Canada, but more particularly in older Ontario, there are many settlements which were originally settled by Scottish Presbyterians and afterwards leavened with just enough English and Irish to throw into relief the characteristics of each nationality. It is such a community as this that Marian Keith has written in her Glenoro stories—*Duncan Polite, Treasure Valley, The Silver Maple,* and others. The grand old mystic highlander, Duncan Polite, is the finest character of all her stories, but she portrays also in other stories the outstanding figures of the rural settlement—the minister, the teacher, the doctor. Her descriptions of Canadian scenery and of nature show poetic insight and sympathetic touch, and boisterous bubbling humor breaks out at times in her stories. Marian Keith is really a pen-name, said to have been made by the combination of the names of a favorite niece and a favorite nephew. As Esther Miller she was known in her birthplace,

the township of Oro, which is recognized as the Glenoro of her stories, a short distance from the town of Orillia. As the wife of a London, Ontario, pastor, she is now Mrs. D. C. MacGregor.

CHAPTER XXIX

CITIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES

HALIFAX

In 1746 a fleet of thirty transports was sent from France to drive the British out of Canada. Though it was a complete failure and peace was soon made with France, the British Government determined to fortify Chebucto Harbor, a chief point of attack.

The King of England entrusted to Lord Halifax, who was Chairman of the "Board of Trade and Plantations," the task of bringing out an expedition of people to settle in Nova Scotia. Lord Halifax carried out this important undertaking in a most admirable way. In July, 1749, thirteen transports carrying 2,576 people arrived at Chebucto Harbor. Edward Cornwallis was appointed Governor of the colony, and the men began at once to cut down the trees and make clearings in which to build their homes. Twelve acres between the shore and the hill were soon cleared, and in the centre of this space the Governor's house was built.

He made a careful plan of the city, and divided the ground into evenly measured building lots. On the 25th of July he took the oath of office, and a

Council was formed to maintain law and order in the province. The British Parliament had voted £40,000 for the expenses of the expedition, and the people were well provided for.

The new city was first call Chebucto, but in October it was named after Lord Halifax. This was the first British settlement of any size in Canada. The work of home-building and fortification was steadily carried on. In 1753 a block house with a parapet was built on the summit of the hill. This was the beginning of the Citadel. The large dockyard was begun in 1758. The present Citadel was begun in 1795. This is large enough to hold a regiment, and Halifax has always been an important military stronghold.

ST. JOHN

On the 24th of June, 1604, a little French ship bearing three noted men, Champlain, De Monts and Poutrincourt, sailed into the harbor on which now stands the city of St. John. As it was St. John's Day Champlain gave that name to the river. As the years passed, the harbor saw many conflicts between Indians, French and English, but settlements on the river were few and scattering.

Then suddenly the City of St. John sprang into being. In May, 1783, twenty shiploads of United

Empire Loyalists, sent out by Sir Guy Carleton, arrived from New York—a splendid class of settlers. They landed on the 18th, and began at once to set up tents and build temporary huts to live in until their lands should be portioned out to them. A dense forest occupied the site chosen, and soon the ringing sound of the woodman's axe and the crash of mighty trees falling echoed on every hand.

The man who had the control of affairs at the harbor was John Parr, Governor of Nova Scotia, which then included New Brunswick, and the new city was at first named Parrtown after him. After some unavoidable delay a plan of Parrtown was drawn up and the town laid out in lots. Most buildings were at first made of logs, but before the close of the first year 1,500 framed houses had been built.

More Loyalists arrived before the winter, bringing the whole number to about 10,000, but not all of them settled in the city. That first winter saw much suffering, owing to lack of proper shelter and sufficient food, and many died before spring.

On May 17, 1785, Parrtown and Carleton—the part of the town built on the west of the harbor —were incorporated as a city and given the new name of St. John. St. John is the oldest incorporated city in the British colonies.

FREDERICTON

At the close of the American Revolution it was arranged by Sir Guy Carleton that the entire body of Loyalist troops should settle together in the upper valley of the St. John River around and above the little Acadian village of St. Anne's Point. Here special grants of land were allotted to them.

On September 17, 1783, more than 3,000 of these Loyalist soldiers arrived at Parrtown. As they were not disbanded until the 10th of October, and there were no homes ready for them at their destination, most of them remained in Parrtown for the winter. These endured much suffering, but those who pushed on to St. Anne's were in a still worse plight. The cold weather came upon them before their homes were built. Delicately reared women and tender little children had no other shelter from the piercing cold and storms than a canvas tent banked high with snow. Often one or more members of the family had to sit up all night to keep the fires burning. The supplies expected did not arrive before the shipping closed for the season, and shortage of food made matters worse. Several died, but the majority survived these dreary days of bitter experience. In the spring new settlers came up the St. John. With renewed hope and courage the people went bravely to work building their

homes, planting seed, and settling themselves in this beautiful new country. The government provided them with supplies for three years, so they were enabled to make a hopeful start in life.

Although St. John was the largest settlement, Governor Carleton decided to make St. Anne's the capital of New Brunswick, and he named it "Fredericktown"—soon changed to Fredericton—in honor of Frederick, Duke of York. He came to live in the capital in 1786, but the government did not meet there until two years later. The city was not incorporated until 1849.

CHARLOTTETOWN

Prince Edward Island, formerly called Isle St. John, was very early discovered by white people, but there were no permanent settlements until, in 1763, it became a British possession and was placed under the government of Nova Scotia. Steps were soon taken for settling this beautiful and fertile island.

It was planned to build three towns. The capital, not far from the old site of Port Joy, was to be called Charlottetown after Queen Charlotte of England. Michael Francklin, the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, sent out Charles Morris, Chief Surveyor, with other government officers, workmen and materials, to lay out the new city and begin build-

ing it. They duly arrived, and Mr. Morris made a plan of the city.

Not much was accomplished, however, until in 1768 the Island was made a separate province, and Walter Patterson sent out, two years later, as first Governor. He set to work with energy. First he improved on the city plan drawn up by Mr. Morris. Considering the plots of land laid out for the settlers were too small, he arranged to have only one row of houses on each block, with every house facing the south.

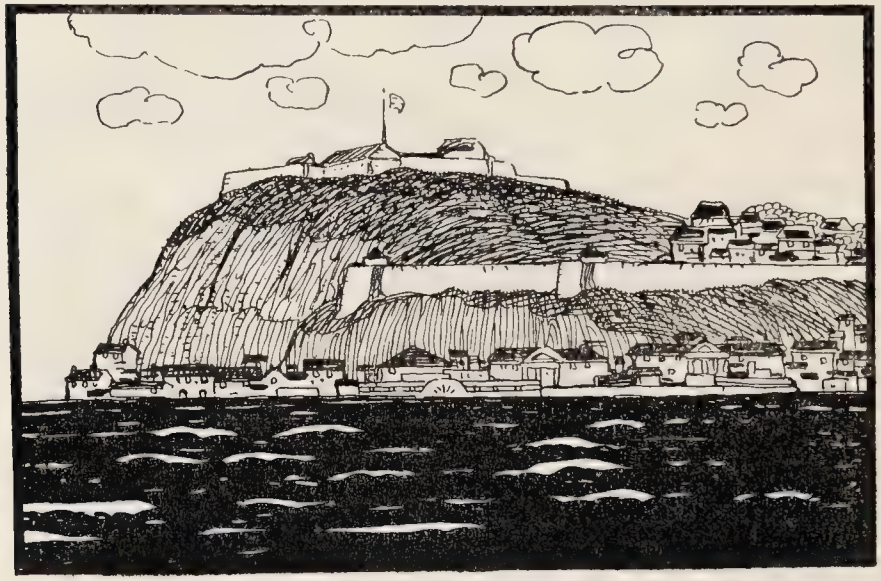
The workmen now began building. There were already two very good and fair-sized houses, and the Governor assisted in making everything snug and secure for the winter. He began at once to urge on the home Government the necessity of a church, a court house and a jail, and of roads between the settlements. Money for all this could not be secured right away, but eventually the desired improvements were obtained. Settlers arrived slowly but steadily, and Charlottetown in time became a prosperous and beautiful city.

CHAPTER XXX

CITIES OF QUEBEC

QUEBEC

Jacques Cartier, from St. Malo, was the first white man to stand upon the ground now occupied by Canada's oldest city. That was on the 14th of



"Canada's Oldest City."

September, 1535, at the end of his second voyage to the New World. He spent only one winter there, and after his departure France for fifty long years left the New World to its fate.

Then, on June 22, 1603, Samuel de Champlain, a native of Brouage, in France, sailed up the St. Lawrence and anchored at the foot of Cape Diamond. He was looking for a suitable place to build a fort, and this immense rock, a natural fortification, with a safe harbor close at hand, filled him with admiration.

In imagination he saw this lovely and commanding site crowned with safe ramparts and city towers. He carried the dream in his heart until, five years later, on the 3rd of July, 1608, he once again dropped anchor near the cliff. Here he landed, and laid the foundations of the future city. In a short time a palisaded and moat-surrounded fort was built near where the church of Notre Dame des Victoires now stands in the Lower Town. This was called the *Abitation de Quebec.* It contained, in addition to the armoury, Champlain's own residence, lodges for the workmen, a blacksmith's shop, and a storehouse for furs and French merchandise.

All in good time the hoped-for settlers came from France. These brave and ambitious pioneers went zealously to work to build homes and adapt themselves to the conditions of the strange new land, which very soon they began to love. Champlain urged them to plant gardens and cultivate the soil; he helped and encouraged them in every way possible, and was everybody's friend. In 1615 he

brought out three Récollet friars—followers of St. Francis of Assissi—to care for the spiritual needs of the people and christianize the Indians. These good men were soon called upon to marry the youths and maidens, and later to baptize the many children which grew up "like olive plants" in the homes of the wilderness. In a few years a little church was built near the fort.

In 1629 Quebec, being captured by David Kirke and his two brothers, passed into the hands of the English, but was after four years restored to France on payment of a sum of money. Meanwhile the population had increased but slowly, settlement being hindered by the fur traders who studied only their own selfish interests. When Champlain died on Christmas Day, 1635, Quebec was only a small village of eighty inhabitants.

In 1663, when Canada was made a crown colony with Quebec as its capital, the city contained only about twenty houses, sheltering 500 inhabitants. A new era of growth and progress was dawning, however, and when in 1759 Quebec passed finally into British possession, it was a prize worth fighting for.

MONTREAL

When Cartier in 1535 first set foot upon the site of Montreal, he found a full-grown town of

1,500 inhabitants already there—the old Indian town of Hochelaga; but this town had completely disappeared when, in 1611, Champlain visited the Island. He named the spot La Place Royale. The foundations of the city, however, were not actually laid until 1642.

Reports of the heroic work of the Jesuits in Canada had reached France from time to time, and fired the hearts of a little band with missionary zeal. M. de la Dauversière, a poor tax collector of La Flêche, was a very religious man. One day while he was praying an inner voice seemed to command him to go to Canada and on the Island called Montreal to establish a hospital and a new order of nuns to minister to the heathen tribes of the country.

At the same time a similar call came to Jean Jacques Olier, a young priest of Paris. He, too, was praying when a voice from heaven commissioned him to establish on the Island called Montreal a society of priests.

Dauversière at once set out to seek means of accomplishing his mission, and at the old castle of Meudon the two religious visionaries met. They had never seen or heard of each other before, but immediately they called each other by name, embraced affectionately, and seemed to be, not strangers, but old friends, each with a miraculous understanding of the aims and thoughts of the other.

Having attended mass together they talked over their plans. They then set to work to raise money for the enterprise, and soon had formed the Company of Notre Dame de Montreal, composed of wealthy and zealous people, whose numbers increased from six to about forty-five. These people, among whom were several ladies, provided the money required, and also contributed a number of very important members to the proposed expedition.

Among these was a young woman of deep religious devotion, Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, who also had seen visions and dreamed dreams. Being appointed nurse and housekeeper for the expedition, she felt that she had found her destiny. The company was completed by the addition of Sieur de Maisonneuve, a true soldier and a Christian gentleman, to take command. Maisonneuve and his forty men, with Mademoiselle Mance, accompanied by the wives of two soldiers and by another young woman, set sail from Rochelle in 1641, but they reached Quebec too late in the season to ascend the River to Montreal.

Quebec needed reinforcements against the Iroquois. There the adventurers might give assistance, and no extra expenditure for protection would be required. Of this the Governor, De Montmagny, tried to convince Maisonneuve.

"I have not come here to deliberate," replied Maisonneuve, "but to act. It is my duty and my honor to found a colony at Montreal, and I would go if every tree were an Iroquois."

Having wintered at Quebec, the party re-embarked on the 6th of May, 1642, and arrived at the Island of Montreal on the 18th. When the vessel touched the bank Maisonneuve sprang ashore and knelt in fervent devotion; the others followed his example, and their songs of praise and thanksgiving were wafted on the soft spring winds. All hands were soon happily busied in erecting tents and lighting camp fires. One of their first acts was to raise an altar in a pleasant spot near by. Here mass was held, and the Jesuit priest, Father Vimont, solemnly addressed the little company in the wilderness.

"You are a grain of mustard seed," he said, "that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land."

In a few days the tents, which were soon replaced by wooden houses, were enclosed in a strong palisade, and a little chapel was built of bark. The Hurons and Algonquins were friendly, and the work of christianizing these wandering tribes was soon begun, with a measure of success.

Before long a strong stone building was erected

as a hospital. But until the Iroquois found out the little colony and made trouble its spacious wards remained empty. The "grain of mustard seed" sown on that memorable May day, though slow of growth was sure, and in time Ville Marie, as the infant city was called, grew into the large and beautiful city of Montreal.

CHAPTER XXXI

CITIES OF ONTARIO

TORONTO

The records we have of Toronto in its earliest days are not very complete; but in old documents of French Canada the name often occurs. As early as 1686 mention is made of a trading post at Toronto. Its convenient situation on a magnificent harbor

The Old Fort at Toronto.

and at the southern end of a trail or portage leading to the Lake Simcoe district, known as the Toronto region, made it a place of some importance.

For a time the fort, improved and strengthened after 1749, was known as Fort Rouillé, being so

named after the French Colonial Minister then in office; but the favorite name, Toronto, which is an Indian word meaning "a place of meeting," was never entirely lost.

In 1793, when Toronto was made the capital of the newly organized province of Upper Canada, it was but a small Indian village, apparently deserted by the traders. Its importance and significance consisted in what it promised for the future. It was also at a safe distance from the United States frontier, Fort Niagara, formerly selected for the capital, being considered too much exposed to threatened attacks from the Americans.

John Graves Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, in choosing Toronto for the capital, re-named it York in honor of the King's son, Frederick, Duke of York, and this name the virgin city retained for several years. There was no residence in the new capital prepared for the reception of the Governor. During that summer he lived in a canvas house formerly owned by the celebrated navigator, Captain Cook. Here he planned and laid the foundations of the great city that in later years was to fulfil and exceed his expectations.

Preparations were made for the erection of public buildings and private residences. Hewn timber and shingles were brought over the snow from the lumber shanties in the surrounding woods; stone

and bricks for foundations and chimneys were collected, and carpenters set to work to make the Governor's dream a reality. This dream included a castle of his own at the capital. Castle Frank, named after Simcoe's young son, was a rustic chateau in the woods on a lofty point of land overlooking the beautiful Don Valley. The Iroquois at Niagara had given Governor Simcoe an Indian title, Deyonguhokrawen, which means, "One whose door is

Toronto in 1834.

always open," and we can well believe that in this unique castle of logs, painted a soft grey by sun and wind and rain, the host's gracious English hospitality was well maintained.

The Houses of Parliament, which were built at a point overlooking the harbor, were made of wood, and were humble indeed as compared with Toronto's present Parliament Buildings; but they were ample and convenient, consisting of two "elegant

Halls," with offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and Courts of Justice. They stood in a setting of fine trees, mainly oaks, which lined the harbor, while a carpet of thick green grass covered the ground. The buildings were completed before the close of the century, but were burned down by the Americans in 1813.

Early in 1794 the construction of a road from York to Lake Huron was begun, and soon completed. This highway was named after Sir George Yonge, Secretary of War in 1791. Its southern portion now forms the main street of the great metropolis. "Toronto the Beautiful" is now an important commercial, educational and literary centre, a city of many lovely and happy homes.

OTTAWA

Older than the Pacific and prairie cities, though at least two centuries younger than Quebec, Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, combines ancient and modern traditions. Its site was first discovered by Champlain on one of his voyages.

Swift flowing rivers, magnificent falls, rocky shores and surrounding woodlands, formed a superb setting for a city,which no amount of money could have bought or produced. Yet the centuries crept on apace; river voyagers came and went, mingling their chansons with the organ tone of the

falling waters, and human footsteps upon the shores paused for only a brief space, then passed on.

At last, in 1820, a man named Nicholas Sparks cleared a farm and settled in what is now the very heart of Ottawa city. Then in 1825, Colonel By, an officer of the Royal Engineers, was sent by the Imperial Government to superintend the building of the Rideau Canal. The need of this arose as a result of the war with the United States, when the transport of guns, ammunition and supplies up the St. Lawrence was often attended with great risk. Sometimes boats containing military supplies had to be sunk to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

The Duke of Wellington was warmly in favor of the project to connect the waters of the Ottawa River and Lake Ontario by means of a canal, and it was largely through his influence that the bill was passed. The idea originated, however, with Colonel By, and to him was given the commission.

Ground was first broken for this purpose on Sept. 21, 1826, but the timber foundations and workshops afterward took fire and were consumed. It was decided then to enlarge the locks, and the new stone foundations were laid with great rejoicing in the autumn of 1827. This ceremony was performed by Sir John Franklin, at that time Captain Franklin, who was on his way home from his second expedition.

The first steamer to go through the completed canal was the *Plumper*. This was on the 29th of May, 1832, and in August of that year the Canal was opened up for general transport. It had been built at great expense, but happily has never been

Parliament Buildings.

required for purposes of defence, for Canada has ever since lived at peace with her neighbor to the South.

The beginning of the canal was also the birth of the city of Ottawa. It was originally called By-

town, after Colonel By. For some years the name seemed suitable enough—"an out of the way place." In due time, however, this "City of the Woods" began to take its place as one of the chief cities of central Canada. In 1854 the place became incorporated as a city, with the new name of Ottawa.

For many years Ottawa was occupied with one single industry—the lumber trade. Receiving immense quantities of timber from the surrounding forests, it was a distributing centre for United States and European ports. Now, however, the growth of agriculture and the development of the city's splendid water power and electricity have greatly extended this once limited programme.

In 1858 Ottawa was selected by Queen Victoria as the capital of the Dominion. Four other claimants for the honor, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto, were thus set aside. Since then the city has grown in strength, beauty and dignity, and has amply proved the wisdom of the Queen's choice.

CHAPTER XXXII

CITIES OF THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES

WINNIPEG

The early history of Winnipeg was one of unusual struggle and suffering. In 1738 the French-Canadian adventurer, Le Verandrye, the first white man to invade the vast western prairies, built Fort Rouge, which was soon after abandoned and destroyed. Then in 1806 Fort Gibraltar was erected by the North-West Company.

A few years later Lord Douglas Selkirk, a young Scottish nobleman seeking a home for the poor people of Scotland and Ireland, secured from the Hudson's Bay Company an area of 110,000 square miles of land on the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. Against much opposition he did all he could to encourage emigration. From 1812 to 1815 four parties of emigrants arrived, numbering in all about 280 people, mostly Highlanders.

From the very outset trouble arose between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company. The latter feared that a settlement here would interfere with their trade. They did all in their power to drive the settlers away, and succeeded

all too well. Again and again the poor people were driven from their homes, until after much strife and even bloodshed, the two companies united and the little colony was allowed to exist in peace.

In 1815 John MacLeod, a Highland trader in the Hudson's Bay Company, built the beginning of

Old Fort Garry.

Fort Douglas. Fort Gibraltar was subsequently pulled down and the materials used for the up-building of this fort. In 1821 Fort Douglas was replaced by Old Fort Garry, named after Nicholas Garry, a director of the Company, and built almost on the site of Fort Gibraltar. In 1835 Upper Fort Garry was begun at the Forks, on higher

ground than the original fort, which had suffered from the flood of 1826. This was for several years the centre of the settlement which, when it grew to be a village, was called Winnipeg.

Winnipeg remained a village for many years, but in 1873 was incorporated as a city, the capital of the newly organized province of Manitoba. Its population at that time was little over 3,000. Now this Gateway of the West is a splendid city of over 250,000 people, a city of excellent architectural and well-preserved natural beauty, the commercial, political, social and educational centre of that vast, golden prairie land.

REGINA

Regina was deliberately planned and built at the junction of the Qu'Appelle and Wascana Rivers because a city was needed at that spot, as a Government centre and a location for the North West Mounted Police. The need arose through the erection of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Until 1881 the country had been inhabited only by Indians and wandering herds of buffalo.

The selection of a site was made by the Government conjointly with the C.P.R., and the location was in a few days "dotted with tents and alive with industry." Men of various occupations came from the East, and established their homes and busi-

nesses there. Many speculators also swelled the tide, and business boomed.

At nine o'clock on August 23rd, 1882, the first railway train arrived, and the new town was christened with gay and enthusiastic ceremony in Mr. Van Horne's special car. Several noted personages were present. Judge Johnson with an appropriate little speech, in which he complimented Lord Lorne for his good taste in choosing the name, proposed a toast to "Regina, the Queen City of the Plains." Amid hearty cheers the toast was drunk.

That fall a number of noted visitors were at dinner in Regina, when innumerable jokes kept the table in a roar. Somebody proposed that Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, who had achieved some literary fame, should start a newspaper. Various names for this "exponent of North West ideas" were hilariously proposed, among them, the Regina *Shagginappy*, the *Blizzard*, the *Scalper*, and the *Buffalo*. Mr. Davin enjoyed the joke as much as anybody, but when the fun was over he was seen taking a solitary ramble over the prairie, apparently wrapt in profound thought. Soon afterward he left for the East, but shortly returned to edit the Regina *Leader*. Mr. Davin subsequently became a Member of Parliament.

When Saskatchewan became a province in 1905 the choice of a capital was left to the first meeting

of the legislature. Though Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, and Saskatoon were all in the running, Regina was the one decided upon. In two years from that date its population was about doubled. Twelve railway lines now radiate from Regina, and in every way the city is worthy of its position as the leading distributing centre in south-western Canada.

CALGARY

The birth of Calgary is very closely connected with the North-West Mounted Police. Colonel James F. MacLeod, Assistant Commissioner of the Force, planned to erect a fort about midway between Fort MacLeod and the Red Deer River, and a site was chosen at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow Rivers—a beautiful location within sight of the Rocky Mountains. Here a Roman Catholic missionary had set up a rough wooden cross.

In the year 1875 a fort was built here by "F" troop of the Mounted Police, one of the three divisions which had left Toronto for the West on June 6, 1874, under the command of Colonel French. It was at first called Fort Brisebois after the officer in command of the division, but before long Colonel MacLeod named it Calgarry after his birthplace in Scotland. The name soon became shortened to its present form.

When George Murdock, who became the first

mayor of Calgary, arrived there in May, 1883, the only buildings to be seen were the police barracks and two wooden shacks. To a certain class even this modest beginning of a settlement seemed an unwelcome encroachment on the free and easy law of the wilderness. "I am going to move back—this is getting too civilized for me," said one trader who had seen the three wooden shacks built.

Murdock's diary records important beginnings during that same year—the first newspaper, the *Herald,* the building of a temporary station, the first train arrival, and the first mail to the Post Office.

Climate and soil in that vast region were all that could be desired for agriculture, and when the progressive government provided the one thing lacking—irrigation—a large, flourishing modern city sprang up as if by magic. Within ten years the population increased a thousand per cent. Its assessed wealth in that time increased sixteen hundred per cent.

Close to the city is the famous Bar U Ranch owned by the Prince of Wales. This is in itself a most convincing proof of the attractiveness, progressiveness and promise of this city of the Western Prairies.

EDMONTON

The city of Edmonton began its history as a post of the North-West Company, built on the bank of the Saskatchewan in 1778. Around this centre, first called Fort Augustus, then Fort des Prairies, about 300 Indians were encamped. This fort was on low ground, but in 1796 the Hudson's Bay Company built another on a rocky height 200 feet above the river, and when the two companies united in 1809 it was re-named Edmonton. The palisade of the Hudson's Bay post was strongly built, like that of Fort Gibraltar, and has a bastion at each corner. To please the Indian traders it was decorated inside and out with gay, fantastic designs in gaudy colors, and the buildings inside were painted red. In its picturesque setting it thus formed a bright spot in that vast expanse of prairie, woodland and river.

This little fort was long a distributing centre for supplies, and in time an important mission post; but for a hundred years or more its inhabitants were few and it could scarcely be called a village. In 1890 its population numbered little over 500. Yet it was then a forwarding depot for the Peace, Athabasca and Mackenzie River districts, right up to the Arctic Ocean and parts of the Yukon. It was incorporated as a town in 1883. When Alberta was

made a province in 1905, and Edmonton, grown into a city since its connection by a branch line with the Canadian Pacific Railway, was chosen as its capital, it received a new impetus. It has continued to grow and flourish steadily. In 1921 its population exceeded 60,000, and it is now one of the most important and promising cities of the West.

Many noted names are woven with the History of Edmonton—the two Chief Factors, Christie and Hardisty, Lord Strathcona, the missionaries, Father Lacombe and George MacDougall and his son John, are a few of these.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CITIES OF THE PACIFIC COAST

VICTORIA

Before the 49th Parallel had been decided on as the boundary line between Canada and the United States, Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, was the most important of the trading posts in the West. This part of Oregon was then occupied by the British.

Sir James Douglas, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, realized that if the Americans gained their point about the boundary line, as they eventually did, Fort Vancouver would be in American territory. He therefore decided to build a new fort farther north. He chose as the most suitable site a spot on Vancouver Island called by the Indians "Camosun," which means a rush of waters. Here was convenient anchorage, and three miles away, at Esquimalt, an excellent harbor. At Camosun was found an open space about six square miles in extent. The soil was rich and fertile, the climate mild and pleasant, and everything seemed favorable for the location of a town. No white people were then living on the island, but it was expected that the country would soon open up for settlement.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of March, 1843, Douglas with fifteen men anchored in Camosun Bay near Shoal Point. Even at that early date, before the return of the birds and blossoms of spring, the prospect was very beautiful. The little Indian fort near the entrance seemed in keeping with the age-long remoteness of the place. No sound broke the stillness but the beating of the waves on the shore.

A cannon was fired from the *Beaver,* and the primeval solitude of the island was broken, never again to be entirely restored. The savages were seen moving excitedly about. Early the next morning they swarmed in their canoes around the steamer, but they offered no resistance to the disturbers of their peace.

The new-comers set to work at once. A suitable location for the fort was found close to the shore, where the steep rocks formed a natural wharf. Here the men were set to work next day squaring timber and digging a well. The natives were very much interested in these proceedings and gathered around the strangers in large numbers. Douglas explained his purpose to them. He promised to bring them weapons, implements, beautiful clothing and other desirable things, which they might pay for with skins. This pleased them greatly. Soon they were happily at work, carrying pickets, receiving as wages a blanket for every forty pickets.

When the work of the new fort was well begun, Douglas steamed northward to procure new workers and supplies, and returned on the first of June. The erection of log huts for store-houses and residences was now carried forward rapidly, and further supplies were brought in the schooner *Cadboro* from Fort Vancouver.

In October the building operations were completed. Mr. Ross from the abandoned Fort McLoughlin, and Mr. Finlayson, from Fort Simpson, were left in charge, while Douglas departed with the two steamers and their crews.

Such was the beginning of the fair city of the West. For two years it was called Camosun, and then, when its prospects were growing richer in promises, since abundantly fulfilled, its name was changed to Victoria in honor of England's beloved Queen.

VANCOUVER

Burrard Inlet, on which the city of Vancouver is situated, was so named in 1792 by the famous navigator, George Vancouver, who was the first white man to set foot upon its shores. In 1864 the Hudson's Bay Company built a saw-mill on the harbor. The place was named Port Moody, probably after Colonel Moody, a prominent man of affairs in the locality.

When the erection of the Canadian Pacific Railway had been determined upon, the location of its western terminus remained for some time a much disputed question. At last, however, Port Moody was decided on, and in 1882 a force of 750 men under the superintendence of Mr. J. Albert Hill, assistant engineer of the C.P.R., began to make preparations. An immense wharf and large warehouse were soon built.

On the first of March, 1886, there was only one street straggling along the water front and the rest of the town site remained still unbroken forest. But so rapid was the work that on the 16th of April the city became incorporated, with the new name of Vancouver. Great improvements were made during the next two months, but unfortunately on the 13th of June a fire broke out, and nearly obliterated the new city. Only two or three houses were left, and everyone suffered great loss.

Nil desperandum, "Never despair," was the motto immediately adopted by these dauntless people, and by four o'clock the next morning they were hauling timber for the re-building of their homes. The result was that a splendid and prosperous city grew up as if by magic. In three years time the dense forest had been replaced by about fifty miles of streets, with twenty-five miles of sidewalks, electric lights, gas works, waterworks,

schools, churches, two daily newspapers, business blocks, shops, manufactories, and many homes both comfortable and stylish. Nature had already provided a delightful climate, beautiful surrounding scenery, and a safe and commodious harbor. From this harbor immense quantities of timber had, since 1865, been exported direct to all the principal ports of the world.

The first train reached the city on May 23, 1887, and in June the first steamer arrived from Hong Kong. Vancouver has grown and prospered remarkably during the intervening years, and is now one of the most important cities of the Pacific coast.

NEW WESTMINSTER

At the time of the founding of Vancouver, New Westminster was a flourishing town of 4,000 inhabitants. The site, not lacking in the magnificence characteristic of the coast regions, and possessing a good anchorage for ships, had been chosen by Colonel Moody with the purpose of making it the capital of the mainland.

His choice was accepted, and it was agreed to build the metropolis at this point. His men were accordingly set to work at once felling trees and clearing the land. The governor gave public notice that a city, to be the capital of British Columbia, was to be built here, and that lots would be sold by

auction, also that building lots in Derby, a point formerly chosen, might be exchanged for lots on the new site. A revenue officer was stationed to transact business, and soon all was going briskly. Queensborough, the name first given, was soon changed to New Westminster.

Before long, dwellings, restaurants, stores, wharfs, a church and a court house were erected. Colonel Moody lived there himself and worked faithfully for the up-building of the city, selling land, opening up roads, and building a government house. A number of marines and engineers were brought over from Nanaimo to help on the work, and New Westminster soon became the military headquarters of British Columbia.

In the summer of 1860 the inhabitants asked and obtained the privilege of incorporating the town. One of the first orders given was that every man should fell the trees on his own lot.

As we know, New Westminster did not long enjoy the distinction of being a capital city. In 1866 British Columbia and Vancouver Island were united in one province and Victoria was made the capital. A fine bridge now spans the Fraser River, and New Westminster and Vancouver are connected by an electric railway.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE STORY OF BISHOP LAVAL

Historians are not all agreed regarding the character of Monseigneur Laval, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Canada; but human and humanly faulty as he undoubtedly was, he was also in many respects very saintly, and it might be said of him, as of Goldsmith's "village preacher," that "Even his failings leaned to virtue's side." To understand and appreciate his real worth we need to view his life as a whole; and, restricted as such a survey must be within the narrow limits of this brief story, it reveals a man worthy of the deep and lasting regard in which he was held by his countrymen.

Francois de Laval, Abbe de Montigny, the descendant of illustrious lines of ancestors on both his father's and his mother's side, was born at Montigny, France, in April, 1623. It is said that virtue was as natural to the Lavals as bravery on the field of battle. The boy's inborn tendencies to piety were fostered by a good mother, and by his schoolmasters, who soon recognized his splendid qualities.

As a reward for good conduct Francois was permitted to become a member of the Congregation of

the Holy Virgin, a society which inspired him with the love of prayer and of religious practices. He was only nine years of age when he received the tonsure; that is, the hair on the crown of his head was shaved off as a sign of his dedication to the special service of God. At fifteen he was appointed canon of the Cathedral of Evreux.

While engaged in his theological studies at the College de Clermont at Paris, he was suddenly assailed by a twofold grief and a great temptation, occasioned by the death of his two elder brothers. Having previously lost his father, he now became head of the family. An honored title and a brilliant worldly future were thus offered to him; and his mother, supported by his cousin, the Bishop of Evreux, came to beg of him to maintain the honor of his house by giving up his ecclesiastical career and marrying.

If this prospect held any allurement for the youth he unhesitatingly resisted it. With that persistence and determination which was so marked a characteristic of his later years in Canada, he held firmly to his appointed course. Moreover, in order to free himself from all future entanglements with worldly affairs he made over his title and inheritance to his younger brother.

Such was the man who in 1658 was appointed Apostolic Vicar of Canada. The title of Bishop of

Petraea had already been conferred upon him, but he did not receive the permanent appointment as Bishop of Quebec until some years later. It was intended that if he failed to satisfy the requirements of the position in Canada he might be replaced.

The head of the Church in Canada at the time of Mgr. de Laval's arrival was M. de Queylus. The Jesuits had hoped that if this man satisfied them he would be appointed as Bishop; but he did not, and through their influence the Abbe de Montigny was recommended instead and sent over to Canada. M. de Queylus still remained, and this for a time caused serious difficulties, but at length these were adjusted and the two zealous missionaries, one at Quebec and the other at Montreal, worked in perfect harmony for the common good until M. de Queylus returned to France.

Missionary work in Canada at this time was particularly difficult and slow. It was attended by continual hardships and dangers, but to these churchmen and colonists religion was a very vital thing, woven into the very fibre of their daily life, and they accepted privation and suffering with heroic endurance.

A number of Indians of the different tribes had been converted and received baptism. But at what a cost! The Hurons and Algonquins had been all

but exterminated by their implacable foes, the Iroquois. Their blood and that of the martyr missionaries, we are told, had been shed in floods. The most unspeakable tortures were endured by many of these missionaries, who for the sublime purpose of saving souls renounced every comfort and pleasure and braved the horrors of life in the Canadian wilderness.

The Iroquois menace for years endangered the very existence of the colony. It has been urged against Bishop Laval that the influence of his high position and force of character were not used to the best advantage in overcoming this national peril. A strong military force and a largely increased population to compel the Iroquois into submission might have been brought about at a much earlier date than it was if the pressing need had been made known and forcefully urged in France. But instead of uniting heart and soul with the civil authorities to remedy this great evil, Bishop Laval quarrelled with the Governor M. d'Argenson and others over matters concerning the relative dignity and honor due to himself as head of the Church and to the Governor as head of the state.

We cannot but regret these quarrels and disagreements, which continued with more or less bitterness during Mgr. de Laval's residence in Canada. From our twentieth century viewpoint they

appear unnecessary and trifling; but in fairness to the Bishop it is necessary for us to look not at outward circumstances alone, but at his underlying motives. By this it is evident that the honor and dignity the Bishop so steadfastly battled for were not sought for his personal gratification but for the Church whose faithful minister and representative he was.

All historians agree on the exemplary personal life of Bishop Laval. It was a continual fast; food, rest and sleep being reduced to the lowest possible limit. He was always the last to go to bed at night, and rose habitually at two o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, until his enfeebled frame in later life demanded an extra hour of rest. The long days were devoted to prayer and meditation, services in church and chapel, missionary and charitable labors. He denied himself of all but the barest necessities that he might have an unfailing fund for the assistance of the poor. When an epidemic of sickness broke out he ministered with his own hands to the suffering in the hospital, considering no task, however menial and revolting, as beneath him.

One cause of a long-continued dispute between the leaders of church and state was the sale of brandy to the Indians. Furs were paid for with brandy; this was indeed the common currency,

taking the place of money. But the effect of intoxicants on the Indians was frightful. They would give anything they possessed for drink, and under its influence they became madmen, committing all kinds of crime and violence. Its use was destructive to themselves and endangered the lives and property of all who came in contact with them.

Bishop Laval fought the brandy traffic by all means in his power, but the traders claimed that their business could not be carried on without it, and the contest was very bitter and long continued. In 1662 the Bishop went to France in order to obtain the support of the King. In this he succeeded beyond his hopes. Governor d'Avaugour who had sided with the merchants was recalled and replaced by M. de Mezy, and the traffic was put down.

Another very important result was accomplished by this expedition to France; for through the Bishop's influence Marquis de Tracy in charge of the famous Carignan regiment was sent to Canada to subdue the Iroquois. The expedition was successful, and the colony enjoyed eighteen years of peace. During this period many new colonists were brought over to Canada, and the country began to develop and prosper.

A work very dear to Bishop Laval's heart was the foundation of a seminary for the education and training of young men for the priesthood. A large

proportion of his income was devoted to the erection and maintenance of this institution. A smaller seminary was added in 1668 for preliminary instruction.

Much had been accomplished before 1674 when Mgr. de Laval was definitely appointed Bishop of Quebec. The two seminaries had been built and provision made for their support; a cathedral had been erected, and parishes or missions and numerous schools and educational or charitable institutions were established. Now at last his efforts were crowned with the fulfilment of his desire, and the people rejoiced with him.

Unhappily the larger and the smaller seminaries both were destroyed by fire in 1701. Rebuilding was at once begun, but a second fire consumed all the upper storeys of the new edifice a few years later.

In addition to this misfortune, which was a great grief to him, other troubles and distresses clouded the last years of Bishop Laval. Illness compelled him to resign his office and return for a time to France. Another bishop was appointed, but until his death in 1708 he continued, after his last return to Canada, to carry on his self-denying work. His death caused genuine grief throughout Canada. To-day the Laval University of Quebec, which "sprang from the seminary, as a fruit develops from a bud," is his best memorial.

CHAPTER XXXV

BISHOP STRACHAN AND THE UNIVERSITIES

On the deck of a westbound sailing vessel, many, many years ago, stood a young Scottish school teacher, watching the sunset.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," says the poet Longfellow, and John Strachan's were no exception. As he watched the August sun sink into the sea and the brilliant stars one by one appear in the wide expanse of sky, many thoughts passed through his earnest, active mind. He had taken a long farewell of his home and country and all that were dear to him. He was entirely alone, facing untried experiences among strangers in a far-off land.

With youth's overflowing enthusiasm and hopefulness he looked forward eagerly to whatever adventures might befall him in Canada, and to the larger opportunities for advancement in his chosen work that the future promised. Yet it was not the thirst for adventure, or personal ambition, that had been his guiding motive in seeking those distant shores. Rather it was love and devotion to his widowed mother and two sisters; for the position

he expected to take in Canada would enable him to provide for their needs more generously than was possible in his native land.

John's father had died when he was fourteen, and very little had been left for the support of the family. The boy was thus thrown upon his own resources. He immediately obtained for a short time the tutorship of two little children, and proudly carried his small earnings to his mother. He entered college in his native Aberdeen two years later, and by teaching during the long vacation—for the sessions lasted only five months—he was able to support himself and help the family too.

After taking his degree he taught in two different schools. From one of these, St. Andrews, he used to walk home for his harvest holiday, a distance of ninety miles, in order to save more for his mother.

Then came the offer from Canada which had appeared so bright a prospect. In Upper Canada some one was required to take charge of an academy which was afterwards to become a college. This position had been offered to Mr. Strachan. The salary promised was £80 a year, with free board and lodging, and all the expenses of the journey paid.

Mr. Strachan had been happy in his school at Kettle. He could have lived comfortably on the modest salary he was receiving if there had been no

home claims, and he would have preferred to remain there; but for the sake of those he loved and who needed more assistance than he could now give them he had not hesitated to become an exile.

There was plenty of time for long thoughts, and many of them, during that ocean voyage, for those were not the days of fast steamships. Moreover, contrary winds and calms made this voyage even more tedious than the average. Mr. Strachan, with a small supply of comforts, was to feel the chill winds and dreary rains of autumn, and to see the stinging winter snows fall hissing into the waves, long before he set foot upon the welcome land. It was, indeed, on the last day of the year 1799 that he reached Kingston, his destination.

Here a keen disappointment awaited him. The academy, he had through all these tedious months been picturing in his mind, did not exist—it was only a dream. Plans had been made for the building of such a school, but as yet not even the foundation stone was laid.

General Simcoe, who had originated the idea, had left the country, and there was no one left to carry out the scheme. It was felt by leading men that the Province was not yet ready for an institution like this. The people were too scattered and not wealthy enough to send their sons to school at a distance.

We can easily imagine the feelings of the young man when these circumstances were made known to him. In writing about it afterwards to a friend in England he said: "I was so beat down that, if I had been in possession of £20, I should have returned at once; but in truth I had not twenty shillings, and was therefore obliged to make the best of it."

The business of making the best of the unhappy situation was begun at once. In the home of Mr. Richard Cartwright, with whom he boarded, Mr. Strachan opened a little private school for boys, with twelve pupils to begin with. This little school was carried on happily for three years and a half, and soon became noted for the high quality of its instruction and management. Two of his pupils were sons of the Rev. Dr. Stuart, Rector of Kingston, and Dr. Stuart influenced Mr. Strachan to become a clergyman of the Church of England.

He started preaching at Cornwall, and as his duties as clergyman did not take up all his time he gradually began taking pupils. By and by this small beginning developed into a large and flourishing school. It was at Cornwall also that he married a gentle and very attractive young widow, Mrs. McGill, of Montreal.

In 1811 the University of Aberdeen gave him the title of Doctor of Divinity. The next year he

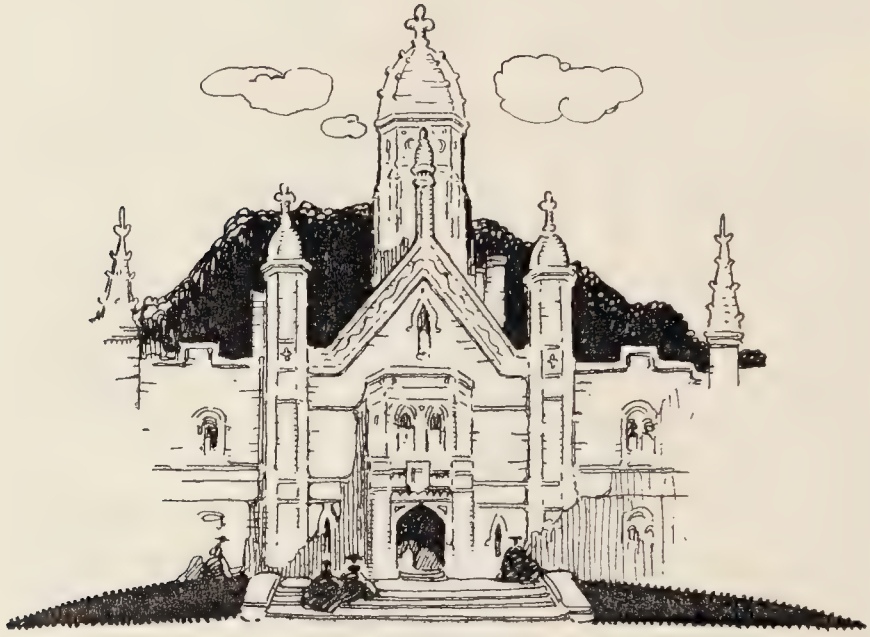
was offered the parish of York, as Toronto, which was then a little town of a few hundred inhabitants, was called. While he was on his way to the capital, War was declared between Canada and the United States. During the war Dr. Strachan, by his activity, courage and sympathy did much to protect the town and aid the poor and suffering.

With the growth of York from a small town to the city of Toronto, the power and influence of Dr. Strachan increased. He was always a zealous Churchman, never sparing himself in the performance of the duties that year by year grew heavier. By and by he was made Archdeacon of York, and still later, when the population of the Province had increased so that it was necessary to have another Bishop, Dr. Strachan was consecrated as the first Bishop of Toronto.

During all this time he had grown more and more interested in education. For years it had been his dream to have in Upper Canada a well-equipped college or university in which the youth of the country might be educated in the higher branches of learning, and all who wished to enter the ministry might be properly taught and trained.

Largely through his influence, Common and Grammar Schools, corresponding to our Public and High Schools of the present, were first established in suitable centres. Then the Government sent

Dr. Strachan to England to make arrangements for the proposed University. In this he was highly successful, a Royal Charter being obtained, and also a large grant of money for the erection and support of the College.



Trinity College.

In due time King's College was built in Toronto, and the work of education began at once. But not long was the good Bishop to rejoice in the fulfilment of his dream. Objections were raised to the denominational character of King's College—

for it began as a strictly Church of England institution. Before long this was all changed. It was newly named the University of Toronto, and the religious instruction was discontinued.

This was a bitter disappointment to the Bishop. To him religion was the foundation and crowning of all true education. To him, "The School, the College, the University, represented the approaches to the Church, and the Church was the vestibule of Heaven. They were the essential parts of a prescribed pathway through which mortal man might pass from 'the city of destruction' to 'the mount of God.'" Now, without the uplifting influence of religion in the halls of learning, he felt that all his bright hopes had fallen to dust.

No one could have blamed him in the least if, at this late period of his life, he had yielded to discouragement; but that had never been his way. At the age of seventy-two he undertook the task of beginning all over again to build a new college to be conducted according to the principles he had so deeply at heart.

This was made possible as the result of another successful trip to England, when sufficient means were by his earnest efforts procured. The foundation stone was laid by the Bishop, and work was soon begun. In January, 1852, Trinity College

was completed and formally opened, and has ever since then continued in the work of training young men for the Church of England ministry.

How much this country of ours owes to the unselfish dreams and persevering efforts of noble, high-souled men!

CHAPTER XXXVI

JAMES EVANS AND THE CREES

How wonderful it would be, and what a lot of time it would save, if somebody were to invent a plan by which boys and girls could learn to read in a few days! Among the Cree Indians of the West this marvellous thing really did come to pass. The Indians were just as surprised about it, and just as pleased, as you or I would have been in their place. The news spread far and wide, and for quite a while little else was talked about.

The man who invented this wonderful system was a Methodist minister, the Rev. James Evans. He was born in England, in 1801, but came to Canada when he was quite a young man. He lived for a while with his parents at La Chute, in Quebec, where he began teaching school. Here at the age of twenty-two he married Mary Smith, a bright, beautiful girl with whom he was very much in love, and who worked heart and soul with him when in later years he became a missionary.

In 1828 Mr. Evans began teaching an Indian school at Rice Lake, Ontario. When the young couple went there first there wasn't a single house in the district, nothing but wigwams, and they had

to live in a tent. Mr. Evans with his own hands built a log house, and then a school house, where he began teaching with forty Indian scholars.

He had already learned to speak the Ojibway language, and before a year was over he had translated seven chapters of the New Testament into Ojibway, besides teaching the children to read. He was an earnest Christian, and was very anxious to tell the Gospel story to these poor ignorant people.

In 1830 he became a minister, and a few years later was appointed to the St. Clair Mission, then to the Lake Superior region, and lastly, in 1840, to the Hudson Bay Territory. His home in this large mission was at Norway House, an important trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the north end of Lake Winnipeg. Many Indians gathered around this place, from the Peace and Mackenzie River districts as well as from the surrounding country. Nearly all of them were Crees, a branch of the great Algonquin race. They are a very fine type of Indian, both in appearance and intelligence. Their religion at that time was a kind of devil worship. They believed in a good Spirit, the Kissa-Manetoo, and an evil spirit, the Muche-Manetoo, and they thought they had to do all kinds of queer things to please this evil spirit so he would let them alone.

With his Bible in his hand Mr. Evans went

from wigwam to wigwam, and whenever he could he gathered them together to listen to the truths of Christianity and the love of God. Also from this centre he went on very long missionary journeys, from Lake Winnipeg and Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, and away to the farthest North. In summer he travelled chiefly by canoe and portage, and in winter by dog sled, of course facing many dangers and enduring much hardship.

Everywhere he won many converts, and was greatly beloved by the Indians. He wanted very much to teach them to read the Bible for themselves; but they were never for very long at a time in one place, for their food consisted mainly of game and fish, and they had to be continually moving about to new hunting grounds. If they only had a Bible or Testament to carry with them—one they could read and understand!

For a long time wherever he went and whatever he did, Mr. Evans carried this thought with him. He studied and dreamed and prayed over it continually. It seemed to him that there should be a way out of the difficulty, if only he could find it. While he was pondering the matter the thought suddenly flashed into his mind, "Why cannot a simpler, easier method of learning to read be invented than our old, slow, cumbersome one with the alphabet?"

Now he had a real idea to work on, and it took complete possession of his mind. Yet the idea was so hard to put into practical shape that at times it seemed only a delusion or a dream. But at last he worked out the problem, as many another great inventor has done, by concentrated thought and tireless perseverance.

"He invented new signs, easy to write . . . . "

After carefully studying the language he discovered that there were just thirty-six principal sounds, or syllables. These he arranged in rhythmic order—something that a boy could sing off easily and not soon forget.

The next thing was to invent a way of writing down these syllables without using the English alphabet. Mr. Evans had a good knowledge of

shorthand, and that helped him in this part of his problem. He did not use the shorthand signs or characters, but invented new ones, easy to write and to recognize at a glance. This was not accomplished without a good deal of experimenting. When he found out how easily he could, by this means, write down Indian conversations and his Cree Translations of parts of the Bible and of beautiful hymns, his happiness was beyond words to express.

Next he tested out his new system on the Indians themselves, and this must indeed have multiplied his delight. He wrote his alphabet of signs and some Bible selections on sheets of birch bark—for there was no writing paper to be had—and then to a few promising pupils he gave the first necessary lessons. When they found out how this magic birch bark could "talk" to them they were simply amazed, and their hearts were filled with joy. They could talk of nothing else.

The system is marvellously easy to learn. No spelling is required, for there are just as many syllabic characters, or letters, in a word as there are syllables. All one has to do is to learn the alphabet, and in a very short time he can read!

So far, so good! The next step was to invent and manufacture a printing press. Having succeeded in the more difficult task, you may be sure

Mr. Evans did not fail in this, although he had so few materials to work with. To begin with, he carved the letters out of polished oak and also out of plates of hardened lead. With these after many experiments he made moulds, or hollow forms, in soft clay into which he poured melted lead to form the type. He begged from the fur-traders quantities of the thin sheets of lead used in tea chests to melt down for his purpose. The traders also lent him a jack screw, and after a while he succeeded in making a very good printing press.

He made ink out of chimney soot mixed with sturgeon oil, and for paper he used thin sheets of birch bark which the Indian women collected in large piles for him. How it fascinated them to see the clean white sheets go into the machine and come out covered with the magic letters that talked to them about the Great Spirit!

Little books were made with about twelve pages stitched in deer-skin covers. Each contained the alphabet, some passages from the New Testament, and a few hymns. These little books were carried by their proud and happy possessors to the distant hunting grounds and read by the light of the camp fires. Boys and girls, men and women, from six years old up to ninety, were eager scholars, and nearly every scholar became a teacher, anxious to pass on this wonderful gift to others. Thus the

new learning and the Gospel message spread far and wide.

When the news reached England, the Wesleyan Missionary Society sent for a set of the syllabic letters. These they sent to a type foundry and had a large quantity of type made. This, with a good hand press and all other necessary materials, as well as a large sum of money, they sent out to Mr. Evans, so that he was enabled to carry on his great work more rapidly.

Mr. Evans' system is still in use. The British and Foreign Bible Society now supply Bibles and Testaments free to all the Northern missions of several denominations. The system has also been used for other tribes as well as the Cree, new letters or signs being added for the additional sounds found in other languages.

Mr. Evans continued to be very happy in the success of his work, but he had much trouble and sorrow in his later years. He died very suddenly in England in 1846, and was laid to rest in his home town of Hull.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DR. RAND AND THE MICMACS

As James Evans had given the Bible to the Cree Indians in the West, so Dr. Rand gave it to the Micmacs of the Maritime Provinces. Yet the work of each was entirely different. Dr. Rand's was a much slower process, both as regards his own work and that of the Indians he taught, for he did not hit upon such a magically quick method as that of Dr. Evans. This, no doubt, was in a large measure due to the difference in the languages, the Micmac being a very intricate and difficult one to learn.

Dr. Rand's method was first to learn the speech thoroughly, then to put it down in writing, using the English alphabet for this purpose. Having sufficiently mastered the language in this way, he made a Micmac dictionary of 40,000 words, and translated into Micmac the whole New Testament and part of the Old. Also he made a Grammar and a Reading Book. The British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Canadian Government, supplied money for the printing of some of these books, for Dr. Rand was never very well off and could not have printed them without assistance. It was a great achievement, a labor of love; but Dr. Rand did much personal missionary work as well.

DR. RAND AND THE MICMACS

Silas Tertius Rand was born at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in 1810. We know little about his school days, but in early manhood he was a farmer and stone mason—with dreams of wider fields and more enduring mansions, no doubt. At the age of twenty-three he entered the Academy at Wolfville. He was not able to remain at college very long, but no opportunities during his short term were wasted. Here he had his first lesson in Latin. He must have taken a particular delight in languages, for in time he became a good Latin scholar, and was more or less familiar with German, Italian, Spanish and Portugese. The Micmac, which he had to learn without books or teachers other than the uncultured Indians themselves, was the most difficult of all.

Though for a time he returned to his work as mason, Dr. Rand never gave up his studies, and before very long the call came to him to lay down his trowel and take up the work of preaching instead. He was ordained and became the pastor of the Baptist Church at Parrsboro. He then also began to study Greek and Hebrew that he might understand the Bible more perfectly. In 1838 he married Jane McNutt, and they had one daughter.

For several years he continued studying and preaching at different centres. It was at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, that he began his work

as special missionary to the Micmacs. In 1846 several missionaries were sent to foreign lands from the Maritime Provinces, and one day Professor Chipman, of Acadia, made a very wise and very fortunate suggestion to Dr. Rand.

"We have plenty of heathen in our own country," he said. "You have made rapid progress in learning languages, Mr. Rand. Why couldn't you learn the Indian language and give the Gospel to them?"

This idea was like good seed planted in good ground; it took root at once in Mr. Rand's mind, and the results turned out to be beyond what either of them could have dreamed at the time. Mr. Rand at once determined that if necessary he would devote his life to the work. He kept on doing his usual work as pastor, but spent all the time he could spare on his study of Micmac. This study was made somewhat easier to him through the help given him by Joe Brooks, a French-Canadian who as a *coureur de bois* had lived with the Indians long enough to understand thoroughly their language and ways. Mr. Rand used to question Joe by the hour at a time, and write down his answers.

The Micmac language is not easy to learn. The words have so many changes according to their place and use in the sentence. Mr. Rand's Dictionary of 40,000 words does not include all these

forms, by a long way, but only what he calls the *ground forms* are given. He tells us that "The conjugation of a single Micmac verb would make a large book. It would have to contain about 15,000 forms." Very many of the words are long and hard to spell. Here are a few samples:

Naooktedadumeedich—to agree
Keseooleamooksoode—beauty
Nowskipkamaalow—bobolink

Now I am sure you do not envy Micmac boys and girls who have to learn spelling and grammar.

It took Mr. Rand many years to learn the language and to make his books. In spite of his natural love of study the work often grew extremely wearisome, and many a less courageous man would have given it up a hundred times over. Besides, many of the Indians were filthy and degraded, and his personal work among them was often distasteful.

For fifteen years he was too busy to keep up the diary he had begun, but from a few brief entries we can get some idea of his difficulties. On one occasion he wrote: "I am required 'to be found faithful'; this is a great matter; but I am not required to be found 'successful!' I prayed earnestly this morning for grace to overcome all reluctance to labor among the Indians."

And again: "I feel a shrinking from attacking the Micmac. My head was so whirled about with that language when the fever came on that I seem to want to rest from it for a while."

The Micmac Mission was organized in 1849. A meeting was held in Halifax to discuss the matter. Here Mr. Rand was the principal speaker. He alone had any personal knowledge of the work and the language, and he was filled with a burning desire to devote his life to it. He was very pleasing in his appearance and manner. It was also said of him that he was a born orator and didn't know it. We cannot wonder, then, that others quickly caught his enthusiasm. The Mission was formed, with Mr. Rand as missionary to the Micmacs.

He was promised a salary, but had to get it as best he might, by special appeals to audiences at a distance from his work. He soon grew tired of this, and adopted the new plan of making his wants known to God alone. After that money always came to him, not in overflowing measure, but sufficient for the support of his family and his work.

In later years Mr. Rand received three university degrees—LL.D. from Queen's College, D.D. from Acadia, and D.C.L. from King's. These honors were given as a recognition of his great work.

On account of the difficulty of this language

and the lack of Indian schools, learning among the Micmacs did not spread so rapidly as had been the case among the Crees. During Dr. Rand's life time, however, scores had learned to read the Bible and hundreds had heard it read. Before this they had not known that such a Book as the Bible existed. Results were abundantly shown in their improved lives, more comfortable homes, and changes for the better in many ways.

In the autumn of 1890 Dr. Rand, at the age of eighty years, passed to the "Sun-bright Clime" of which he has so sweetly sung in one of his hymns —for he was a poet as well as a preacher and linguist.

Have you heard, have you heard of that sun-bright clime,
Undimmed by tears and uncursed by crime?
There death no more hath the power to reign,
For they live forever, and they know no pain,—
Have you heard of that sun-bright clime?

. . . . .

A river of water gushes there
Midst flowers of beauty strangely rare,
And rich-plumed songsters flit through the bowers
Of the tree of life on those golden shores,
Over there in that sun-bright clime.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE STORY OF BISHOP BOMPAS

There are no more inspiring records of heroism than those to be found in the history of Christian missions. Men of widely differing creeds have willingly endured long-continued poverty and incredible hardships, and many have without flinching suffered martyrdom for the cause of Christ. Among Canadian missionaries, Bishop Bompas, the "Apostle of the North," affords a splendid example of unselfish and untiring devotion throughout a long life of service.

William Carpenter Bompas, born in London, 1834, was a young deacon in the Church of England. He had been preaching and teaching for about six years when Bishop Anderson of Rupert's Land came and preached a stirring missionary sermon in London. He told of the vast wilderness of Canada where the Gospel had never been heard. He told also of a brave young missionary, Rev. Robert McDonald, in a lonely spot on the Yukon River. This man's health was failing, and the Bishop appealed for some one to go and relieve him.

The appeal stirred the heart of Mr. Bompas, who had long cherished an ambition to be a missionary.

He offered himself, was accepted by the Church Missionary Society, and at once ordained to the priesthood. In three weeks, on the last day of June, 1865, he started on the long journey of 8,000 miles.

He was told that he would not be likely to reach his destination before the winter, and no one had yet taken the hard journey northward in the severe weather; but Mr. Bompas determined to try to reach Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, by Christmas Day. By steamer, railway, canoe and ox cart, he at length arrived at the Red River. Here he waited for a time to go with the Hudson Bay Company men on their northward journey. There were four boats, each rowed by seven or eight men, mostly Indians.

In October, after about two months' hard travelling, they reached Portage La Loche. Here, as the boats were going no farther, Mr. Bompas engaged a canoe and two French half-breeds. They pushed bravely on, battling with bleak winds and storms, water freezing on their clothes, canoe and paddles, and drifting ice impeding their way. At night they camped on the desolate shore, made a fire, partook of a scanty meal and slept on a bed of brush spread over the snow.

Eight days of this, and they reached Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca. Here the missionary might have stayed in comfort for months, but

no; with a large canoe and three Indian lads he pushed on.

The fury of winter broke over the little crew, but they never gave up the struggle. When the river became a solid mass of ice they left the canoe and went on foot by a winding and difficult route through the bleak forest, until at last they reached Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. Here they waited until the ice was firm enough on the Lake to cross with dogs and snowshoes, then on again, to Big Island.

From this point Mr. Bompas accompanied the mail carriers on their way to Fort Simpson, where they arrived on Christmas Day in time for the morning service. The missionary had realized his long-cherished wish. That this brought joy to others as well as to himself is shown in a letter written by Rev. W. W. Kirkby, who was in charge of the Fort. Mr. Kirkby writes:

"You will imagine, better than I can tell, what a delight and surprise the unexpected arrival of Mr. Bompas was to us. He reached us in health and safety on Christmas morning, making the day doubly happy by his presence and the glad tidings that he brought. He was a Christmas-box indeed, and one for which we thank God with a full heart. The entire unexpectedness of his coming caused us to see in it more of the loving-kindness of our God. Such a thing as an arrival here in winter is never thought of, nor had it ever before occurred."

Having learned that Mr. McDonald had re-

covered from his illness and was able to continue his work, Mr. Bompas remained at Fort Simpson till Easter. Then he went on to Fort Norman, on the Mackenzie River, where with the aid of a schoolmaster he taught the Indians, visited their camps, and spent much time in mastering their language.

All his life Mr. Bompas had been an earnest student, with a special aptitude for languages, and now in his studies he made rapid progress. Before long he was able to teach and preach to them effectively and to enter into their lives and thoughts. Not only this but he soon began the important work of translating portions of the Bible, hymns, prayers, etc., into the Indian language. When we consider that there were several different dialects we can appreciate the great amount of work this must have required. These translations were printed in England, and proved to be a splendid help in the work.

After some time it was decided to give Mr. Bompas a "roving commission;" that is, he was to travel and labor wherever the need seemed greatest, not being held to any one particular locality. This entirely suited his wishes, and proved to be an excellent arrangement.

The country in which he labored is a region about one million square miles in extent. The great Mackenzie River, the Yukon, the Peace, the

Athabasca, and other rivers and lakes formed highways of travel. Here and there upon their banks and shores were situated occasional solitary trading posts or settlements, many miles apart.

Travelling, by canoe and portage, or afoot through the forests, in the summer, and in the winter chiefly by dog team, was always wearisome and difficult. Food was sometimes scarce, and there were times of famine when many died of hunger. Cold and wet and fatigue, snow-blindness, torture of mosquitoes—all were met in the same brave, patient spirit. Nothing mattered so long as the poor children of the wilderness were being turned from their pagan darkness to the light of the Gospel.

The missionary could not stay to minister very long in any one place; he must sow the precious seed and pass on to others. Yet his heart was cheered by seeing the fruits of his labors. Though many were slow and indifferent, many gladly received his instruction, and a real change of heart was manifested in their purer, gentler and happier lives. The Indians of the south and west and the Eskimos of the far north received in turn his ministrations. Also through his guidance and efforts farms were established in a number of places, and these helped to ward off the danger of famine.

In 1873 the vast diocese was divided into four

parts, and Mr. Bompas was called home to England to be consecrated as Bishop of Athabasca. On his return he brought with him a wife, a noble, self-sacrificing woman who shared his labors, sufferings and joys until the end of his life.

After twenty years of unceasing labor in the North, the three missionaries had been increased to eleven, ten stations were occupied and six churches built, besides the important progress in translation. Still for many years more the splendid work grew and prospered, and important changes were made. The aged couple witnessed the rush to the Klondyke gold fields in 1898, and the Bishop found it less satisfying to work among the whites at Dawson than among his more responsive Indians.

In 1906, at their last home in Carcross, the venerable Bishop died very suddenly. In the words of Tennyson, "God's finger touched him and he slept."

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE STORY OF JAMES ROBERTSON

While Bishop Bompas was toiling among the Indians and Eskimos in the far North, Dr. James Robertson, another missionary hero, was laying broad and deep the foundations of the Presbyterian Church in Western Canada. He was a man who had the reputation of doing whatever he set out to do, of getting whatever he went after. Nothing could daunt or turn him from his purpose, and the amount of splendid work he crowded into the span of one short life of scarcely sixty-three years is amazing.

In Scotland, in a beautiful valley through which runs the River Tay, is a quaint, straggling village named Dull. Here James Robertson was born, on the 24th of April, 1839. He was anything but a "dull" boy, you may well believe. His mother soon discovered that of all her six children, James was the most promising. For several years his attendance at school was very irregular, for there were many things a boy could do on the farm, and frequent demands were made upon him. But he was an eager and ambitious student, with a wonderful memory, and was particularly quick in arith-

metic, geometry and Latin, and in spite of disadvantages his progress at the parish school was remarkable.

Ralph Connor (Rev. C. W. Gordon), who worked with him for many years in the Canadian mission field, tells the following story, which shows the spirit in which, all his life, he met and overcame all difficulties:

"When he was about sixteen, a problem that had given some trouble in the college at Edinburgh was sent down to the master at Dull.

" 'If any of them can solve it,' said the master, 'it will be Robertson.' And to Robertson he gave it, who took it home and fell upon it. When his father was going to bed that night he said to his boy: 'Are you not comin' to bed, lad?'

" 'Yes, after a while,' replied the boy, hardly looking up from his slate. But when next morning the father came in to light the fire, James rose from the spot where he had been left sitting the night before, with the solution of the problem in his hands. No wonder that he was the delight and pride of the master and of his fellows in the school!"

James' father, though a hard-working man, was never very prosperous. Mrs. Robertson had a brother in Canada who was doing well, and at last the Robertsons determined to seek their fortunes too in the far-off land.

Just at this time the chance of a college education came to James, if he would remain behind. This chance was offered by the trustees of a certain bequest, or legacy, left by a rich man for the purpose of educating bright boys in the district.

There was a struggle between ambition and family love, and love won out. They all decided that James could not be left behind. What a happy relief this decision must have been to the gentle and tender-hearted though high-spirited boy! Much as he loved study, to be left alone so far from his own people and not to share in the great adventure would have been a sore hardship. So James went with the rest. The family settled near James McCallum, Mrs. Robertson's brother, on a farm in the township of East Oxford, Ontario.

The boy did not lose his education after all, but of course he had to work hard for it. The first year was spent in labors on the farm and in chopping and hauling wood, but the following summer for a few weeks he walked six miles to school at Woodstock. Then he tried the teachers' examination, passed, and at the age of eighteen began teaching at the Corner School in East Zorra.

Of course he was a successful teacher. What else could we expect? He inspired the boys and girls with his own enthusiasm for work, and kept them too busy to think of much mischief.

While at this school he boarded at the house of a distiller. Temperance was not advocated so strongly then as it is to-day, and young Robertson had not been brought up to see any wrong in taking a drink of whiskey now and then. But what he saw at this distillery—how even the purest and best brew made beasts of men, turning the kindliness of social gatherings into revelry and brawling —made him a total abstainer for the rest of his life.

While at the Corner School he united with the Presbyterian Church at Woodstock. From early childhood he had been possessed of deep religious feeling and reverence for all things sacred; and now he was more than ever in dead earnest. With characteristic courage and energy he assumed the responsibilities of Church membership. He taught a class in Sunday School, and even became a sort of missionary to a number of Gaelic-speaking people from Cape Breton, conducting services for them in their own language.

From the Corner School he went to a larger school at Innerkip, and while there he decided to become a minister. From this time forth he bent all his energies to the accomplishment of his purpose.

At Innerkip, too, he became engaged to Miss Cowing. Many years passed before they could be married, for Mr. Robertson had first to earn his college expenses and complete a long course of study

and training for the ministry. At last, however, they were married, and loved each other faithfully to the end.

Mr. Robertson's college education was carried on partly at the Toronto University, and partly at Princeton and New York. Before the close of this course he had been licensed to preach, and tempting offers were received from New York churches; but he decided for the less promising and more remote fields of Canada. After his marriage and ordination he began his pastoral life at Norwich, Ontario.

This is only the beginning of his story, and how can I tell you the middle and the end? For it is a record which fills a large volume.

After a few busy and happy years at Norwich he was called to Knox Church, Winnipeg. Here his preaching and personality were so powerful, and his missionary enterprise so vigorous and far-reaching, that the General Assembly appointed him as first Superintendent of Missions for Western Canada.

In fulfilment of that office, for many years, heedless of toils and hardships and dangers, he travelled back and forth throughout the length and breadth of the great West, to the remotest outposts of civilization. By his deep sympathy and understanding, and by his urgent, unconquerable enthusiasm for Christ and the Church, Mr. Robertson

organized missions, built churches, and sent out ministers, not by tens and twenties but by the hundreds.

Vast sums of money were required for this great work, and this, too, the Superintendent secured; for he had a remarkable faculty of making others see, as he himself did so vividly, the blessedness of giving, as well as the great need and importance of the work. His special gift was that of organizing; that is, getting other people to work together in a common cause—a very valuable gift. In 1888 the Presbyterian College of Montreal honored him with the title of Doctor of Divinity.

At last, in January, 1902, this unresting, self-sacrificing laborer, universally beloved and soon to be mourned all over Canada, finished his last day's work. "I am done out," he said to his wife, as the pen dropped from his tired fingers. Swiftly and silently the last great call had come: "Friend, go up higher."

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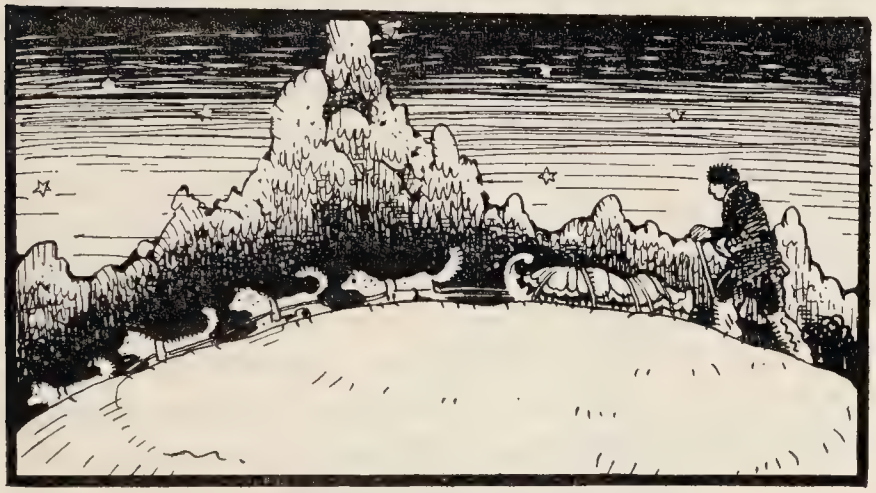
CHAPTER XL

THE STORY OF JOHN McDOUGALL

John McDougall, Methodist missionary in the Great West, was the son of Rev. George McDougall, also a pioneer missionary of honored memory, known as "the hero of the Saskatchewan." In John McDougall was a blending of sturdy, enterprising races, his mother being English, and his father a Scotch-Canadian, one of the first settlers of Owen Sound, Ontario, where John was born in 1842. Here his father, whose early life had offered few educational advantages, was licensed as a local preacher, and began his notable career. His mission was to the wild and lawless Indians, first of the Georgian Bay and Lake Superior districts, then farther north and west, so that John's childhood and early youth were spent in the very midst of the work that became so eminently his own.

In 1860 George McDougall was appointed to Norway House, at Rossville, a post on the north of Lake Winnipeg. He was also made Chairman of Missions in this distant land. Here he remained for three years, making extensive missionary journeys, then moved to Victoria on the Saskatchewan River, and still later to Edmonton.

During these years John had grown up to be his father's right-hand man, and a strenuous life he led—hunting and fishing to procure food, travelling long distances by dog-sled, saddle or snow-shoes, crossing bridgeless rivers, cutting down trees for fuel or to build lodges in the wilderness, facing hardships and dangers innumerable, always with a



"Travelling long distance by dog-sled."

buoyant spirit and never-failing resourcefulness. For a time he taught an Indian school at Norway House.

Then in 1865 his father strongly urged him to establish a mission at Pigeon Lake, in Alberta. The Board of Missions in the East had not yet given their consent to this scheme, or even signified their approval. Indeed, for two years the young mis-

sionary maintained this far West post without the aid of a single dollar from the Board.

"You can live where any man can," said the Chairman, and John was content to follow his father's desires in the matter.

Before setting out on this enterprise he married the daughter of Rev. H. B. Steinhauer, of Whitefish Lake, whom he had met a few years before. Having returned with his bride to Victoria, he set out by dog train for the new mission. The party consisted of the bride and groom, with a trusted Indian and his wife. It was a long journey, in the middle of March when the season was breaking up and the trail very difficult. Moreover, on the way the two women were taken very ill with measles, of which there had lately been an epidemic among the Indians. This delayed them for some time, as a rude shelter had to be built and the sick, with neither medicine nor proper food, nursed slowly back to a degree of health sufficient to enable them to continue on their way. It was an anxious time for the young missionary, but at last they arrived safely at Pigeon Lake.

There was, of course, no "parsonage" ready for their reception. This was a popular stopping place for the Indians, but even they did not usually remain longer than two weeks at a time. The very first task was that of cutting down trees and build-

ing a house to serve both as a habitation and as a church in which to gather the pagan congregation —mostly Crees and Mountain Stonies—for instruction in Christianity.

John McDougall had been brought up in the midst of Indians, and could speak the Cree language better even than his own. This was an advantage to him beyond all reckoning. His understanding of their hearts as well as their speech, his unfailing sympathy and readiness to help them at all times, his high-principled, whole-hearted service to God and man, together with his skill in hunting and all the natural crafts of the Indians, made them regard him as their own especial advocate and friend. To the Indians he was simply "John," and this name came to be, over a vast area thousands of square miles in extent, a sort of "open sesame" to hearts and lodges of even the most ferocious tribes.

The McDougalls did not make a permanent home at Pigeon Lake, for by the end of autumn the wandering tribes were gone, and they returned to Victoria for the winter. In the spring, however, the mission was resumed. On this second season's work John relates:

"We held meetings twice a day, and I might almost say, all day Sunday. What our ministrations lacked in quality they fully made up in quantity. And some of those simple services were blessed seasons where souls were born

into the Kingdom of our Christ. The conjurer might sing and drum as he would, and the intensely conservative pagan decry us as he pleased, our work kept growing as the weeks passed in quick succession, one camp going and another coming to take its place, and we putting in our best efforts to sow the seeds of Christianity. . . . There was no rest night or day while these people were beside us."

Winter and summer the work was carried on with unceasing ardor and energy. This work did not consist in travelling and preaching merely. Preaching was as a general rule done on Sundays and in the evenings after a long day of most arduous toil. Preaching stations—that is, places where a congregation could be gathered—were often hundreds of miles apart. The procuring of food was an ever present problem and burden, and the missionary, by the sweat of his brow—unless the cold was too intense for sweat—must bestir himself to keep the hunger-wolf from the door. There were no stores in those outposts of civilization, at least, not for hundreds of miles. Wheat flour or meal were for months unknown luxuries, and the people lived almost entirely on fish and game.

Since there was neither bread nor potatoes, nor in fact anything else to go along with it, the amount of flesh food consumed was enormous. All kinds of animals were used as food, even to skunks and wild cats, but the buffalo was the main dependence. Buffaloes roamed the great western plains in vast num-

bers in those days, but they were great wanderers and were not to be had at all seasons.

John McDougall was an expert buffalo hunter. On his swift, sure-footed mount, many and many a fine fat animal did he shoot and "butcher," and many a hair-breadth escape did he have, from a stunning fall, or from an enraged bull that turned on him at close quarters. Times were not rare when his skill as a hunter was all that stood between his family and starvation.

There were adventures, too, with unfriendly Indians, especially the bloodthirsty Blackfeet tribe who roamed about seeking human scalps. Even among these, however, "John's" name and reputation carried safety.

Journeys of hundreds of miles in the depth of winter over trackless plains, across swollen torrents and rocky ravines, through blinding blizzards, or still, clear cold, often with a short allowance of food or none at all, or depending entirely on the fortunes of the chase—these were common occurrences. He thus describes one of the "hotels of the North":

> "The traveller locates the thickest clump of trees in the centre of which he makes his resting-place. After shovelling away the snow, the ground is covered with boughs, a few branches stuck up in the rear, and a fire in front, the roof the one erected by the Great Architect, and the wayfarer's home is complete."

The splendor of the heavens, often illuminated by

the Northern Lights, was a continual delight to him on such occasions, for his eyes were always open to the beauties of nature. Again he comments on the intense cold:

"Pile on the logs as we would, still the cold was bound to assert itself and our clothing alternately steamed and froze as we turned before that fire. Pemmican and hot tea went a long way towards heating the internal man, and the great fire did something for our extremities. But the cold was omnipresent. In great chunks, in morsels, in atoms, it was all about us. You could reach out and grasp it. You could shiver in your clothes and feel it. You could almost smell it and see it, and you could hear it plainly enough as with might and force it strained the very earth and made the forest monarchs crack as if these were so many ends to its lash."

John McDougall passed creditably through the distressing period of the Riel rebellion and the small-pox epidemic that occurred the same year, robbing him of three sisters, one of them adopted. He fought the whiskey traffic, and helped to pave the way for the Mounted Police, who established forts at MacLeod and Edmonton in 1874.

Meanwhile he had passed through many and varied experiences. Three children had been born to him, he had lost his wife, and on a holiday trip in Ontario had married another. He had been ordained at the little village of Winnipeg, Lord Strathcona and other notable men being present at the service, and had been sent to establish a new mis-

sion on the Bow River, not far from the foothills of the Rockies. Here his father, who had come to spend the winter with him at Morley, got separated from a hunting party and perished in the snow.

John McDougall spent many more years in his chosen field, in active and valuable service to both church and government, for it was maintained that he knew more about frontier life and the Indians than any man living. He is at this time of writing (1926), superannuated, and enjoying a well-earned respite from his many toils and privations. He is the author of several books in which he had given vivid and fascinating accounts of his work and adventures.

CHAPTER XLI

JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE

In Exeter Cathedral, England, may be seen a memorial tablet "Sacred to the Memory of John Graves Simcoe." After particulars of his military rank and age, this inscription follows:

> "In whose life and character the virtues of the hero, the patriot, and the Christian were so eminently conspicuous, that it may be justly said, he served his King and his country with a zeal only exceeded by his piety toward God."

Such a man was the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and a brief record of his career cannot fail to be of interest among these annals of dauntless deeds and heroic lives.

Simcoe's father, a naval officer who was Commander of the ship *Pembroke,* lost his life in the expedition against Quebec in 1759, and soon after that event, Mrs. Simcoe with her young son went to live at Exeter. John Graves received a good education at Exeter, Eton and Oxford, and entered the army, with an Ensign's commission, at the age of nineteen.

In 1775 he was sent to America, where the Revolutionary War was in progress. The boy had studied history to some purpose, and had eagerly devoured every tale of war; he had natural military ability, strong patriotism, and unbounded energy,

and it was natural that he should soon receive promotion.

In 1777 he was in command of a company of the 40th regiment, which he led in the battle of Brandywine. In this battle he so distinguished himself as to win the approval of the British Commander, Sir William Howe, and was shortly afterwards promoted to the rank of Major and given command of the Queen's Rangers.

The Queen's Rangers was a small regiment composed of light horsemen and light infantry. They were specially organized for skirmishing and rapid movement, their duties being principally those of scouts. When Major Simcoe took command of the Rangers they had been considerably reduced from their former muster of 400, but they were all active young men, full of love for the service, and ambitious to win honor to their cause and to themselves.

Major Simcoe took immediate steps to increase their numbers and efficiency. He maintained a keen pride in their reputation, not only for skill and courage but also for absolute honesty and good conduct, and his high idealistic spirit communicated itself to the soldiers under his command. A company of Highlanders and an Irish company, as well as deserters from the rebel army, were from time to time added to the Rangers, and these varied elements

blended harmoniously to form a strong, dependable unit, always noble in behaviour and prominent in loyal service.

Major Simcoe was at all times emphatically opposed to plunder and marauding, and careful to afford protection to the people of the country through which his regiment passed. When it was necessary to forage for supplies for the army, the people from whom cattle and other produce were obtained were in due time fully recompensed.

He was also especially careful to protect the interests and retain the friendship of the Indians. In this way he won their confidence and support, and a real and lasting friendship existed between Simcoe and the famous Indian Chief, Joseph Brant, or Thayendanegea, Captain of the Six Nations.

We must pass briefly over Simcoe's military career, though it was a very important and interesting period of his life. The many engagements in which the Queen's Rangers, led by their able and spirited young commander, took part, their successful strategies, unwearied energy and endurance, and the many occasions on which they won highly favorable commendation from Headquarters, would fill many pages. A few leading facts, however, must be noted.

In October, 1799, Simcoe, while engaged in an enterprise to entice a body of the enemy by strategy

into an ambuscade, was himself surprised, stunned, and taken prisoner, and his own men for a time believed him to be killed. He remained in captivity until the end of the year. This misfortune brought forth some interesting correspondence between Simcoe and various officials, not only of the Loyalists but also of the Revolutionists. The following letter from Lieutenant J. Wilson shows how highly he was esteemed by officers and men:

"Richmond, October 28, 1779.

"Yesterday and the part of the day before there was nothing but the picture of distress in every countenance, but this morning the soldiers are shouting 'the father of the Rangers is alive;' in short, nothing can exceed the joy which appears in the countenance of officers and soldiers, and prayers for your speedy recovery; but none can possibly be more sincere than those of, etc.,

"J. WILSON."

On the last day of December, in response to a direct appeal from Simcoe, then Lieutenant-Colonel, to General Washington, an exchange of prisoners was effected, and Simcoe obtained his release.

During the following year a most unhappy event occurred. Major Andre, Adjutant-General of the British forces, and a special friend of Lieut.-Col. Simcoe, in negotiating for the surrender of West Point, fell a victim to the treachery of Benedic Arnold, an unscrupulous and traitorous officer of the American forces. The story is too

long to tell here in detail, but the result was that Major Andre was captured within the American lines, and unjustly condemned as a spy.

Simcoe endeavored to secure the release of his friend, and he and the Queen's Rangers held themselves ready to seize any opportunity of rescuing him; but all efforts were without avail, and he was executed. Simcoe regarded his unjust sentence and death as a murder, and for some time by his orders the Queen's Rangers, who personally knew and highly esteemed Major Andre, wore black and white feathers in mourning for him.

When the Revolutionists won their cause and peace was signed, Simcoe's health was quite broken down from incessant fatigue of body and mind. He went to England on parole, but was soon given full release, and in time was restored to health.

At that important period in Canadian history when Upper and Lower Canada, now Ontario and Quebec, became separate provinces, and were given a larger measure of self-government than Canada had formerly enjoyed, John Graves Simcoe was chosen as the first Lieutenant-Governor. No better choice could have been made. His former military career had made him thoroughly acquainted with the country and the people; he was in absolute sympathy with the United Empire Loyalists who now formed so large a portion of the population; he had

the sympathy and confidence of the Indians, and was honored and trusted by all who had known him personally or whom his wide-spread reputation had reached. Moreover, at the time of the passing of the Constitutional Act he was a member of the

Niagara in early days.

British parliament, and had a perfect knowledge of the aims of Britain with reference to the newly organized provinces.

From the very moment of his appointment, even before setting foot on the soil, Simcoe took a keen interest in the welfare of the province, and on his arrival he was accorded a hearty welcome. Not until the following year, July 1792, did he completely organize his government. The preliminary

meetings were held at Kingston, but Newark, now Niagara, was made the capital of the province.

Here the Governor resided in Navy Hall—not a palace, by any means. The house has been described by one of his titled guests as "a small, miserable, wooden house, which was formerly occupied by the commissaries." There is no doubt, however, that this humble residence was duly graced by the presence of the Governor and his artist wife, formerly Miss Guillem, whom he had married after his return to England at the close of the war. Mrs. Simcoe made many excellent sketches of places of interest, and some of these are still preserved in Canada.

The first parliament was opened with due ceremony in September, and lasted a little less than a month. In this brief time eight Acts were passed. Two of them established English Civil Law and Trial by Jury, and all were of a practical nature, aiming at the development of the country.

The Governor's first few years in Canada were largely occupied with efforts to conciliate the Indians, who were dissatisfied with the small territory left to them and threatened war with the American nation. To retain their confidence and at the same time maintain peace with the new Republic was no easy task, but Simcoe managed the affairs creditably, and war was happily averted.

Another important undertaking was the establishing of the capital of the province at York, as Toronto now came to be called in honor of the Duke of York, the King's son.

Simcoe realized the importance of opening up the country by means of good roads. During his sojourn in Canada, Yonge Street, extending from York to Lake Simcoe, was surveyed and constructed; and Dundas Street was begun. This would doubtless have been completed according to his intention, running from one end of the province to the other, but in 1796 Simcoe was recalled and sent on an important mission to St. Domingo (Hayti).

Lieutenant-General Simcoe did not return to Canada, but died in England in November, 1806, at the age of fifty-four.

CHAPTER XLII

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

There is one man whose name should not be forgotten so long as Canada lasts. For many, many years he was spoken of lovingly by hundreds of thousands of Canadians as "John A." At the same time, I suppose there were many who hated him, or thought they did. You see, when a man is the leader of one party, he is not particularly liked by the persons on the other side. It is just like taking sides with your football team, or hockey team, or baseball team—you think your side and your captain the best.

So there were some people who liked "John A." and some who didn't, but I do not think there is anybody to-day who would say that he was not a great man, or that he did not do a great deal for Canada.

The Canadian poet, the late Wilfred Campbell, in writing of Sir John said: "He will live for ever in Canadian history as the supreme father of Confederation." That is, he had more to do in helping to join together the different Provinces of British North America and make them into one country—the Dominion of Canada—than any other man.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on January 11, 1815, and had two brothers and two sisters also born there. His people came to Canada when he was five years old and his father started a store in Kingston. A few years later the family moved to Hay Bay, then to Stone Mills, and afterwards back to Kingston.

"John was fond of playing soldiers."

As a little boy, John was fond of playing soldier. His sisters used to have to act as the company while he was the captain. One day his sister Louisa would not march properly, but started skipping about the room. He picked up an old gun and pointed at her, saying, "Louie, if you don't be quiet,

I'll shoot you." Louie didn't pay any attention, and he pointed the gun at her. His sister, Margaret, got very much frightened, and cried out, "Johnnie, Johnnie, put the gun down." Luckily he did, for they found out afterwards that the gun was loaded.

When the family moved to Hay Bay, John was left in Kingston to go to school—to what was called in those days a "Grammar School." We would call it now a High School.

At school he was a hard worker, and he did a great deal of reading besides his studies. When he was fifteen years old he went into the law office of George McKenzie, and lived at his house. Mrs. McKenzie used to have quite a time getting him up in the mornings for he was a regular sleepy-head. One day, when she couldn't wake him, she darkened the room so that no light could get in at all. He did wake up himself after a while but found everything dark, so he went to bed again. After trying a while to get to sleep, he went to the window and pulled the curtains aside and—what do you think he saw?—why, the men were coming home from their day's work. He had slept nearly all day. He was so ashamed that this broke off his habit of oversleeping.

He went from Kingston to Picton to take charge of the law office of L. P. Macpherson and also opened a branch office in Napanee.

About this time he formed a society called "The Society of Vache Rouge." His cousin Helen Macpherson tells of a gathering of these "Knights" at the Macdonald home:—

"One day he persuaded his dear old mother to sit in state, a throne being arranged for her at one end of the room. The Lady Helen stood at her right hand and all the Knights knelt around her to receive at her royal hand the insignia of her order. For a sword she wielded a large paper-knife, the chain of office being a cord of many-colored braids. This, with appropriate ceremonies and prescribed formula of words, was placed in turn about the necks of the kneeling knights, who received it with becoming gravity. The old mother entered heart and soul into the humor of the thing, and after the laughter had died away, rose, with the tears still on her face, saying, 'God help us for a set of fools!' John A. singing

> 'They were merry in the hall
> And their beards wagged all,'

adding in a comical way, 'Only, hang it, we haven't a beard amongst us.' "

A very severe illness forced him to rest and travel so he visited friends in England and Scotland and there met Isabella Clark whom he married a year or two later.

In 1836 he was "called to the bar," that is, he

was now made a qualified lawyer. Mr. Mackenzie died and John A. continued the business. It was in 1843 that he first took public office, being elected as one of the aldermen for the city of Kingston.

In 1844 he was elected to represent Kingston in the Parliament (the Canada Assembly) and continued as its representative until his death in 1891. In 1847 he was appointed Receiver-General of the province of Canada, and newspapers of both sides of politics spoke highly of his abilities. From that time on his influence in Canadian affairs was felt whether his party was in power or not.

No doubt you have read the story of the Confederation of the British North American Provinces into a united Dominion in 1867. Sir John A. Macdonald's part in it was very important. He had much to do not only in bringing and keeping together the different persons in Canada who could help this movement, but also in Great Britain helping the statesmen there to work out a satisfactory plan for the government of the new Dominion.

Some passages from his "Confederation Speech" are interesting to us when we remember many things that have taken place since that time:—

"I am strongly of the opinion that year by year, as we grow in population and strength, England will more see the advantages of maintaining the alliance between British North America and herself.

Does anyone imagine that, when our population instead of three and a half, is seven millions, as it will be ere many years pass, we would be one whit more willing than now to sever the connection with England? Would not those seven millions be just as anxious to maintain their allegiance to the Queen and their connection with the mother country as we are now? Will the addition to our numbers of the people of the Lower Provinces, in any way lessen our desire to continue our connection with the mother country? I believe the people of Canada, east and west, to be truly loyal. . . . I am satisfied that, great as has been our increase in the last twenty-five years, our future progress, during the next quarter of a century, will be vastly greater. And when we become a nation of eight or nine millions, our alliance will be worthy of being sought by the great nations of the earth."

Sir John A. became first Premier of the Dominion of Canada, and with the exception of one short period he was the leader of the government of Canada from then until his death in 1891. During this time Canada made great progress and his government is credited with having helped this by the "National Policy" which encouraged the manufacture in Canada of such goods or articles as could be made here; also the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway which opened up for settlement the Canadian Northwest.

Although over seventy-six years of age, he took a most active part in the election campaign of 1891; shortly after the opening of parliament he was stricken with a serious illness from which he never rallied. He died on June 6th. "A British subject I was born—a British subject I will die," he wrote in his last address to the Electors of Canada.

"Without being a student in any particular line of thought, he was a man of general reading and culture and never appeared at a loss for a word or a phrase. He had a wide fund of anecdotes, and possessed the remarkable power of keeping silent until the moment for necessary speech arose. . . . . His was a commanding, complete, and well-balanced greatness, which combined many subtly blended gifts of insight, resource, and tact with a commensurate knowledge of character;" thus we may sum up, in the words of Wilfred Campbell, the chief qualities of this great leader.

CHAPTER XLIII

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

There is a little village in Quebec called St. Lin. You may never have heard of it before. Many years ago a little French-Canadian boy was born there. His father was a farmer and surveyor and was not at all rich. You would scarcely think it likely then that this boy would come one day to be the leader of the government of Canada, and that he would be known not only in Canada but in Great Britain and the United States as one of the greatest English-speaking orators. But that really happened.

Wilfrid Laurier was born at St. Lin, in 1841. He went at first to the village school but everyone there spoke French and his father knew that if Wilfrid was to get on in the world it would be very helpful for him to know English as well. So he sent him, when he was about twelve years old, to a school at New Glasgow, about eight miles from St. Lin. The people there were mostly Scotch and most of the time young Wilfrid lived with a family named Murray and helped as clerk in the store which these people kept.

At the age of thirteen he entered L'Assomption College and studied there for seven years. He was

never very strong and did not take much part in sports and games. He used to like very much to visit the village court and listen to trials going on there. No doubt he made up his mind then that he would like to be a lawyer.

He became, as we have said, a great orator. He may have had a gift for speaking but he studied and practised so as to become a good speaker. When he was at college he was very fond of debating and the practice he got there was a good foundation for his success later.

From college he went to McGill University and there studied law, completing his course in 1864. In a speech bidding farewell to the University at this time he said, "I pledge my honor that I will give the whole of my life to the cause of conciliation, harmony and concord amongst the different elements of this country of ours." It was quite natural, then, that he should enter parliament and thus give his services to his country; in 1871 he became a member of the Quebec Assembly. In 1874 he was elected to the Dominion House of Commons. For forty-eight years he served in parliament; thirty years he was leader of the Liberal Party; for fifteen years he was the Premier of Canada.

During the time that he was leader of the Government Canada was developing very rapidly. Over two million people were brought into the

country. Western Canada grew fast and new railways were needed. Canals were built and improved. Agriculture and commerce were greatly helped.

In 1897 Wilfrid Laurier represented Canada at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. At that time he did not have a title and it was thought that he would not accept one. One evening, however, the Queen gave a dinner for the overseas Prime Ministers. When Laurier took his seat, he found a card at his place, in the Queen's own handwriting. On the card was written, "Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier." Of course he was too polite to refuse an honor given to him in this way.

Many stories are told of Sir Wilfrid's love of children. One winter morning a number of his followers were waiting for him to come to a meeting. When someone went out to see if he was coming, it was discovered that he had been trying to help a little girl find a mitt which she had lost in the snow, and he did not go to the meeting until it was found for her.

Another time when he was travelling in Manitoba, there was a large crowd of people to meet him at one stopping-place, and, as usual, some little girl was all dressed up the very prettiest and given a bouquet of beautiful flowers to present to the great man. This time a poor little girl was watching and

she thought she would like to give him some flowers too, but all she could give was some wild weed blossoms which she picked from the prairie. When she tried to get up near Sir Wilfrid some of the men would not let her, but Sir Wilfrid just happened to notice her and he stepped over to her and said, "Did

Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

you mean these flowers for me, little girl?" She was too frightened to speak but she held out the flowers. He took them, kissed the little girl and fastened a sprig from the bunch in the button-hole of his coat. Of course the little girl was wonderfully happy and the people all thought him a very kind man.

The friendship between England and France

was a most important thing for the whole world—this has been shown by the Great European war and its results. It interests us much, as Canadians, to know that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had a great share in bringing about this friendship. In 1906, Emile Loubet, President of France at that time, said in a speech in Paris: "I had been convinced that the mutual interest of France and of England was that we should be united—first of all for our own protection, against the rest of the world; and then, after that, to protect the world as a whole. But do you know who it was that confirmed these ideas? It was that eminent statesman who directs the destinies of Canada to-day—Sir Wilfrid Laurier. For he was in a better position than I to appreciate the loyal and conciliatory character of Great Britain."

Here is a striking quotation from one of Sir Wilfrid's speeches on the Great War:—

"The sword will not be put back in the scabbard until this imperial bully has been taught that this 'Scrap of Paper' is a solemn obligation, and that solemn obligations between nations, as between individuals must be observed. There can be no peace until heroic Belgium has had her rights and her lands restored, and her wrongs repaired. There can be no peace until the world knows that it is to be governed, not by brute force, but by truth, liberty, and justice, for which the British flag stands."

A rather strange story is told about Big John Canadien, the famous Indian guide, and Sir Wilfrid. In 1884 big John with a band of his braves was celebrating a holiday and he was introduced to Laurier. Sir Wilfrid asked John how old he was. "I am forty-three years old," he answered. "Why," said Sir Wilfrid, "we are almost the same age, I will be forty-three on my next birthday." "Well, said Big John, "When I die, you will be frightened." Everybody who heard this laughed but the strange thing is that Big John died on Sunday February 23rd, and Sir Wilfrid the next day, Monday February 24, 1919.

CHAPTER XLIV

LORD STRATHCONA

Many stories could be told of poor boys who came to Canada and made their fortunes. Perhaps none of these is more wonderful than that of Donald Alexander Smith, the bare-footed Scottish lad who rose to a place of honor among the noblest of the British Empire.

He was born in the town of Forres, in Morayshire, Scotland, in 1820. His parents were not rich people but he received a fair education and entered the office of Robert Watson, the town clerk of Forres.

An incident that happened when he was only nine years old shows his thoughtfulness and kindness. One of his little playmates had been drowned by the flooding of a river, and Donald took it on himself to call upon the family and to tell them how sorry he was. When leaving he said he would like to give something to the family to show his love for his schoolmate, and putting his hand into his pocket, he handed the boy's father all the money he had—a shilling and some coppers.

While in Mr. Watson's office he gave some attention to the study of law, but it did not seem to

him that he could get ahead very fast in that position, and as quite a number of Scottish people were settling in Canada he thought he would like to see what he could do there. He got letters of introduction from some of his friends to Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and on May 16th, 1838, he set sail for Canada in the *Royal William.*

No one dreamed of flying across the Atlantic in those days nor even of crossing it in less than a week. It took him forty-six days to get to Quebec and about two weeks later he presented his letters to Sir George Simpson at his official quarters at Lachine.

Now, Sir George held a very high position in those days, and he liked every one to know it, so he did not spend much time on Donald Smith in spite of all his letters of introduction. It took him only about fifteen minutes to let Donald Smith know how important a man Sir George Simpson was, and how small he was, and to hire him as clerk at Lachine at £20 a year.

Then he said, "You will begin at once, sir, to familiarize yourself with your future duties. Call Mr. Mactavish."

Mactavish, another clerk, came in and bowed to the great man. "Mr. Mactavish," said he, "have the goodness to take Mr. Donald Smith to the fur

room and instruct him in the art of counting ratskins."

And so the new clerk began with the counting of muskrat skins. Next he counted beaver, marten, fox, mink, otter, and other furs and learned their value and the districts they came from. During the next two years he was sent to Lake of the Two Mountains and nearby posts.

"Instruct him in the art of counting ratskins."

In March, 1841, Sir George Simpson was on a visit to Lachine. Calling Donald Smith, he said, "You are appointed to Tadousac. It is now Monday. You will leave by Quebec stage Wednesday morning."

The next six or seven years he spent at Tadousac and other trading posts along the north of the St. Lawrence. While at Mingan, in November

1847, he was stricken with snow-blindness and feared that he might become blind. He wrote to the Governor about going to Montreal to have his eyes treated but no attention was paid to his letters. At last he set out for Montreal; when he reached there the Governor was at his supper. After it was over and he found out what was wanted he got a doctor to examine young Smith's eyes. The doctor did not seem much concerned, said he thought there was not much the matter, and Sir George turned to his clerk and said: "It is now eight o'clock. I will give you thirty minutes to set out for your new post." Thus he was appointed to the Eskimo Bay District on the Labrador Coast and he had to set out immediately on his return to Mingan and from there proceed to the new post. He took two Indian guides with him, but on the journey one of them perished with the cold, while Smith in spite of the trouble with his eyes, which became very bad again, managed to get back safely and soon was on the way to the Eskimo Bay.

Twenty years he spent here and rose to the position of chief factor of the post. When he went there it was one of the least profitable trading posts, but soon his influence was felt in many ways. He encouraged the Moravian missionaries to work among the Indians and Eskimo here, and their condition was much improved. He studied gardening

and soon grew crops of vegetables, some under glass. He raised stock of different kinds.

Here is a description of his "farm," written by an American scientist who visited Labrador in 1860:—

"He has seven acres under cultivation, of which a considerable portion is under glass. There are growing turnips, peas, cucumbers, potatoes, pumpkins, melons, cauliflowers, barley, oats, etc. Before Smith's house is a flower garden. A bull, twelve cows, half a dozen sheep, goats, fowls, and dogs comprise his live stock."

He read and studied such books as the Bible, Shakespeare, Boswell's Johnson, Pitt's Speeches.

One might have thought that this out-of-the-way place was the last place in the world to go to if one were to rise or improve one's position. But Donald Smith spent no time in worrying about things like that. Speaking about his life here, he said afterwards: "People speak of the solitude of Labrador. It wasn't a solitude for me. I knew everybody there, from the oldest white traders and fishermen to the youngest Indian hunters and Eskimo, and even their dogs. I knew every turn in the coast-line and every bend in the river, and every natural object had an interest for me. Time never hung heavy on my hands. I was always busy, and when I had no actual and definite task, I was planning."

He married at Eskimo Bay, in 1853, Isabella Hardisty, the daughter of Chief Trader Richard Hardisty, and a daughter, Margaret Charlotte, now Baroness Strathcona and Mount Royal, was born in 1854.

The man who was always busy and always planning, even in this far-off trading post was the man who was soon to be given the chance to plan much bigger things. In 1864-65 he paid a visit to Scotland and England. There he met with directors of the Hudson's Bay Company and it was not hard for them to see that he was a man of more than usual ability.

Soon after this came the sale of the Northwest Territories to the Dominion of Canada. By this time Donald Smith had been appointed General Manager for the H. B. Co. in Canada and was now at Montreal. Trouble arose with the Indians and half-breeds about the taking over of the western lands by Canada, and Sir John A. Macdonald, the leader of the Government, asked Donald Smith to go to the Red River as Special Commissioner and see what he could do to bring about a settlement. He went and although he was not able to stop Riel from such outrages as the shooting of Thomas Scott, still his influence had a great deal to do with quietening the affairs of the colony. For a time he was acting-governor of the new province and was

elected a member of its first legislature, and afterwards chosen for the House of Commons. In 1889 he became Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

One of his greatest undertakings was the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was very active in getting the money and support needed to complete this line.

In 1896 he was appointed to the office of High Commissioner of Canada in London and continued in this office until his death. He was in 1897 given the title of Baron of Strathcona and Mount Royal. Lady Strathcona died in November of 1913 and Lord Strathcona, after a few days' illness, passed away on January 21st, 1914, at the ripe old age of ninety-three.

CHAPTER XLV

SIR ADAM BECK: THE HYDRO KNIGHT

You will easily understand that the vast electrical system which supplies light and power to so many homes and industries in Ontario, must have had a great human personality at the back of it. It is, of course, the product of many minds, but to one man is chiefly due the splendid results accomplished by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. This one man was Sir Adam Beck.

The far-reaching benefits of electricity, as we enjoy them to-day, formed the great dream, the vision, of this great man. It was not a selfish dream, else it could never have been realized. It was no part of Sir Adam Beck's purpose to enrich himself or to win fame. The public good and the development of the natural resources of his native Province were the mainspring of the great and untiring energy, the boundless faith that overcame all difficulties and made the glorious vision a reality.

On June the 20th, 1857, Adam Beck was born in the little village of Baden, Ontario. This village had been founded by his father, Jacob S. Beck, a native of Germany, who had come to Canada in 1837.

It was a lovely home in which Adam first saw the light. To reach the "Manor House" you crossed a little rose-bordered stream, then passed through a driveway lined with cherry trees and tall pines, over a sloping lawn, to a big red brick house a hundred feet in length, with a glass-enclosed verandah running its whole length. The church-like gable windows to the north overlooked the garden sloping between cedar hedges to a pond.

This pond was a favorite spot with the little Beck boys. In winter the ice was smooth for sliding, and in summer it was a tiny sea on which adventurous craft might sail. Once Adam's big brother made a little steam engine for their boat.

Adam Beck attended the public school at Baden, then Dr. Tassie's Grammar School at Galt, and later the Rockwood Academy. Jacob Beck carried on an iron foundry and milling business at Baden, and at the age of twenty-one Adam entered his father's business. In 1880 he started out for himself at Galt as a manufacturer of wood veneer and cigar boxes. A few years later he built an extensive plant at London, and branches were established at Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton.

In 1898 he married Miss Lillian Ottaway, the daughter of an English barrister. He brought his beautiful and accomplished bride to Headley, a spacious and luxurious home which he had bought

in London from Ellis W. Hyman. Adam Beck was Mayor of London from 1902 to 1904. Much of his time in later years was spent in Toronto. He was knighted in 1914.

Sir Adam was for many years a horse expert and an exhibitor in big shows in Canada and elsewhere. During the war he did valuable service by personally supervising the purchasing of horses for the Canadian forces. Lady Beck was also an accomplished horsewoman.

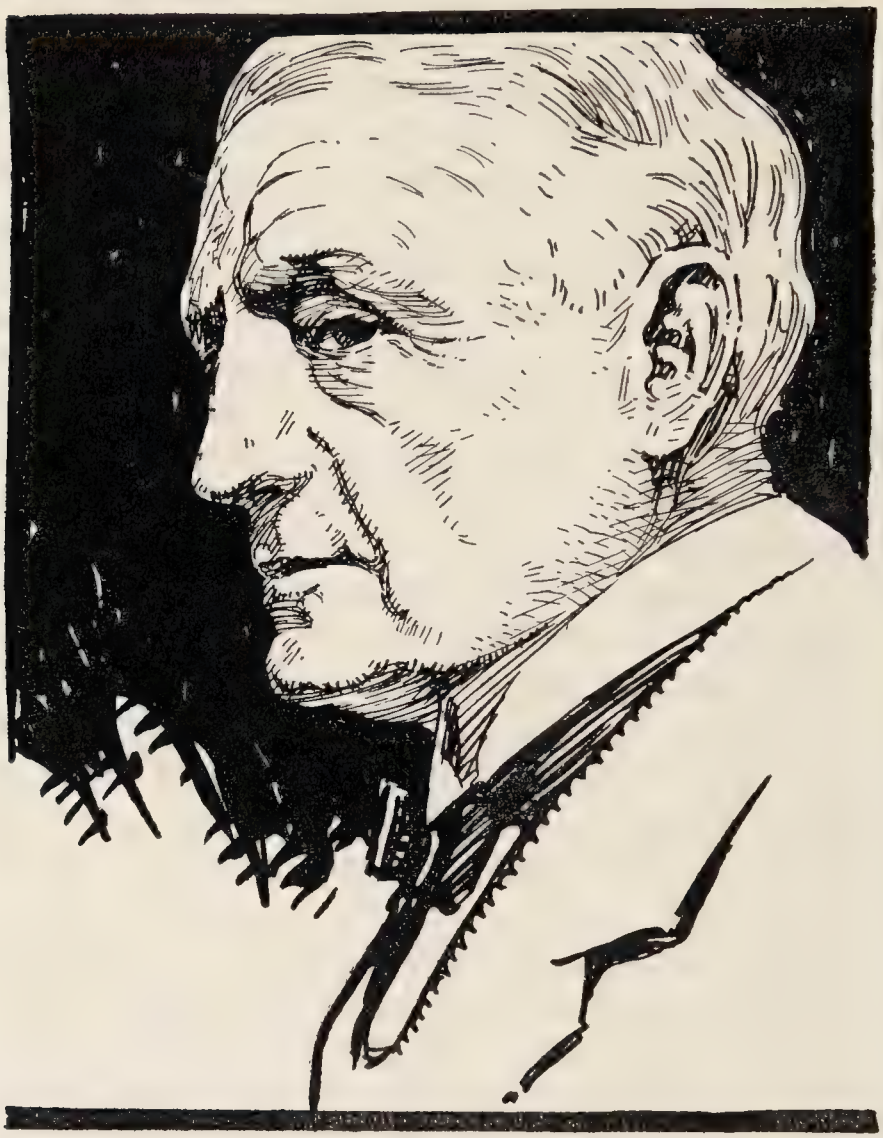
At Headley a little daughter, Marion, was born, who in early childhood was threatened with tuberculosis. The anxious parents took her abroad and gave her every chance, and happily the malady was arrested. Shortly after their return to Headley they headed a subscription list and started a campaign to establish the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium for the tuberculous. Little Marion grew strong and healthy, but their interest in this institution never waned. Money and time were freely lavished upon it. Its equipment has been perfected with every possible electrical convenience, and among the buildings is the Marion Beck Nurses' Home, given by Sir Adam and Lady Beck, "in gratitude to God for the complete recovery of our daughter from a serious illness." In still other ways Sir Adam has been actively associated with public health, especially the prevention and cure of tuberculosis.

But before all this had come to pass, Sir Adam Beck had become closely associated with Hydro-Electric interests. His business experience had made him thoroughly familiar with the resources and possibilities of Ontario as a manufacturing centre. He also knew perfectly well the drawbacks resulting from the absence of coal in Ontario. Manufactures and other works had to be carried on chiefly by steam power. To produce steam, coal was necessary; but coal imported from the United States was very expensive. Electricity was not so cheap then as now, and for the most part was considered out of the question.

Sir Adam Beck was not alone in thinking that the forces of Niagara and other Ontario rivers might be "harnessed," and the electric power thus produced might be used to take the place of much of this expensive fuel. But no one believed in it so whole-heartedly as did Sir Adam; none saw the vision so clearly as he. It was his dream, and it gripped him.

Early in the century the Ontario Government took the matter in hand and a committee was appointed to look into the question. Their report resulted in the appointment of the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario. Sir Adam Beck was made Chairman and head of this Commission.

This was his chance, and he made the most of



Sir Adam Beck.

it. His idea was that instead of there being a few small electrical companies, each making their own profits and charging high rates for service, the municipalities should combine to own and operate the whole concern. Electricity could thus be supplied to the public at the very lowest possible rates, and would be much more freely used.

By degrees this was brought about. Backed up by the Government, the Commission bought up the separate plants, and added to them. Sir Adam Beck planned and worked for a very large increase in this undertaking. His plans could not be carried out without the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars of public money, and of course there were many who feared that such huge expenditures would ruin the country.

Sir Adam had absolute faith in the enterprise, and he was possessed of unlimited courage. Indeed, no timid, fearful soul would ever have dared to venture as he did. There were many difficulties and much opposition to face, but there were also many staunch, brave hearts to back him up, and he at length won out. As a result, millions and millions of brilliant lights flashed out over the country, while the hum and whirr of machinery, like a "sound of going in the mulberry trees," betokened the approach of prosperity and progress.

It was a proud and never-to-be-forgotten day

in Baden when Sir Adam Beck, after a long absence, returned to light his native village. Crowds of people from Haysville, Hamburg, Manheim, New Dundee, Ste. Agathe, Petersburg, Phillipsburg and other nearby places, had gathered for the notable occasion. It was December. Freshly peeled cedar poles, hung with lamps ready for the light, lined the dark streets, while the procession, led by the band with flaring torches, passed slowly to the opera house. Old Pioneers in the crowd told many a tale of the days "when Adam was a boy."

From the opera house balcony the noted guest addressed the people in a brief speech. Then, flinging the lever into the connecting switch, he turned on the power. Instantly the darkness everywhere was turned to light, brilliant and beautiful. How the people cheered!

Then followed a banquet in the newly-lighted opera house, prepared and served by the Baden ladies. Members of Parliament and other noted guests vied with each other in praising Sir Adam; while he in turn paid sincere and touching tribute to his old friends and to the clean, honest, vigorous life of the little community in which he had been brought up.

A little later an impressive service was held in the Lutheran Church, the wiring and lights of which were a gift from Sir Adam, in memory of his

mother. After the sermon he spoke to the people in their native tongue, and his wife sang to them with deep feeling and melting sweetness.

But Sir Adam's crowning glory was the completion of the great Queenston-Chippawa power development scheme. For five years he had toiled for this, and on December 28, 1921, it became a reality.

"I am too filled with pride, too thrilled with what is going to take place for the people, to make any speech," he said, just before the opening ceremony at Queenston that afternoon. "This is an historic section of the country. A hundred years ago the armies of our people demonstrated on the heights above us what the British race can do. Today with peace prevailing and the great Peace Conference under way, we are demonstrating one of the greatest natural assets of the country. It will live for all time to come."

Then a little later his own daughter, Marion, and the Premier, Honorable E. C. Drury, turned open the gates which released the waters of the power canal at Queenston. The 1500 people who were present stood breathless and spellbound while sirens screeched and the huge generator with a rhythmic purr whirled into motion. Then suddenly a great electric sign flashed into light: "Queenston-Chippawa Development, the largest

Hydro-Electric Plant in the World; ultimate capacity, 650,000 horsepower."

On the 16th of August, 1925, worn out with overwork and the worry needlessly caused by people who did not even yet believe in him or his work, Sir Adam Beck passed away in his London home. The whole province mourned the Hydro knight, and from all over the Dominion, the United States, and even from Europe, messages arrived in London expressing a feeling of loss. He was laid to rest beside his wife, who died in 1921, in the beautiful cemetery at Hamilton. As a statesman "uncorrupted and incorruptible," who served God by serving his neighbors, his name will live in history.

CHAPTER XLVI

OUR PUBLIC HOLIDAYS

NEW YEAR'S DAY

You who have read Browning's famous poem, "Pippa Passes," will remember that Pippa, the little Italian silk weaver, had only one holiday in the whole year. This was New Year's Day. Pippa didn't even have Sunday for rest.

We in Canada are much better off for holidays than that. We have all the Sundays, fifty-two in the year, for rest and worship. Sunday, or the Lord's Day, is indeed, a holiday in the truest sense, for it is a "holy day." You see, the two words have through long association become one. The word "holiday" has now lost its religious sense.

The schools have usually a week or more at Easter and Christmas, besides two long beautiful summer months. Then there are the Public Holidays, which are for everybody. On these days, schools, banks, and most business houses are closed, and various festivities are indulged in. Of course very many people carry on their work the same as usual on most holidays.

It is pleasant that the year begins with a holiday—New Year's Day. It gives us a chance to

pause and take breath, as it were, for the race before us. Some people make this the chief festival of the year, with family gatherings, feastings and presents; but with the majority, Christmas takes the precedence in this respect. On New Year's Day the municipal and school board elections are usually held, when mayors and aldermen, reeves, councillors, and school trustees are elected.

There are various ways of ushering in the New Year. Parties of young people for dancing and merry-making are quite common. But the more serious-minded prefer, if possible, to gather in churches for the solemn and inspiring Watch-Night service. A typical service of this nature begins at about half-past eleven on the last night of the year. There are prayers, singing, and a short sermon. A few minutes before midnight the people, on their knees, await in silence the invisible, mystical death of the Old and the birth of the New. Those who in this ideal way watch the New Year in may be among the merriest and happiest who join in the holiday festivities that follow.

A New Year Holiday was kept in Canada long before the white men came. The League of the Iroquois observed a festival of seven days. They had no fixed date, for of course calendars and almanacs were unknown to them, but their holiday began usually about the first of February. Although there

was much dancing and feasting, the festival was a part of their religious system. It was prepared for by a public confession of faults. On the first day two "keepers of the faith" went from house to house to announce the coming festivities. Each succeeding day had its own special ceremonies. There were various dances, games, and other pastimes, and a white dog was burned on an altar of wood in order to convey their messages to the Great Spirit. Prayers, singing and other ceremonies accompanied this sacrifice. A long and very eloquent speech followed. Thanks were offered to the Great Spirit for sparing their lives, and to their "mother" the earth, to rivers and streams, herbs and plants, the Three Sisters (corn, beans and squash), fruit trees and bushes, the winds, the rain, the sun, moon and stars.

GOOD FRIDAY

Our next public holiday is Good Friday, kept in commemoration of the great day when Christ was crucified, giving His life to atone for the sins of the whole world. The purpose of this holiday is to enable Chrstian people to lay aside their accustomed tasks and give some time to quiet contemplation of this great event, and to prepare for the rejoicings of Easter. In many Churches special services are held, but of course there are very many people who have no opportunity, or no inclination for such an ob-

servance of the day. Easter Day is always the Sunday after the first full moon which comes on or after the 21st of March.

VICTORIA DAY

Victoria Day, the twenty-fourth of May, comes next. Queen Victoria's birthday has been observed as a general holiday through the reigns of two succeeding sovereigns. The reason of this is partly that Victoria the Good is so universally beloved and remembered, and partly that this one springtime holiday is too great a boon to be discarded. It is unrestricted by any religious solemnities, and is given up to innocent enjoyments, interfused with patriotic, empire-wide sentiments. The schoolboy regards firecrackers as a most suitable expression of these sentiments, and more elaborate fireworks may be indulged in by the grown-up boys as soon as the shadows of evening fall. As Tennyson expresses it,

> "Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher,
> Melt into stars, for the land's desire."

DOMINION DAY

One of the most important holidays to Canadian patriots is Dominion Day, which comes on the first of July. It is the birthday of Canada. For on this day, in the year 1867, the four provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, were united into one Dominion under the

name of Canada. The Act by which this desirable union was brought about is known as the British North America Act. It was passed on the 29th of March, but came into effect on the 1st of July. The other provinces and territories came into the union from time to time, and Canada steadily grew and prospered.

"A day for picnics and outdoor gatherings."

This holiday, coming in the beautiful summer time when all nature is at its best and Canada has donned her green and flowery robes, is most suitable for picnics and other outdoor gatherings. Sports, patriotic music and addresses, general goodwill and rejoicings, are the order of the day. And

so the invisible cords of love which bind the units of the Dominion and the Empire in bonds of mutual interdependence and brotherhood are more closely spun and twined.

LABOR DAY

The first Monday in September is observed in both Canada and the United States as Labor Day. It is a sort of rallying time for the working classes. On this day in towns and cities,

> The butcher, the baker,
> The candlestick maker,

and the followers of many other trades, get together and form themselves into a parade. This varied procession is nothing if not picturesque. It is often amusing, and at times a really artistic effect is produced. The various organizations of artisans bring their work to the notice of the public, and a spirit of good fellowship prevails. The observance of Labor Day began in the United States, becoming almost universal in 1909. The custom was at a later date adopted in Canada.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day also had its beginning on this continent in the United States. A Harvest-home Festival had long been kept in England, and the Pilgrim Fathers, who came over in the *May-*

flower and settled in New England, wished to observe the old custom. Their first harvest was nothing to boast of, but they were thankful for freedom, safety, and many other blessings; so, by order of Governor Bradford, the men shot wild turkeys and the little band of Pilgrims had a feast of rejoicing. After that, special Thanksgivings were proclaimed from time to time, and since 1863 the day has been observed annually. Canada many years ago adopted the custom, the first Thanksgiving Day being proclaimed in Halifax in 1763, when Canada became a British possession. It did not become an annual observance, however, until 1879. The date remained variable for some time, but since the Great War it has been decided to keep it on the Monday of the week of Armistice Day, November the 11th.

CHRISTMAS DAY

The last and best of all the holidays is Christmas Day, December the 25th. It is both a religious and a social festival. Throughout the length and breadth of the land churches, homes and public places are beautified with evergreens and other decorations. Bright colors, especially red and green, suggesting the holly, which does not grow in our northern latitude, everywhere prevail. The day so long prepared for is a time of rejoicing, feasting, and many gifts, even in lowly homes. Friends and rela-

tives long parted gather around the home fires, bright services are held in many churches, and gladness seems universal. Gifts and rejoicings are all a beautiful symbol of our Creator's greatest gift to man—His beloved Son. It is the birthday of Jesus —not the mythical Santa Claus—that we celebrate. From this first Christmas Day all our years are reckoned. The initials A. D. in a date stand for the words Anno Domini, meaning, in the year of our Lord, so many years after the birth of Christ.

CHAPTER XLVII

STORIES OF SPECIAL DAYS

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

In addition to the public holidays, a number of other special days are observed more or less. The first of these is St. Valentine's Day, the 14th of February. For many years and in many countries this has been a "lovers' festival," and as love is never likely to go out of fashion, we may expect the observance to last a good while yet. Not much is really known of Saint Valentine, except that he was a bishop of Rome who suffered martyrdom under Claudius II., in 270 or thereabouts. At the ancient Roman festival of Lupercalia it was the custom for young men to choose their mates. The names of maidens were written on slips of paper and shuffled in a box, and each youth then drew a slip. Thus were life partners often chosen. The early Christians substituted the names of saints for those of girls, and chose St. Valentine's Day, which fell on the same date, for the ceremony. Saints did not long remain popular, however, and love and St. Valentine came into their own again. From long ago until now, countless real love-gifts have been sent on this day, and in Canada the mail bags bulge with

dainty missives of love and friendship. These may be tender or humorous, but as a rule valentines are not so freighted with destiny as in the days of old.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

On March the 17th, St. Patrick's Day, sons and friends of Ireland keep green the memory of their patron saint. As red is St. Valentine's special color, and his symbol a heart, so "the wearin' o' the green," especially the little green shamrock, is a tribute to Saint Patrick. As we all doubtless know, he it was who brought Christianity to Ireland, and taught the doctrine of the Holy Trinity by means of the shamrock's three-parted leaf. Parties and various forms of entertainment, with special symbolical decorations, and the exchange of cards and simple gifts, are the order of the day.

ALL FOOL'S DAY

On All Fool's Day, April 1st, it is the custom among young and old, but especially the young, to play harmless little tricks on each other. Perhaps there are few who have not at some time or other on this day been "fooled"—made to appear ridiculous or to believe some clever "yarn." It is a time to laugh. And yet, the event from which the custom originally sprang was no laughing matter—the sending hither and thither, on a pointless errand, of Christ from Annas to Caiaphas, and from Pilate to Herod.

ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day, usually the first Friday in May, is set apart for the planting of trees. It is always observed in schools, either by the planting of trees and gardens, or by similar activities. Often the day's observance includes a programme of suitable songs and literary material. The custom originated at Nebraska in 1872 and gradually spread over the continent; it is also observed in New Zealand. In many places the day is a public holiday.

MOTHER'S DAY

The observance of Mother's Day, which comes on a Sunday in May, is comparatively recent, but gaining in popularity. It is a day on which all mothers are, or should be, remembered with some little token of love—flowers, a book, a letter, or anything that may please. The symbol is a carnation, though other flowers may be substituted. A colored flower is worn in honor of a living mother, white for her who has joined the company of "all the saints who from their labors rest."

EMPIRE DAY

Empire Day comes on the last school day before Victoria Day. No truly patriotic person should pass it by without a thought, but its special purpose is to instil in the minds of the young people in our

schools the full meaning and greatness of the British Empire. We learn more about Britain, the beloved Motherland, and her great family spreading all over the globe. We learn what the Union Jack stands for, and the importance of being loyal to the great principles which bind the separate units together in a vast and mighty Empire. These truths are learned in the pleasantest ways, by the aid of inspiring songs, literature and addresses. The custom of keeping this day was originated in 1896 by Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, of Hamilton, Ontario. The Empire owes much to this Canadian lady who worked so zealously to make her great ideal a reality.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY

On the Twelfth of July members of the Orange Society, a Protestant Order which takes its name from William of Orange, hold celebrations in convenient centres. There is always a parade of members in full regalia, and much festivity is indulged in. The day is the anniversary of the Battle of Aughrim, where the Irish and French were defeated in 1691. The Battle of the Boyne, another famous victory, was won by King William on July 1, 1690. These two anniversaries are combined in the celebrations.

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en falls on the last day of October. It is the eve of All Hallows' or All Saints' Day, November 1st. This was first appointed by Pope Gregory IV., in 835, as a day of honor for all the saints. Fairies and spirits were supposed to be abroad on All Hallows' Eve, and so any tricks played by the young people might conveniently be blamed on them. All over the United Kingdom it is a great night for fun with nuts and apples. The burning of nuts is used as a test for ascertaining the condition of love affairs. The methods vary in different countries. The Scottish way is to name each nut for lad and lass, and, accordingly as they burn quietly together, or spring apart, the courtship will be smooth or rough to a favorable or unfavorable conclusion. Ducking for apples placed in a tub of water, trying to catch one with the teeth as it swings at the end of a string, and similar old customs have come down to us, but in many cases the ceremonies have dwindled down to the mere eating of nuts and apples. Some years ago numerous outlandish pranks were often played with gates, farm implements, etc., in the night. Hallowe'en is somewhat quieter now-a-days. The pranks played do not partake of the gigantic scope of those in the earlier days.

CHAPTER XLVIII

JACK MINER AND THE BIRDS

We have had stories of various Canadian missionaries, whose work has differed widely; but what would you think of *bird* missionaries? No, I don't mean birdmen, who fly in aeroplanes, but real, feathered birds of the air. It is indeed true that there are to-day birds carrying the Gospel message far and wide.

Before this could be brought about, somebody had to be a missionary to the birds, and in a certain sense, that is what Jack Miner is. He has made his home at Kingsville, Ontario, a refuge for them, a little paradise of safety, peace, plenty and beauty. Birds are wiser than perhaps we think—especially the Canada Goose, Jack Miner thinks. When a few of them had found out about this bird paradise they went away and told others. These in turn spread the good news and taught it to their children; and now every spring thousands of them, quite unafraid of man, go there for a period of rest and refreshment before seeking their nesting grounds in the far north.

Jack Miner was born in Dover Center, Ohio. In 1878, when he was four years old, the family moved into Essex County, on the north shore of

Lake Erie. This is how he describes that early Ontario home:

> We carved our home out of the heart of the forests. Dad built a small hut of rough-sawn logs. When I lay in bed of nights I could see the stars and the moon peeping in at me through the chinks and feel the rain on my face in wet weather. They were twelve-inch planks, and every year for thirteen years they shrunk an inch. Bit by bit we wrested a living from the soil and out-grew poverty. Mother had brought some shrubs and bushes, and soon the roses bloomed.

Those roses, many times multiplied, are blooming yet. The place is described as a bower of roses and lilacs.

The big out door world was Jack's only school; he didn't learn to read or write until he was nearly thirty-three, and then his own children taught him. Though money was a scarce article, game was plentiful in the woods in those pioneer days, and he became a famous marksman. Many a plump goose and duck, many a deer and moose did his gun bring down, and these were freely shared with their neighbors.

But after awhile all this was changed; instead of being the deadly foe of the birds and water-fowl, Jack Miner became their best friend.

One morning before daylight he took his gun and walked five miles from home to a field where wild geese had been coming. Game was not so plentiful then as in the early days.

"There I lay under a blanket," he says, "just as the stars were closing their eyes, with three or four wild goose decoys out. Suddenly at daylight I see friend wild goose coming, bringing his family with him. I can just see the tip of his wings begin to move—a faint hum, coming closer. Everything is pretty quiet—but my heart sinks; here are two men coming out there in the next field. It's all off; those fellows will secure the geese."

But they didn't. The geese paid no attention to the harmless-looking laborers, but came right on until they were within range of Jack Miner's gun. At his first slight movement, however, they sensed an enemy. The leader gave the signal of danger, a sharp *honk-honk*; the flock swerved suddenly and flew screaming away.

It was a startling discovery to Jack. He thought, "If the wild goose knows his enemy, why wouldn't he know his friend?" He made up his mind there and then that he would shoot no more, but would make friends with the birds if such a thing were possible.

First of all, in 1904, he bought seven captive wild geese, clipped the long primary feathers of one wing so they could not fly away, and kept them at his farm. He hoped that they would serve as decoys to entice other wild geese. He had been manufacturing tiles and brick out of the clay on part of

his farm, and this work is still carried on. The holes from which the clay was dug filled up with rain water, and little brooks were also led into them, so they made good ponds for the geese.

It would never do to entice the geese to his ponds and then let the neighbors shoot them, so he secured a rather half-hearted promise from some of them

"A flock of wild geese came honking over the skyline."

to let the birds alone when they arrived. The boys really didn't believe in his wild goose scheme anyway, and when one, two and three years passed without any winged response to Jack's invitation, they laughed at him more and more.

Jack himself didn't give up hope, and at last, in the Spring of 1908, his patience was rewarded. A

flock of eleven wild geese came honking over the skyline straight to Jack Miner's farm. There they hovered, dipped, and alighted with noisy greetings among his wing-clipped ones.

Wasn't he happy! He made them welcome and fed them, and they stayed three weeks. Next year there were thirty-two wild visitors, and the following year four hundred. The neighbors had stopped laughing before this; and now, when the numbers of springtime guests have increased to 9,000 or more, Jack Miner is held in high honor at home and abroad. Visitors come from far and near to view the unique and wonderful sight; and Mr. Miner, a graduate of Mother Nature's school, gives illustrated lectures to delighted audiences in the little towns and the big cities of Canada and his native land. He has also written a book about his birds.

By and by the feeding of the geese became a serious problem. His neighbors helped him to solve this in a very practical way. They petitioned the Government for assistance, and as a result Jack Miner's farm was made a bird sanctuary; any person found shooting birds there would be fined. The Ontario Government also made a yearly feeding grant of $400, and the Dominion a similar grant of $300.

Many hundreds of bushels of corn, both shelled

and on the cob, are fed every year to the geese. Every summer, too, the water is drained off the ponds and they are sown with grain. When the crop is green and flourishing the outlets are closed and the autumn rains fill the ponds up again. The crop keeps green and fresh all winter, and is very much relished by the geese.

Jack Miner has had a lot of aluminum tags made, which he stamps and stencils with his name and address, the date, and some short Bible text. These he fastens on numbers of the geese during their springtime sojourn. After several trials he made a very satisfactory goose-trap so he can catch them easily. Many a far-away hunter has returned the metal tag to Mr. Miner, with an interesting letter. By this means he has been able to keep a pretty good record of the distance and direction of the geese in their migratory flight. It is thus proved that the birds wander over about 4,000,000 square miles of territory, from Baffin's Island in the north to Louisiana in the south, and far to the east and west.

The idea of putting texts on the tags and thus making missionaries of his birds was a happy inspiration. It occurred to him one day while he was sitting on a stump thinking, and he believes the thought came direct from God. In this way he has reached the hearts of the Indians and the Eskimo in the far north—and who knows how many more!

Mr. F. H. Gibbs, a missionary at Port Harrison, a Hudson's Bay Company post, wrote in January, 1926, to Mr. Miner and returned two tags given to him by the Eskimo. On one was the text, "God is a Spirit," and on the other, "Delight thyself also in the Lord." Here is a part of Mr. Gibbs' letter.

> However much I was interested in the receiving of these aluminum ringlets, yet I was more so when I realized that on each is a verse of scripture. The first Eskimo who handed it to me was very anxious to know what the writing meant, and it was a joy to see how pleased he was that even the winged creatures can convey news of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. May God bless this silent witness of yours.

But caring for the Canada Goose is not Jack Miner's only labor of love. He is also successfully attracting the rare and beautiful wild Whistling Swans. And year by year he has been occupied in transforming what once was "an ordinary farm of 200 acres without one attractive feature," into a bower of loveliness, a safe and happy home for robins, blue-birds, thrushes and many others of the smaller perching birds.

On the bare, treeless tracts he planted thousands of trees—Red Cedars, Scotch Pines, White Pines, Norway Spruce, and Hard Maples. Some people told him that the hardwood trees would not grow there, but they did. Nature has worked hand in hand with him, and now, not more than a dozen

years from his first planting, he has a lovely forest of trees, some of them twenty or more feet high. Besides that, there are flowers—roses, whole bowers of them, and many other flowers, the old-fashioned kinds that everybody loves. Here, in this beautiful retreat, the song-birds live their joyous lives and rear their little families unmolested.

As for Jack Miner himself, he is one of the busiest and one of the happiest men alive. He says that outside of unavoidable sadness his life has been "one continuous round of enjoyment." He loves his birds, knows them intimately and is known and loved by them. His life is governed by deep religious belief and principles. He says, "Back of old Jack Miner's been the powerful hand of the Unseen."

CHAPTER XLIX

THE STORY OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT

The largest grain of wheat is never more than a rather tiny seed, yet it is of importance far beyond what its tiny size would suggest. Many millions of people throughout the world depend upon the bread made from it for their main article of food. It has long been cultivated by mankind and is supposed to have come first from Mesopotamia in Asia. It was not grown in America until the sixteenth century when by accident a few seeds were brought with some rice to Mexico from Spain.

Canada produces yearly between 300 and 400 million bushels of wheat. We can imagine far enough back to think of a single parent grain of wheat from which all Canada's millions of bushels and even the world's millions of bushels have come. But we do not need to go so far back as that to trace the parent seed of ninety per cent. of Canada's wheat grown to-day. A single plant of the new variety known as Marquis wheat which grew in Ottawa in 1903 may be called the great mother-plant of Canada's wheat.

For many years expert agriculturists had been working on the crossing of different varieties of

wheat, trying to produce a new variety most suitable for growing in Canada. In the milder parts of the Dominion, such as the southern portion of Ontario wheat is often sown in the fall, and reaches a height of some inches before winter sets in, ripening early the following summer. This is called fall or winter wheat. Many other sections, however, have soil which is quite suitable for wheat growing but the winters are very severe and wheat can be grown only from spring sowing. The great problem in growing spring wheat is to have it ripen properly before the early fall frosts come. So what the wheat experts had to do was to blend a certain well-known early ripening variety with a later ripening variety which produced grain of high bread-making qualities.

The cross-breeding of these varities is carried on somewhat after nature's way of cross-fertilizing various flowers. You know how the bees or perhaps the wind may carry the pollen dust in spring and summer from one flower to another, and how this pollen dust causes the seed to grow within fruits of various forms and with various coverings. The work of the expert, then, is to transfer the pollen of one wheat blossom to another and thus produce a new variety which combines the best qualities of both original plants.

Red Fife wheat was long a popular variety

because of its large, firm grain. After many experiments a much earlier ripening variety, the Hard Red Calcutta from India, was crossed with this and produced the now world-famous Marquis wheat. In 1909 seed was distributed to different parts of Canada for trial and it was found that the new variety was suitable to all districts of North America, that it ripened ten days earlier than Red Fife and had even better baking qualities. This meant not only better crops in the areas where wheat had already been grown, but it pushed back further northward the wheat growing belt and brought hundreds of thousands more acres of land into cultivation.

Just recently a new variety, Garnet wheat, is being tried out in the northern districts and again the northern limit of wheat growing has been pushed farther back, but Marquis wheat still constitutes the main spring wheat crop in the older sections.

CHAPTER L

CHILDREN OF AN APPLE TREE

We very often see or hear of monuments which have been erected in honor of some heroic man or woman, but who ever heard of putting up a monument in honor of an apple tree? Yet this is what was done not many years ago by some of the people of Eastern Ontario.

At Dundela, Dundas County, Ontario, may be seen a monument bearing this inscription:

THE ORIGINAL McINTOSH RED APPLE TREE
stood about twenty rods north of this spot. It was one of a number of seedlings taken from the border of the clearings and transplanted by John McIntosh in the year 1796.
ERECTED BY POPULAR SUBSCRIPTION, 1912.

John McIntosh had come to Canada with the United Empire Loyalists. In 1790 he settled on a homestead at a place later known as McIntosh's Corners. In the year 1796 while clearing away some of the forest on his farm, he came across a clump of young apple trees, about twenty in number. These trees he replanted shortly afterwards in a clearing near his house. For a few years most of them thrived very well, but by 1830, only one tree out of that twenty was still living.

This tree had grown rapidly and in a few years it bore an abundance of handsome red apples of a fine flavor. Its owner christened it "McIntosh Red." Its fruit was very popular with the early settlers and in 1836 Mr. Allen McIntosh, a son of the owner, started in by grafting and budding, to produce new McIntosh Red trees and to spread the benefits to other people.

In 1893 the McIntosh house was burned and as the parent apple tree was only about fifteen feet away from it, one side of the tree was badly damaged by the fire. The other side continued to bear fruit until 1908. That summer the leaves began to wilt; the apples fell off, and after over a century of service the old tree ceased to live.

That, however, is not the end of the story of the McIntosh Red apple tree. From the one original tree there have descended tens of thousands of children trees. One recent year's planting alone of McIntosh Red apple trees was: Nova Scotia, 1,759; Quebec, 5,138; Ontario, 29,090; British Columbia, 25,940—and no doubt many more than the whole total of these plantings were set out in the United States, where this variety has been widely introduced. So the children of this one lone seedling apple tree must to-day number many hundreds of thousands or more.

Altogether Canada produces yearly an average

crop of 5,000,000 barrels of apples, bringing a return of $25,000,000 or upwards according to ranging prices. The chief apple growing districts are the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia; the valley of the St. John River, New Brunswick; southern Quebec; southern Ontario; and the valleys of British Columbia. Apples were grown in Acadia (Nova Scotia) as early as 1635. Records show that apples were produced in the Province of Quebec in 1663, and it is here that the popular Fameuse or "snow apple" is thought to have originated.

To-day the children of the first McIntosh Red apple tree are producing a large proportion of Canada's great apple crop. This variety is greatly sought after as a dessert fruit because of its rich coloring and fine flavor. It has also been proved adaptable to a wide range of territory over the whole of North America.

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